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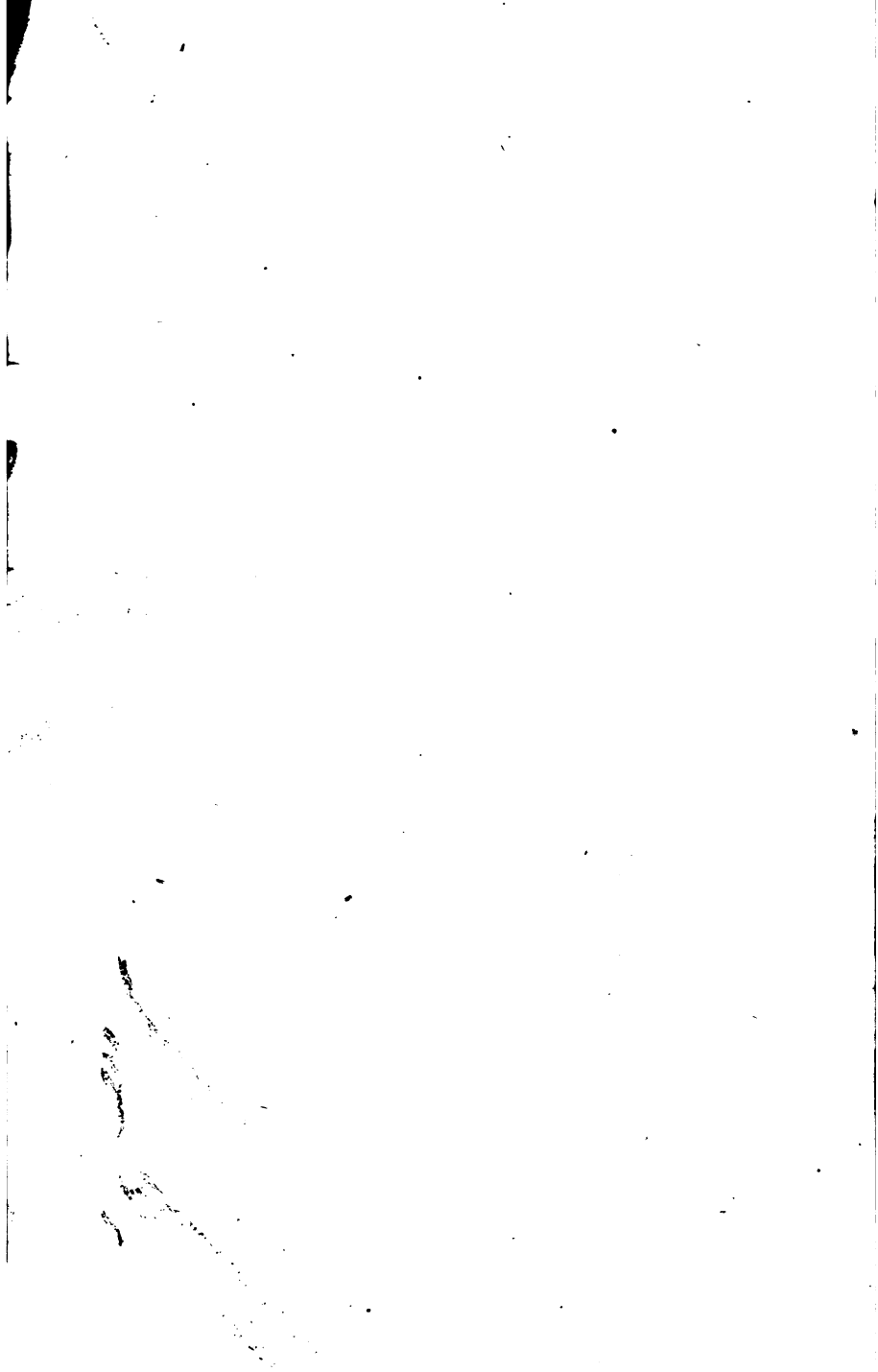
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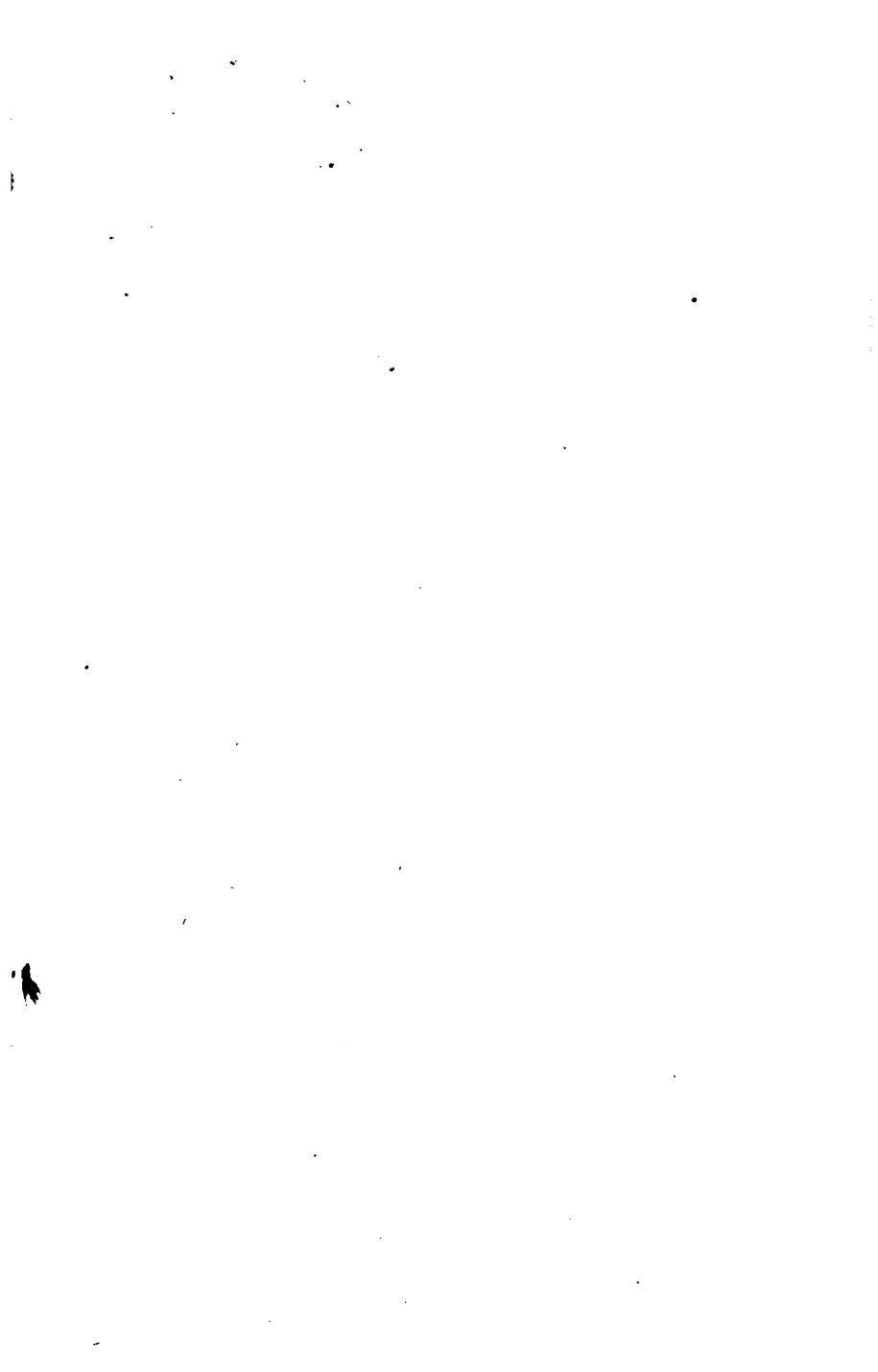
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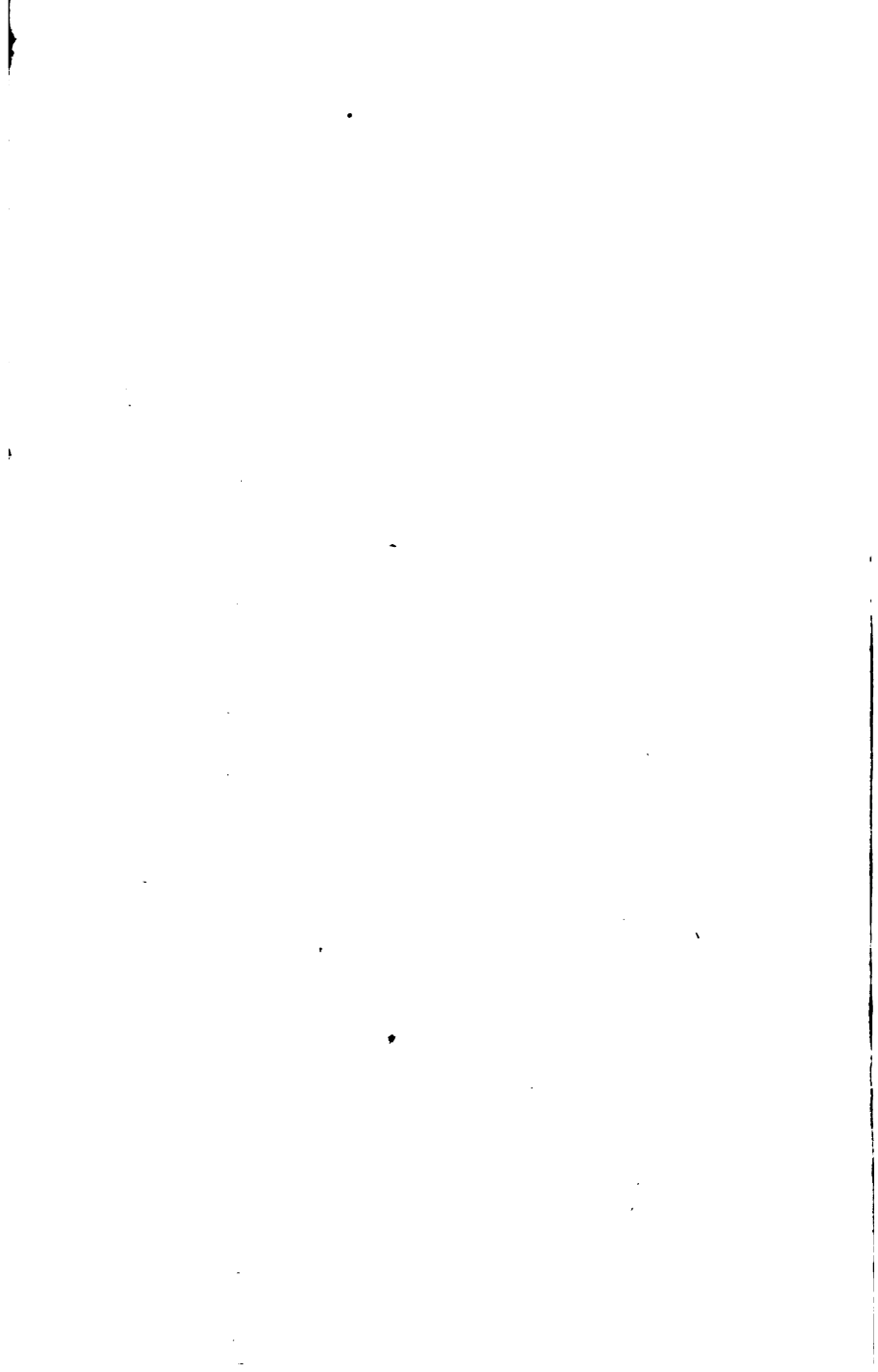
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HISTORY OF TURKEY.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE GIRONDISTS," "TRAVELS IN THE HOLY
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HISTORY OF TURKEY.

BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

I.

SELIM, son of **Soliman II.** and of **Roxelana**, was forty-five years of age at the moment when the empire so long coveted fell into his hands. At first a favorite without merit of his mother on account of his effeminate resemblance to her, afterwards a favorite without gratitude of his father on account of that very mediocrity which gives security to aged princes against the enterprises of their children, **Selim II.** was one of those men who by a dissolute course of life have been unfitted for the throne before ascending it. He seemed to have been formed in all things both by nature and education to exhibit, through his pettiness, the greatness of his predecessor. The great achievements that still had issue in his reign, were but the consequences, the posthumous prolongation, of the reign of his father.

His countenance was as insignificant as his character; the blue and bright eyes of his mother, but veiled habitually with the vapors of drunkenness, were the sole feature that recalled the beauty of **Roxelana**. The narrowness of the forehead, the softness of the cheeks, the thickness of the lips, the venous coloring of the complexion, the breadth of the neck, the retreat of the shoulders, the chub and waddling obesity of the figure, revealed a consummate specimen of those Ottoman *Vitelliuses* relaxed by debauchery, discolored by wine, and who are left but the desire of torpifying themselves with the vile appetites of the table. Only, by a

fortunate compensation of destiny this same laxity of body which took away all moral energy from Selim, deprived him also of all temptation to rule by himself. The lassitude of his body seemed to extend to his soul. The effort even of an act of will would have importuned his weakness and disturbed his indolence. To deposit the government, as soon as he should have seized it, in the hands of a man who would dispense him from thought and action, was his most urgent ambition. To rule was, to him, to find repose in the supreme rank. By an accident, and by a happiness of the fortune of the Ottomans, the grand vizier, Mohammed-Sokolli, in the hands of whom Selim was to find and to leave power, was a great man, capable of continuing the policy of Soliman after his death, and of disguising the insufficiency of his successor.

II.

This grand vizier, at the head of a victorious army of three hundred thousand men, and ascribing what language he pleased to the bier which he was conducting, was master of the empire. He might suspend events, prolong the inter-reign, sell the support of the army, dictate conditions to the heir to the throne. He forgot himself, and only thought of meriting well of his country. A short and respectful letter, written under his dictation by the secretary of Soliman, the wise and learned Feridoun, and conveyed by the tschaousch, Hassan-Aga, apprised Selim of the death of his father. In this letter the grand vizier recommended the new Sultan to draw near to Constantinople to be ready to seize the paternal heritage. He undertook to conduct the army there before it should know of the death of its master. He conjured him not to come himself to meet the Janissaries at Belgrade or at Adrianople, for fear of finding himself made in person the object and the sport of the seditious exactions of soldiers, too habituated for five reigns back to extort from sovereigns in forced largesses the price of the empire.

III.

Hassan traversed with such rapidity Hungary, Bulgaria, Thrace, the Black Sea and one half of Asia Minor, that he arrived the eighth day at Kutalah, the capital of the govern-

ment wherein resided Selim. This prince was absent; he was hunting at this moment with some of his favorites in the valley of Kara-Hissar, somewhat nearer to Constantinople. Without dismounting from his horse, upon reading the letter of Feridoun, he took, at a galloping pace, the route for the capital. His khodja or preceptor Atallah, his grand chamberlain Housein-Pasha, his groom Kosrew-Aga, and his favorite Djelal-Tchelebi attended him, more impatient than he was himself for his omnipotence. The night of the third day after their departure from Kara-Hissar, they arrived unexpectedly at Scutari, a suburb separated from the seraglio by an arm of the sea, of some three or four bowshots in breadth. They caused to be opened to them in the name of Selim, the country palace of the Sultana Mihrmah, who had so much lamented Bayezid, sacrificed to the ambition of Selim. It has been seen that after the death of this beloved brother in Persia, she became reconciled to Selim, upon whom depended thenceforth her whole fortune.

Selim was astonished at the calm that reigned at Scutari and at the seraglio, of which he could perceive the doors, the gardens and the kiosks in the shade before him. He sent across the tschaousch Hassan, to notify Iskender-Pasha, governor of the capital, of his presence at Scutari, and to obtain from him an explanation of this stillness and this silence. Iskender-Pasha feared a snare in the message of Hassan. This governor had received from the grand vizier no formal notice of the death of Soliman, no order to prepare the city and the seraglio for the accession of a new master. A letter in obscure and enigmatical terms, intended to be understood by hints and half-words, had merely been addressed him by Feridoun at the moment of the departure of Hassan for Kutaiah. Iskender, an unlettered soldier, had ill-deciphered the enigma. Responsible to Soliman for the throne and the capital, apprehending in this unexpected appearance of the heir an usurpation upon the old age of his absent father, he hesitated between doubt and credulity. He wrote to Selim by Hassan that he was ignorant of the events of which he spoke, and that he had no order from the grand vizier to open the seraglio to a new master. Selim replied that State events of this importance were never written but in symbolical language in order to remain illegible to the intelligence of the vulgar, but that it was for him alone, the son and heir of Soliman, to interpret them

sovereignty. During this exchange of messages between the governor of the capital and the new Sultan, the bostandji-baschi, absolute intendant of the seraglio, apprised by the groom of Selim, sent the imperial barge to Scutari to carry the Sultan to the palace. Selim entered it without retinue and without noise in the night time. At the moment when he set his foot upon the threshold of the door which opens upon the sea in front of Scutari, the cannon of the castle of Leander, a small fortress built on the shoal of this name, between the two shores, apprised the slumbering capital that Soliman was no more. There was a rush to the seraglio to hail the new reign.

IV.

A steed covered with imperial ornaments stood awaiting the Sultan on the beach at the door of the seraglio. The bostandji-baschi, according to etiquette, took Selim under the arm to assist him in getting on the saddle. The high groom Housein, an old companion of exile of Selim, wished to repulse the bostandji, as he deemed his movement disrespectful; but Selim, who remembered the usages of the court where he had spent his boyhood, said smiling to the aga of the bostandjis: "Don't mind that stranger, aga; he has not been brought up like us in the seraglio; he does not know its usages or privileges; walk in peace before my horse, and show us the way across those gardens which I no longer know."

The capou-aga or chief of the white eunuchs received him at the door of the palace; his sister, the Sultana Mihrmah, threw herself into his arms, bathing him with tears. She brought him a present of fifty thousand gold ducats, which she had economized to offer him at the moment when he should be in need of lavishing heavy liberalities upon the court and the army. The mufti, the governor, the judges of the army, the defterdars, the mollahs, the dignitaries of Constantinople kissed his hand. He visited the mosques and the tombs of his fathers during two days, as if to do homage to God and to his ancestors for the reign which he was going to inaugurate upon their *turbés*. But the impolitic or suspicious counsels of his courtiers at Kutah induced him to elude the counsels of the grand vizier. Instead of await-

ing the army at Constantinople, he hastened to Belgrade to throw himself amid the seditions of the soldiers.

V.

The grand vizier had succeeded in concealing during fifty days from the troops the secret of the death of Soliman. The army, believing that it was still commanded by him, marched in order around his litter, saluting at each halt the dead Sultan with acclamations. They were approaching Belgrade, and were encamped for the night upon the border of a forest of Hungary, when Mohammed-Sokolli, informed by a courier of the speedy arrival of Selim, gave vent amid the darkness to the voice of the Koran-readers, invited secretly by him to disclose to the troops the death of their padischah. At the sound of these voices psalmodizing around the litter the first verse of the Soura for the dead: "All power ends, all men have their final hour, the Eternal alone knows neither end nor death," the soldiers, communicating to each other the fatal news, broke forth in sobs. Pressing tumultuously around the ropes of the enclosure of the imperial tents, they refused to raise the camp in order to weep at leisure their sovereign. "Comrades," said the grand vizier, mounting on horseback at the dawn to harangue them, "why do you refuse to pursue your march on the ground of wishing to exhale your grief? Ought we not rather to chant verses of joy and felicitation that the soul of our padischah is entered into eternal bliss? Is it not he who has just made Hungary the house of Islamism? Is it not he who has loaded our religion, our empire and ourselves with benefactions? Is it by seditious tears and cowardly lamentations that we ought thus to testify our gratitude? Ought we not rather take upon our heads his precious remains and carry them to his son and his successor, Selim, who awaits us at Belgrade to execute the last will of his father, and to accord you presents and augmentations of pay? Resume then your good spirits; leave peaceably the prayers to be said by the Koran-readers and march."

The army in solemn silence resumed its march as a procession rather than as a victorious army. The grand vizier trembled for a premature encounter of the soldiers and the Sultan. The troops demanded loudly that Selim II. should come to meet the coffin of his father beyond the Danube to

receive their oath to the new reign, and to give them the largesses of the accession. Selim took offence at these exactions, which the grand vizier persuaded him, however, to now submit to, since he had come so rashly to expose himself to them; he feared that disappointed impatience might exasperate the troops to even revolt. The new advisers of the Sultan, who surrounded him at Belgrade, dissuaded him, on the contrary, from any such compliances, degrading, in their opinion, to his dignity. "Have you not already received the oath of the empire in the capital?" said they to him. "What need then of a new profession of allegiance? Does the army think that it alone has the right to decree the sceptre to its master? In the early times of the monarchy it used to be said that, to mount the throne, the Sultans should pass underneath the sabres of their soldiers. This was true then; but now that the throne is a heritage and not an election by the troops, such reminiscences are an offence to the majesty of the sovereign."

Selim then confined himself to awaiting the army upon a throne of gold which he had caused to be erected in his tent on the bank of the Danube, on the summit of a rising ground which slopes down towards the river underneath the ramparts of Belgrade.

"It is thus," cried the grand vizier, confiding his fears to Feridoun, "that inexperienced and irresponsible counsellors lose empires."

Feridoun showed him a letter which he had just penned and which he proposed to him to sign, to demonstrate to the Sultan the peril of this conduct. "No," said the grand vizier, "I will sign no more representations, they are useless; besides, how do I know even that I am still grand vizier, and is not the Sultan master of appointing another in my place?"

VI.

He succeeded, however, by his authority over the army, in keeping the soldiers till the following day in order and in silence. At the dawn of day, the hearse which carried the body of Soliman advanced, attended by a countless multitude across the plain towards the brink of the Danube. Selim, in mourning suit, came forth at the head of a mute procession from the walls of Belgrade, and walked on foot to meet

the coffin and the army. His preceptor Atallah and his head groom Housein supported him by the arms. The two processions halted upon meeting. The Sultan raised his hands to heaven, and the muezzins chanted the funeral prayers. The viziers, the troops, the people of Belgrade who followed Selim, mingled sobbings with the murmur of the river. Never, since the funeral of Alexander, had the soul of a great man appeared, in vanishing, to have thus prostrated the soul of an army. Selim, not being known to those soldiers, did not venture to accost them with the majesty which imposes or the familiarity which attracts. He returned into his tent and wrapped himself up in his invisibility.

He was soon beset there by the murmur of those two hundred thousand soldiers; they left their ranks, and encouraging each other mutually to audacity, surrounded the tents of the Sultan. "Is this," said they to each other, "what we have been promised? What is become of our former usages? Where are the recompenses and the presents that are due us? Ungrateful viziers, do you hope to elude thus the rights of those who give and retain victory and the throne? Invisible Sultan, who thinkest to escape us behind that rampart of pusillanimous courtiers, we will find thee hereafter near the hay-cart."

The meaning of this menace of finding the Sultan near the hay-cart was a seditious allusion among the soldiers to certain precedents of the army discontented with the viziers. When the soldiers, on a march in a state of mutiny against their generals, desired to sow disorder in the column, and to give rise to a tumult for which no one would appear to blame, they availed themselves of the encounter, accidental or otherwise, of a load of hay which obstructed the road and gave them occasion to stop the march of the army, until they had been gratified in their exactions.

The counsellors of Selim II., trembling lest the imminent revolt of the army should profane the very coffin of Soliman, had it taken off by night and conducted to Constantinople by a detachment of his guard. The grand vizier and the pashas, called next day to the council of Selim, convinced him of the necessity of yielding to the military sedition which they had meant to prevent in dissuading him from presenting himself so rashly to the soldiers before having disbanded the army. The prince, convinced too late of the wisdom of the grand vizier, came forth from his tents,

received the oath, and gave the usual donations to all the corps of the army. The two grand judges availed themselves of the ascendant taken by the troops to ask him in their name for the severe maintenance of the laws which proscribed the sale and use of wine throughout the Empire. This indirect allusion to the vice imputed to Selim himself, tolerated at Belgrade, was punished some days after at Semendria by the banishment of the two judges.

The imperial cortege and the army drew up before Constantinople at the village of Halkalı to give time for the completion of the preparations for the solemn entry. The grand vizier dismounted at a farm which he owned at some distance from the village. The order and the silence of the army since leaving Belgrade left no occasion to suspect a remnant of resentment. This calmness covered a conspiracy of the soldiers. The troops seemed to have the intention of shaking the hand that was about to lead them, in order to know its force or its feebleness. In the middle of the night, the inspectors of the camp ran hastily to the farm of the grand vizier; they apprised Mohammed-Sokolli of the nocturnal disorder which was the prelude to those of the day. Bands of Janissaries, by the light of torches, made of pine branches, sat in conclaves around tuns of wine from which they imbibed insolence and drunkenness. All the neighboring villages wherein troops had been cantoned presented the same symptoms of secret agitation.

However, all appeared returned to order in the morning. The governor of Constantinople, Iskender-Pasha, the mufti, the capitan-pasha, Pialé, almost as popular as Barbarossa, were come in great pomp from the capital, to kiss the hand of the Sultan and to escort him to his palace. The troops, assembled by their generals, defiled with the usual cry of long live the padischah! An innumerable multitude covered the plain, the hills and the house-tops to contemplate their new master. The Janissaries, in a compact column, cleft with difficulty the waves of spectators. Already the gates of the capital were entered, when a sudden reflux arrested the Sultan himself not far from the city walls. The viziers interrogated with anxiety the chiaoux, charged with the police of the ceremony, as to the causes of this slackening and this confusion of the march. "It is a wagon of hay," replied the chiaoux, "that obstructs the passage of the Janissaries at the height of the mosque of the princes."

At this word, a well known signal of premeditated trouble, the generals and the viziers cleft the ranks with the breast of their horses and rushed to the head of the column to chide the Janissaries. "What is the matter, brave comrades!" said at once the second vizier, Pertew-Pasha, until then beloved by the soldiers for his bravery; "your insubordination is an insult to the majesty of your padischah."

"Dost thou think then that in this place thou art still in Transylvania, imposing arbitrary laws upon thy soldiers?" replied the mutineers, overturning him from his horse in the street, wherein his turban rolled, to the applauses of the populace, in the mire. The capitan-pasha, Pialé, sought to interpose his authority, theretofore inviolable, even to the factious.

"Is it not infamous in soldiers to thus insult the dignity of the viziers who have led them to victory?" cried he indignantly. He was answered but by hootings.

"What hast thou in thy turn to say to us, old pirate?" cried the soldiers; and they pulled him likewise off his horse and tore his clothes. The aged Ferhad-Pasha, a veteran of two reigns, thought that they must respect his white beard; he was knocked with the stocks of the guns under the feet of the horses. The aga of the Janissaries himself, adding action to supplication, knotted with his own hands a cord of silk around his neck, to say to the soldiers: "I am at your mercy, draw the knot, strangle your general, but respect your padischah!"

"Ah! vile flatterer," cried a thousand obstinate voices, interrupted with bursts of laughter, "thou wouldst give us sugared biscuit in place of bread. But thou wilt thus save the treasures neither of the Sultan nor of the grand vizier; and we will let thee see, in turn, the upset wagon of hay."

During these disorders of the vanguard, Selim, anxious and humiliated, waited shamefully in front of the gate of Adrianople till it should please his soldiers to give him access into his capital and his palace. He ordered the grand vizier to satisfy at any cost the caprices of the troops. Sokolli, sick at heart from both the weakness and the sedition, ordered entire sacks of piastres to be thrown to the revolted Janissaries. They then resumed their march and lifted upright the subverted hay-cart. They presently attained the gates of the seraglio, rushed tumultuously into the first

court and barricaded themselves there anew. They sent from thence a deputation, accompanied by the disarmed and outraged viziers, to Selim, who was shut out by their rebellion from his own palace. Selim, stopped before the mosque of the Sultana Khasseki, again yielded to all their exactions. The delivered viziers remounted horse, the Emperor entered the seraglio, swept by the waves of an unpunished sedition.

The treasury was emptied for the Janissaries. The spahis and the other bodies of the army murmured in turn, and outraged the viziers for an equal share in the pillage. The grand vizier, who was spying the occasion of repossessing himself of his lost authority, availed himself ably of the gorged rebels to put down the clamor of the hungry claimants; he caused to be decapitated the chiefs of the spahis and hung three persons who made themselves tribunes of the populace. The treasures of the island of Chio, ravaged some months previous by the capitan-pasha, Pialé, and presented by him to the Sultan, filled up this void of the treasury. Pialé, the son of a shoemaker of Croatia, elevated by the accidents and the exploits of sea-life to the rank of being son-in-law to the Sultan, was recompensed for his services in this sedition by the title of vizier of the cupola, that is to say, was authorized to take his seat in the divan, beneath the cupola, in front of the grand vizier, for the discussion of public business.

Ali-aga Muezzinzadé (or son of the Muezzin) was appointed capitan-pasha in place of Pialé. Mahmoud-Pasha, surnamed Sal from the name of a Persian hero celebrated for his strength as a wrestler, received likewise the title of vizier. Selim thus recompensed in Mahmoud the brutal service which the wrestler had done his interests in strangling with his own hands, upon the order of Soliman, the prince Mustapha, escaped through his vigor from the mutes of his father. Lala-Houseïn (or father Houseïn), the blundering counsellor of Selim who had taken him so fatally to Belgrade, was removed by the grand vizier from the person of the Sultan by giving him the government of Anatolia. Djelal-Beg, the favorite of Selim, more complacent to the grand vizier, was loaded with honors and with revenues by Sokolli, so as to interest him in maintaining this high dignity in the confidence of the Sultan. Sure in this way of his ascendant in the familiar council of Selim, Sokolli rid himself of all opposition to his policy in the seraglio. The

minister of finance, Yasouf-Aga, who was wont to attack vehemently all his measures, was seized by the grand vizier with his own hand at the issue of the council and delivered to the executioner, who beheaded him under the archway of the seraglio.

Sokolli reigned without obstacle. He negotiated and signed a glorious peace with the Emperor of Germany. He received an embassy from the Persians. This splendid embassy, which is described by the annalists of the reign, brought back to Selim the slaves, the arms, the horses and camels of his brother Bayezid, slain by them to please him, despite the laws of hospitality. A religious fanatic attempted the life of the Persian envoy, Schah Kouli, at the moment he was making his solemn entry into the capital. The assassin was tied to the tail of an unbroken horse, and whirled upon the pavement till he expired. The presents of the Schah of Persia delivered by his ambassador, attest the marvels of Persian industry in the midst of the civil wars which were giving to and withdrawing the throne from the dynasties of that kingdom. Korans bound in gilt velvet and shut with clasps of precious stones; jewel cases full of rubies and pearls; eight cups hollowed in massive torques; two tents wherein the embroidery designed and colored picturesque landscapes; twenty tapestries of silk inwoven with flowers, birds, wild animals; nine foot-carpets of the down of camels torn from the womb of their mothers; tent curtains dazzling like doors of gold and silver; horse-saddles incrustated with precious stones; seven sceptres and seven sabres cased in sheaths of crimson velvet; pieces of woollen cloth for the feet, so silky and so thick that a single piece made the full burden of ten men.

An ambassador from Poland, a nation always fluctuating in its policy, which was courting the Turks to escape the Germans, the Russians, the Tartars, brought to Selim furs and fire-arms, presents of the north. Sokolli accorded the Poles what they requested of the Porte, to the end of detaching them from the cause of the Hungarians and of the Germans. This grand vizier governed his master so despotically, that the Sultan, having wished to elevate his old preceptor Lala-Mustapha, to the honorary rank of vizier of the cupola, did not dare to mention it beforehand to Sokolli. The Sultan convoked a divan on horseback in returning from a hunt, and excused himself timidly to the grand vizier for

having appointed one without his advice, to so high a dignity of the State.

Sokolli, faithful to the traditions of alliance with France, sent Ibrahim-Beg to Paris. This ambassador asked the king, Charles IX., for the Princess Marguerite in marriage for Prince Sigismund of Transylvania, whom the Porte designed to elevate to the throne of Poland. The month of September, 1569, saw reduced to ashes in a single night twenty thousand houses of Constantinople. Sokolli, surrounded by the flames in a district whither he had hastened to oppose the progress of the fire, was well nigh perishing in this vast furnace. The diligence and the gold of this minister effaced speedily the traces of this disaster.

He founded at the same time at Adrianople, to the name of Selim, the marvellous mosque Selimieh, upon the plans of the architect Sinan, that Turkish Palladio. The cupola of this mosque, supported by pillars like that of St. Peter's at Rome, exceeds in height and in amplitude the cupola of Saint Sophia. Sinan, who regarded this edifice as his masterpiece, used to say himself that the mosque of the princes at Constantinople was but the essay of an apprentice; that of Soliman, the work of a finished journeyman; but that the Selimieh was the production of a great master. Four minarets, hollow obelisks, shot up their spires above the dome to heaven like radiations of a marble crown detached upon the azure firmament. Three staircases, of which the spirals superposed and intertwined succeed each other without ever meeting, allowed three muezzins to move simultaneously, from the threshold to the summit, and from the top to the foot of these minarets. The pillars, placed at a wide distance from the centre of the dome, and concealed in the walls, give to the cupola the appearance of an aerial prodigy.

VII.

But these structures were but the decorations of the reign; Sokolli thought of the enduring strength and the prosperity of his race. His genius had forestalled his age in the theory of political economy, that science of the wealth of nations. He saw this wealth in agriculture, in commerce, in navigation, that vehicle of international exchanges. He meant to make Constantinople, by industry, what nature had

made it by situation, the *entrepôt** of Asia, of Europe and of Africa, the "grand scale" of the commercial universe. The highest eulogy which can be passed upon the memory of Selim II., is that he did not thwart the views and the plans of his minister for the realization of his projects.

Sokolli masked his real idea of civilization, too advanced for his time, under the appearance of a political enterprise which flattered the popular prejudice and hatred of the Turks towards the Persians. He represented to the divan, and he diffused it among the people, that the sole means of a lasting triumph over the schism of Ali, in Persia, was to turn by way of the Crimea the natural ramparts of the Caucasus and of Georgia which protect this empire on the side of the Black Sea, and gradually to surround Persia by the route of Bagdad on the one side, and by the Caspian Sea on the other. The national hatred responded with enthusiasm to these conceptions of Sokolli. Attention then was turned to the north-east coasts of the Black Sea.

The Russians, a nation yet barbarous, emerged from the marshes of the Baltic to enslave and nationalize some tribes more barbarous than themselves in the forests of Muscovy, were menacing already to cut off the Turks from the route of Persia, of Tartary, and of the Caspian Sea. Become Christians at the beck of one of their Czars, Wladimir, fourth descendant of Rurik, their first chief, they adopted through imitation and through vicinity the Greek schism. The Byzantine emperors sealed this conformity of religion by giving their daughters in marriage to the chiefs of this new people. The latter multiplied under shelter of their frosts and their forests. They began to feel their strength and to expand towards the East, on the side of the sun, as their snows, dissolved in spring, take their current from the declivities that divert them into the Caspian Sea. Ivan Wasiliéwitz V., their Czar, contemporary with Selim, had just characterized this Russian inclination towards the East by conquering

* The word *depôt*, which is definitively naturalized in our business language, is a paronym of *entrepôt* with the exact difference of the preposition. The former signifies a fixed *place* of both arrival and departure, by extension of the primitive sense which meant the *things* so placed, or as we say, "deposits." The term *entrepôt* merely adds to this idea the complication of such place or position being situated *between* certain other surrounding positions. Its adoption into English is thus not only as legitimate, but is more necessary in proportion to the higher complication.—
Translator.

Cazan and Astrakan from the Tartars, and thus approaching to the basin of the Crimea.

The Don, the ancient Tanais, a river of the north, precipitates itself into the Black Sea, after having furrowed Russia through a course of three thousand leagues. The Volga, rising in the same steppes of Muscovy, turns off in the middle of its course from the Black Sea, and discharges itself into the Caspian through sixty outlets. Between these two rivers, for a long way parallel, runs an isthmus of thirty thousand paces. In cutting this isthmus by a canal navigable to large vessels, the Black Sea and the Palus Maeotis, which prolongs it towards the sea of Azof, would be made to communicate with the Volga, and the Volga to transport the Ottoman fleets and armies into the Caspian Sea, which bathes the northern frontier of Persia. This kingdom, invaded by sea and by land upon a side where it imagined itself inaccessible, behind the billows of the Caspian, as well as on the side of Arabia, would become a slave of the Turks. Servitude befell it whence it expected its independence. The Bosphorus would have sent by two seas, by a maritime canal and by sixty river outlets, its laws to Ispahan; but Ottoman commerce would have imposed more pacifically its monopoly upon the Oriental and the Occidental world. The products of Europe, sought in India, and the products a thousand times richer of India, sought at any price by Europe, instead of taking the long and perilous six months' circuit of the Cape of Good Hope, then scarcely discovered, were going to be exchanged from hand to hand by means of caravans and vessels in the Ottoman market of the Caspian Sea. The two hemispheres were obliged to traffic there under the tents, under the flag and the tributary tariffs of Selim II. and his successors; the Ganges and the Indus found their commercial confluence with the Thames, the Danube, the Seine, the Rhine, the Tiber, the Tagus, in the basin of Turkish Tartary; the Black Sea became the Nile of a new Egypt. It is inconceivable what opulence the execution of this plan prepared for the empire, and this opulence became at the same time a pledge of peace to the world. Sokolli, in this gigantic conception, showed himself as great an economist as patriot. The days we live in evince sufficiently how important it was to Turkey and to Europe to repress from the beginning the flux of Russia towards the East.

This idea was Roman in its origin: Pliny the historian

ascribes it to the reign of the emperor Claudian, that Selim of Rome. Seleucus Nicator had presented it already to the Romans; geography presents it to all ages; but Sokolli had simplified and facilitated it in using the Volga and the Don as two canals already cut to carry his fleets into the Caspian from the Black Sea.

Sokolli succumbed, not under the magnitude of the enterprise, but under the prejudices of five thousand Janissaries and of twenty thousand Turkish pioneers whom he had sent to the sea of Azof to cut the canal. The Khan of the Tartars, Dewlet Gherai, although tributary and ally of the Turks, feared for the independence of the Crimea, if the junction of the two seas should thenceforth turn his dominions into a sort of highroad of the empire. He feared, besides, that the assistance, always dearly purchased, of his Tartars, might cease to seem so necessary to the Sultans against the Russians, from the day when the Don and the Volga, subdued, would permit them to transport armies into the heart of Muscovy, as Timour had done by starting from the same outlets. He made then secretly every effort to render unpopular in the camp of the Janissaries and of the Ottoman battalions the idea of the grand vizier.

Religious prejudice of itself seconded the malevolence of the Khan of the Crimea. The Mussulmans, hearing related by the Tartars that the days were twenty hours long and the nights but four hours in the boreal regions adjacent to Muscovy, persuaded one another that such a climate must be in contradiction to the precepts of the Koran, which commanded them to say the night prayer two hours after the setting of the sun, and the morning prayer at the dawn of the day. "How," said they, "in nights of only four hours long shall we find time to pray twice and to sleep?" An enterprise requiring of the Mussulmans such violations of the Koran is therefore reprov'd by God. The religion of the Prophet is destined only for the climates where his laws can be obeyed." Murmuring and discouragement shook the arms and the implements from the hands of the soldiers and the workmen. A column of twenty-five thousand Turkish and Tartar cavalry, who were marching upon Astrakan, to expel thence the Russians, having been thrown back by the troops of Ivan, returned in disorder to infuse panic and sedition among the laborers of the canal. The desertion, favored by the Tartars, dispersed the camp; the generals

yielded to the soldiers; they embarked without orders for Constantinople. The tempests of the Black Sea seemed to league with the fanaticism of the soldiers to deter for ever the Ottomans from the vast idea of their great prime-minister. Shipwrecks ingulfed on the return voyage a part of the fleet; seven thousand men only re-entered Constantinople.

VIII.

Mohammed-Sokolli, discouraged from his project of uniting the two seas, to open to the Ottomans the route of Persia and of the Indus, proposed to try by the way of Arabia what the ignorance of his nation had caused to fail by the way of Persia. He resolved to cut the Isthmus of Suez in order to pass the fleets of the Mediterranean into the Red Sea, and from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean. A general revolt of Arabia suspended fatally the execution of this work, which is still meditated to this day by the masters of Egypt and the commercial nations of the West. The invention of railroads, that terrestrial navigation, makes it less urgent without making it less probable eventually.

The causes purely local of the insurrection of Arabia Felix or Yemen against the governors of Egypt, related to family rivalries among the obscure dynasties of these countries, too imperceptible and too puerile to occupy history, But this insurrection threatened to extend to the rest of Arabia as far as Egypt. Sokolli, to stifle it in the germ, and to remove at the same time a rival of whom he dreaded the old ascendant over Selim, ordered Lala-Mustapha, the former preceptor of the Sultan, already sent into Anatolia, to raise in Syria and Egypt an army for the submission of Arabia.

Some thousands of Janissaries formed the nucleus of Mustapha. Sinan-Pasha, governor of Egypt, instead of seconding the enlistment of soldiers for the army of Arabia, opposed a calculated inactivity to the orders of the seraskier. Sure of pleasing Sokolli by ruining the fame of his rival, he accused Mustapha of laying snares for him at Cairo, of having tried to poison him in a cup of sherbet, of dreaming for himself the independent sovereignty of Egypt and Arabia. Sokolli, whether he believed in those accusations, or only feigned to believe, sent a tchaousch to Cairo to bear to Mustapha his dismissal, and the order to come and justify himself at Constantinople. Sinan-Pasha received in his

place the title of seraskier and the command of the expedition against Yemen.

Othman-Ouzdemir-Pasha, born in Arabia, since grand vizier, then a mere general of Sinan, went before the seraskier into Yemen. In a successful and rapid campaign, Othman scattered the rebels; he took by storm their fortified places. To increase his resources and to make himself more necessary in the eyes of the divan, he enrolled in his army some Arabian tribes and cavalry attracted by the popularity of his name in Arabia. Sinan, jealous of the triumphs too complete of his lieutenant, removed him, and appointed to the command of the army a Russian parvenu slave named Hassan-Pasha. Othman, indignant at the ingratitude of his seraskier, fled to Mecca with a party of his Arabian allies, and crossing the mountains of Mesopotamia in disguise, he came to Constantinople to demand justice.

Informed of his approach, the grand vizier, who dreaded his connection with Lala-Mustapha, degraded like him for the same cause, had him forbidden to enter the city. Othman erected his tents outside the walls in a neighboring cemetery, at the gate of Adrianople, which the pestilence that raged at the time covered daily with fresh graves. It was incessantly visited, amid the snows and the rains of winter, to contemplate this great victim of the ingratitude of his master.

Meanwhile, one day as Selim II. returned from the chase by the gate of Adrianople, Lala-Mustapha, a victim of the same intrigue, but who still had familiar access to his old pupil, directed, as by accident, the Sultan's walk alongside the cemetery wherein Othman was languishing beneath his tents. "Who inhabits so wretched a shelter against the rigors of winter?" asked the Sultan. "It is the son of Ouzdemir, your faithful slave Othman-Pasha," replied the preceptor. "He who, under the reign of your father and under yours, has enlarged the empire by two vast provinces, Nubia and Yemen, after having equalled in Arabia the exploits and services of his father, is thus recompensed by the ingratitude of your viziers, and endures the rain and cold outside the walls of the city, where he is interdicted from sheltering his head." Selim kept silent and entered pensive the seraglio. The following day, a khattisherif (an order from the hand of the sovereign which annuls all contrary orders of the ministers), appointed Othman-Pasha to the govern-

ment of Bassora, his native country. Sokolli, wishing to represent to the Sultan the danger of appointing a man so popular to the government of a province conterminous with Arabia: "Take care not to touch him henceforth," said the Sultan with severity. But Sokolli, more solicitous to guard the safety of the empire than to please his all-powerful master, changed on the very day the destination of Othman, and sent him to a less important government.

Entire Arabia, vanquished or pacified by Sinan-Pasha, recognized in 1571 the law of the Turks. Sinan at the head of his army entered Mecca, re-established the liberty of pilgrimage, and the three caravans of Syria, of Egypt, and of Yemen, celebrated the ceremonies of the Kaaba. Nothing now delayed at Constantinople the preparations of Sokolli for the expedition against Cyprus. The restoration of order in Arabia, the reconciliation with the Russians satisfied with their unpunished infringements on the Crimea, the peace with the Emperor of Germany, the friendship with the Poles, the alliance more and more intimate with France, the prosperity of the treasury, the armament of the fleet, the impatience of the troops a long time idle, permitted, in fine, the grand vizier to bear with the whole weight of his patient policy against the Venetians, and to wrest from them the kingdom of Cyprus. This conquest, necessary to the empire, was besides, in the mind of the grand vizier, a judicious condescension to an old caprice of Selim II.

While this prince, suspected by his father, an exile at Kutaiah or at Magnesia, was languishing in idleness, in disgrace, and often in distress for money, the ordinary lot of the heirs or victims of the throne, at that time, in Turkey, he contracted with a companion of his youth a friendship and a gratitude which became baleful to the Christians of Cyprus.

This man was a Portuguese Jew named then Joseph Nassy, and previously Don Miguez. He was one of those Hebrews, thrown by the dispersion of their nation among every people, and who were led by persecution and the dread of popular outrage to adopt the appearance of Christianity, which they detested in secret. The greatest crime of these persecutions is not only to make proscripts, but also hypocrites. Joseph Nassy had the insinuating genius and the adroit graces which the necessity of their situation gives to men who can aspire to power only by servility. Rich already by commerce on

leaving Portugal, he came a daring adventurer to seek at Constantinople to aggrandize and to ennoble his acquired wealth. Captivated to delirium by a Jewish young woman whose beauty and opulence ravished equally his eyes and his ambition, Don Miguez did not hesitate to abjure for love a Christianity adopted for convenience. He married this daughter of his tribe.

His wealth decupled by this match, the sums he loaned with a political liberality to the grandees of the court, the presents in jewelry which he lavished on the seraglio, the possession of the most renowned vineyards of Chio, of Cyprus, of Sicily, of which he used the products to corrupt the sensuality, then not too scrupulous, of the courtiers and of the young heir of Soliman himself, addicted to drunkenness, had brought him into familiarity with Selim. Like a man who could brave present disgrace for the sake of securing future favor, he followed the prince to Kutaiah. The intimacy of the young Mussulman prince and of the Jewish adventurer was such, that it used to be said at Constantinople that Selim was not the son of Soliman and Roxelana, but the child of a Jew sister of Don Miguez, whom an intrigue had substituted in the harem for a still-born son of the favorite. Money, pleasures, debaucheries, delicious wines of the Archipelago—all was common between the two friends. The favorite, in exciting the enthusiastic covetousness of the prince for the gold ducats and the savory casks of Cyprus, did not cease to represent to him this opulent island as the paradise of the voluptuous. One day that the wine of the sunny hill-sides of Limasol had intoxicated more than usual the senses and the imagination of Selim, the prince, throwing himself into the arms of his friend, swore that if he should ever ascend the throne of the Ottomans, he would give him the proprietorship of the kingdom of Cyprus, in acknowledgment of the delights which he owed his purse and his presents.

Don Miguez, who saw in the promise of the future Sultan, a sort of investiture, had the arms of Cyprus painted and hung up in his house with this legend: "JOSEPH NASSY, KING OF CYPRUS."

On the accession of Selim to the throne, Nassy, who had hastened to Belgrade to congratulate him, threw himself at his feet. Selim, in raising him up and embracing him, gave him, as a prelude to a gift more royal, the title of Duke of Naxos

and of the twelve Cyclades. By way of rent for these immense possessions, the Sultan required of his friend but a light tribute of two thousand ducats on the wines, which brought the new possessor of the Cyclades one hundred and fifty thousand ducats. The former prince, dispossessed of Naxos and of Andros, came to drag his degradation and his indigence to Constantinople.

But so many dignities and so much wealth appeared to the favorite but steps to elevate him to his vision, the kingdom of Cyprus. He did not cease exhorting Selim II. to extend his hand to that possession of the republic. The Venetian ambassadors, who were aware of his credit, and who dreaded every thing from his wealth, were trembling at the resolutions of the divan. All the young court of Selim, Nassy, Lala-Mustapha, the capitan-pasha and his brother Pialé, inclined for the declaration of war against Venice. The grand vizier and the mufti alone resisted this precipitation of the seraglio. They found neither the cause just nor the moment opportune. Venice furnished no grievance, and her naval forces anchored in her port might be able to cover with sails and cannons the coasts of Cyprus.

The ambitious Nassy, whose opulence could purchase treacheries and crimes, corrupted, it is said, some pirates, and burned the arsenal of Venice by their hands. The 13th September a nocturnal explosion awoke the Venetians to the light of their arsenal and their fleet on fire. The munitions of the republic had exploded with the arsenal. The harbor, covered the previous evening with the armament and with the equipment of one hundred and fifty vessels, beheld next morning afloat but hulks and wrecks on the lagoons.

This disaster decided the divan to dare all. After an imperious summons not to be accepted by a proud and free republic, the Ottoman expedition made sail for the kingdom of Cyprus. Selim confided it to those who had encouraged it. His preceptor, Lala-Pasha, was appointed seraskier or general of the army of debarkation. The capitan-pasha, Pialé, commanded the fleet. Iskender, beglerbeg of Anatolia, Hassan-Pasha, vanquisher of Arabia under Sinan, Behram-Pasha, governor of Caramania, and all the veteran generals of the wars of Hungary commanded the land forces. Three hundred and sixty sail in all, set out successively, in March and April, from Constantinople to transport this expedition to Cyprus.

Ten thousand men debarked in passing on the hilly isle of Tine, and burned it from one extremity to the other, to punish it for its liberty which it succeeded in maintaining against the pretensions of Joseph Nassy, Duke of Noxas. But the inhabitants, fled for refuge to and invincible in their citadel, left to be conquered but their houses, their trees and their flocks. Their free souls respired anew their liberty after the passage of the Turks.

The fleet, rounding slowly the advanced capes of Anatolia, between Macri and Rhodes, coasted along Caramania, embarking at each harbor new reinforcements. These four hundred sails, forming a continuous column from Rhodes along to Satalia, cast anchor the 1st August, 1570, on the beach of Amathonte, on the southern extremity of the island. The inhabitants, from the heights of the promontories and the mountains of the island, counted with terror the number of their enemies.

IX.

The island of Cyprus, the ancient land of Chetim, of the Phœnicians and the Hebrews, the ancient Kypros of the Greeks, was worthy by its site, by its climate, and its fertility, of being divinized in fable as the abode of the gods and goddesses who were the symbols of love and beauty, those divinities of the senses. It took its name from one of the names of Venus herself, Cypris.* The gardens, the sacred groves, the temples of this goddess, of whom voluptuousness was the worship, covered its promontories. Amathonte and Paphos were the most famous. Their dust is to this day formed of the wrecks of the pulverized sanctuaries, baths, fountains and statues of that feminine Olympus. Man, who almost everywhere adores what he dreads, adores also whatever charms his brief passage here below and makes him dream of the felicities of another world. Nature herself had consecrated the island of Cyprus to sensuality and to happiness. This land was and is still the Eden of the seas. The waves, the earth, the sun, the air, seemed to have brought it into being, like Aphrodité, by an amorous harmony of the elements.

* On the contrary, it was the island that gave to Venus this appellation, which it had derived from the source, less poetic no doubt, of its mines of copper, latinisé *cuprum*.—*Translator*.

Like a floating cradle which the winds of Egypt have gently urged from wave to wave into the eastern extremity of the great lake of the Mediterranean, the island, sheltered from the north by the peaked chain of the Taurus, and from the simoon of the deserts by the summits of Mount Lebanon, extends over a space of nearly seven hundred miles in circumference between Syria and Caramania. The alternate shadow of those lofty mountains seems to extend itself in the evening and in the morning along to its shores, and to dye with a deeper azure the undulations of the sheltered sea which caress it with their foam.

On the side which looks towards Syria, the island prolongs, in declining to the level of the water, its promontory of Demarettum, as if it sought to insinuate itself into the deep gulf of Alexandretta, at the outlets of the Orontes, and to present a bridge to the caravans of Aleppo and of Damascus. On the side which faces Cilicia, the isle more elevated on the borders approaches by the promontory of Epiphania to the gulf of Satalia, that saline lake of Caramania, enchased in the forests of the Taurus. Cape Crommyon, a protuberance of the body of the island between these two promontories, would seem to rival the asperities of the capes of the Taurus which it confronts. This cape is separated from the continent of Anatolia but by a sea-channel which the sail-craft of the fishermen traverses in a summer night.

Cape Crommyon is connected by continuous and gentle slopes with the central and fundamental mountain of the island, the Cyprian Olympus, the least lofty but the most serene of the four Olympuses of that land in which antiquity seems to have hesitated where to place the dwelling of its gods. The poet Euripides makes the shrubberied and murmuring valleys of the Olympus of Cyprus the birth-place of Venus Aphrodité, and the abode of the Muses, those intellectual Venuses who inspire men, for moral beauty, with the love wherewith the corporal Venus inspires the senses.

To the right and to the left of this Mount Olympus, two chains of mountains, less elevated, running and declining down to the extremities of the land, present like a furrow their two slopes to two opposite suns. It is doubtless this protuberance of the dorsal muscle of Cyprus which caused the island to be compared by the ancient geographers to a fleece of wool lying afloat upon the sea, to a convex buckler that flashes off the beams of the sun, in fine, to a dolphin

swimming and rustling upon the waves. In the place where the Muses, Jupiter, Adonis wept by Venus, Apollo, and Venus herself, had their names, their shrines, their worships, their pilgrimages, the Christian theogony came to substitute the names, the altars, the pilgrimages of apostles, of saints, of martyrs.

Cyprus, under a perpetual spring, had a soil and a population corresponding to its site, to its climate, and to its extent. Corn, the vine, the mulberry that feeds the silkworm, the olive which exudes the vegetable butter of the East; the bee-hives yielding a honey as renowned as that of Hymettus; the plane-tree, the cypress, the myrtle, of which the flower gives languor to the senses, opium which intoxicates them, all the plants that nourish them, all the fruits that quench their thirst. The melon, the peach, the pomegranate, the orange, the lemon, the apples, the pears of Cilicia, the dates of Syria, the figs of Salamis, multiplied upon its hills or on the borders of its rivulets. The mariner, in approaching Cyprus, and contemplating the cliffs along its borders all verdant with the shrubs that cover them like tapestry and drop their fringing filaments into the briny wave, imagines seeing a basket overflowing with fruits and foliage.

The animals themselves seem to partake of the opulence and the serenity of its soil. Its oxen were chosen on account of their great size, of their horns and of their whiteness for the sacrifices; its innumerable doves, with bluish wings as if dipped in the sea, formerly consecrated to Venus, cover still with their clouds and *attender** with their cooings the woods and fountains of the island.

The mineral wealth was equal to the vegetable. The rocks imbedded precious stones, such as jasper, loadstone, rock crystal, opal. Mines of copper, a metal consecrated no doubt on account of its origin, to Venus, Queen of Cyprus, were worked there in the highest antiquity. Saline marshes, on which the sea in retiring left a white crystallization like snow, furnished the island and the neighboring continents with the salt of Cyprus.

X.

Its history was, like that of countries too envied by con-

* To dispose to feel or inspire tenderness, compassionate or affectionate. This common sentiment remains without a special term in our clumsy English.—*Translator*

querors and too enervated by a precocious civilization, such as Egypt, Greece, Syria, Italy, full of vicissitudes and of catastrophes. Nine tyrants, served each by an army of informers, divided it amongst them in its earlier historic times. Female slaves, who played on instruments and who were termed *flatteresses*, were charged to inebriate their senses and to inspire them with the languors produced by an effeminate music diffused upon the air. The Egyptians had conquered it from the Phœnicians, the Persians from the Egyptians, the Greeks from the Persians; it belonged afterward to Alexander, then to the Romans represented by Cato; devastated by the Jews under Trajan, it had fallen at the end of the seventh century of our era, into the power of the Arabs; Baudouin, a crusader king of Jerusalem, and Richard, king of England, wrested it from the Arabs; Richard gave it in pledge to the Templars—tyrannical and plundering monks who ravaged and enslaved the people in the name of Christ, born to emancipate them; he then abandoned it to Guy de Lusignan, in exchange for the crown of Jerusalem; later still, the Genoese, merchants who bought and sold kingdoms, made the purchase of it from the successors of Guy. The Mamelukes of Egypt annexed it to their passing possessions, and the Venetians slipped into it beneath the shadow of their commerce.

A Venetian woman of their blood, Catherine Cornara, had been wedded by the last nominal sovereign of the island, heir of the crusaders. The agents of the republic of Venice having poisoned the king and the son which he had had by Catherine Cornara, this widow was declared the daughter of the republic; as such, she of course gave, in turn, her kingdom to Venice, her mother. In consideration of this free or this forced munificence, the Venetian senate decreed a magnificent tomb to Catherine Cornara in the church of San Salvatore, and proclaimed this widow patroness of the republic.

The island, although disordered and depopulated by so many internal revolutions and so many vicissitudes of conquest, resumed under the laws, under the protection and the maritime commerce of the republic, an agricultural and an industrial prosperity which made it the first colony of the West on the frontiers of Asia. It was to the Venetians what Cuba and Manilla are to-day to the Spanish, a richer and more happy home exterior to the mother country.

Armies and fleets were kept on foot there by the republic. Its capital, Nicosia, in the heart of the island, its naval capitals, Famagousta and Larnaca, its ports fortified with all the art of European engineers and with all the prodigality of the richest military republic of the West formed bulwarks to be compared to those of Rhodes, of Malta, and of Belgrade, so long impregnable to the Ottomans.

Dandolo, under the title of inspector, governed the island unskilfully. Hector Baglioni, a Venetian noble, was general of the troops; Bragadino defended Famagousta; the small number of their troops, which did not exceed seven thousand Venetian soldiers, required them to be well covered by their walls and their vessels.

XI.

The seraskier, whose four hundred vessels bore no less than a hundred thousand combatants, disembarked without obstruction this multitude and his artillery upon the naked beach of Limasol, at the point of the island which looks upon the sea of Rhodes. The capitan-pasha, Pialé, resuming instantly the sea, cruised through the whole summer season between Rhodes, Cyprus, and Satalia, in view of the three lands, to combat any Venetian squadron that should sail from the Adriatic towards the blockaded island.

Lala-Mustapha was a novice in the conduct of an army. Pialé advised him to attack Famagousta before Nicosia, in order not to leave a city and an army of the enemy between him and the sea while he should be besieging the capital. The seraskier, confiding in his numbers, disdained this prudence, and marched with his hundred thousand men upon the capital. The entire island, submerged by this deluge of undisciplined Turks under a barbarous general, fell back into Nicosia, into the gorges and inaccessible table lands of Olympus.

Nicosia, a site ill chosen for the capital of a maritime kingdom, was seated on an elevation in the centre of the island.

Its area, disproportioned to the limited population, made it vulnerable over a circumference of three thousand paces. It was a holy city rather than a fortified city. Three hundred and sixty churches or monasteries, as numerous as the days of the year, attested the superstition rather than the

prudence of the Kings of Jerusalem and of the Greek monks at that time masters of the East. The Venetians, with more common sense, had demolished eighty of these churches and convents to construct bastions with their materials.

A population of a hundred thousand souls and ten thousand soldiers, Venetian, Cypriote, Italian, Albanian, were shut up in this capital. They saw with terror, but without weakness, Lala-Mustapha, arrived at the foot of the hill, distribute his tents, his batteries, and his hundred thousand soldiers around their walls.

Six weeks of siege and five assaults repelled had raised their hopes; they looked every morning from the height of their steeples to see if the vessels promised by the republic did not make their appearance on the horizon of Rhodes or of Candia. They saw but the four hundred sails of the capitan-pasha nearing the beach of Limasol, and landing a reinforcement of twenty thousand Turks to swell the hosts of the seraskier.

The arrival of these twenty thousand men in the camp of Mustapha, was the signal for a new general assault. It was the 9th November, 1570. The storming awaited but the dawn of the day. Before the twilight, thirty thousand Janissaries had carried, by dint of men, the principal bastions of the city. The defenders, wounded or precipitated from the battlements, had fallen back into the barricaded streets in the heart of the city. Their bravest officers were dead beneath the sabres or the balls of the Turks. The *proveditore* Dandolo, the archbishop, his clergy, and the principal magistrates, had taken refuge in the palace of the government, of which the walls soon tottered before the closely-planted batteries. The first Cypriote parliamentaries, who came as suppliants towards the breaches to ask for capitulation or mercy, were swept down without other answer than grapeshot and death. The perfidious Dervish-Pasha passed over their bodies at the head of a column of six thousand Janissaries and of six cannons, which dashed in the doors of the palace. He had seized an Italian monk, and had charged him to go and offer to the besieged in the castle their life and their honor, on condition of the silence of their artillery. The monk came out with the capitulation signed in his hand. Dervish-Pasha and his soldiers rushed through the door opened for the monk, and tearing the capitulation, massacred the Venetians. Dandolo himself fell

by the sabre of Dervish-Pasha; his blood at least washed out his shame.

The women, fled for refuge upon the terraces of the palace, fought until death amid the smoke and flames which began to kindle their garments. The mothers, before precipitating themselves from the height of the battlements, poniarded their daughters to save at least the liberty and the chastity of those virgins from the servitude and the pollution of the soldiers. One of them went the length of killing even her son, a boy of extraordinary beauty. "No," she cried, in plunging the knife in his throat, "thou must not satiate like a slave the brutalities of our assassins." She then slew herself upon the body of her child.

Twenty thousand men, women and children, precipitated from the windows and the terraces of the houses broken into or set on fire, ensanguined in a few hours the streets of Nicosia. The vessels of the Turks, which lay at anchor in the harbor to receive the spoils, nearly sunk beneath the weight of the slaves, the furniture, the treasures piled up by the victors upon their fleet. The riches in gold accumulated in the churches and the palace, are estimated at some millions of ducats.

The heroism of a Greek woman, embarked in the admiral's vessel to be carried into slavery at Constantinople, deceived the cupidity of the vanquisher. At the moment when the vessels of the squadron, surcharged and crowded against each other in the narrow port, were weighing anchor, when the flames of the city on fire illuminated for the last time the shores of her country to her eyes, this woman rushing, torch in hand, upon the deck, kindled the already unfurled sails of the vessel, to perish at least in avenging her religion and her race. The flame, fanned by the land-breeze and redoubled by the explosion of the powder magazine and of the guns, ran like lightning from one vessel to another, forcing the sailors to precipitate themselves from the decks into the sea, to escape from that inextinguishable furnace. The vessel of the grand vizier and the other men-of-war were blown to fragments by the explosion of their powder magazines; the rest burned and sunk slowly in the night, carrying down with them into the sea the noble women and daughters of the island enchained upon their decks.

The treasury of the republic embarked upon these vessels, in sequins of Venice, was engulfed totally with

the hulks beneath the waves. Turkish divers tried in vain to follow it with the eye into the depths of the sea. The billows of the sea of Cyprus roll since that tragic night upon the sand-embedded carcasses of the vessels that contain the price of so many fruitless crimes. The spot is well known; there is seen from time to time to rise to the surface of the harbor some splintered fragments of this vast wreck detached by tempests from the timbers of the vessels; but all efforts have hitherto failed to sound the hulks so as to reach the treasures.

In our days, some English adventurers, tempted by the fame of these treasures, have offered the Turks to share them with them, on condition of raising them at their own expense; but the sea seems to refuse to give up to men the price of so many indignities and so much blood.

XII.

Lala-Mustapha, intoxicated with his triumph, sent before him the severed head of the proveditore Dandolo to Bragadino, commander of Famagosta, the second city of the island, to summon him, by terror, to open his gates. Bragadino bore in his heart the desperate courage of an entire people, and in his intrepidity the safety of Cyprus, if the Venetian senate had seconded worthily its general. The hundred and twenty thousand soldiers of Mustapha and the countless sails of Pialé only exalted his courage to the level of his danger. The entire autumn and winter saw the fruitless stormings of Mustapha fail against the ramparts, pulverized but still erect, of Famagosta.

Cyprus, confident in her hero, heard several times on the side of Rhodes the cannons of the fleets of Venice trying to open a way through the fleets of the Turks. Two thousand defenders sent from Dalmatia, and fifteen hundred men from the island of Candia, succeeded in forcing the harbor of Famagosta and introducing reinforcements, provisions and munitions into the city.

Selim impatient, the grand vizier irritated, rebuked the slowness of the siege. Lala-Mustapha, mortified, sent them the heads of the generals and of the admirals upon whom he threw the shame. Forty thousand fresh miners and soldiers passed in spring from the coast of Caramania to the shores of Cyprus. The rocks of Famagosta, pierced by a

hundred thousand arms, opened to the Turks trenches so broad and so deep that cavalry could pass beneath their vaults. Batteries of eighty pieces of cannon, of which the calibre equalled those that battered Constantinople and Rhodes, vomited night and day huge blocks of granite against the ramparts.

Bragadino, resolved to bury himself beneath the ruins, sent out of the city all the inhabitants who were starving uselessly the garrison. This people, tottering with inanition, appeared one morning as suppliants before the Turks; the Ottoman generals, affected by so much misery, let them diffuse themselves, to seek their sustenance among the Greek villages of the island. Bragadino, now free in his resolutions, saw with indifference the Turkish mines exploding one by one beneath his bastions. Every breach thus opened in his walls became the grave of the assailants. Cannons cast beneath his eyes supplied the place of the stone bulwarks. The narrow area of Famagosta presented every where but mounted guns. The chief imparted to his ten thousand soldiers a single soul. The distant signals of the galleys of Venice, which they desied from time to time on the sea of Candia, seemed to promise them a speedy deliverance; but this hope vanished as the days rolled by. The walls were crumbled to the foundation into the ditches; the Venetians, compressed within a second enclosure constructed in earth, were awaiting until the new subterranean mines, of which they heard the excavation beneath their feet, should engulf them in a sepulchre of fire. They had now powder to last them but for three days. They would surrender to the Ottomans but a mound of rubbish soaked with blood.

The Ottomans appeared themselves to pity so much useless heroism. Negotiations were opened on the breach. The kyaya of the seraskier and the aga of the Janissaries entered the place under a white flag, and remained as hostages of the safety of the Venetian parliamentaries. Two nobles of Venice presented themselves, under these securities, at the tent of Lala-Mustapha; they were received with the honors due to their courage. The seraskier made them sit on his divan; the capitan-pasha invited them to a festival of peace. A written capitulation assured to Bragadino and his troops their life, their arms, their property: those of the inhabitants who should wish to remain on the island sub-

mitted to the dominion of the Sultan; in fine, vessels to transport the others to Candia.

Three days were sufficient to evacuate Famagosta and to embark upon the vessels the Venetian troops, with the exception of the superior officers who presided on land over the delivery of the posts and the embarkation of the soldiers. The third day, in the evening, Bragadino repaired to the tents of the seraskier to take leave of that commander-in-chief and to give him the keys of the deserted city. The general was accompanied by Louis Martinengo, a consummate engineer who had presided over the defence, by Bagnoli, by Quirina, Venetian noblemen, and by forty select soldiers, his escort of honor. Mounted on the last horse remaining alive in his army, dressed in the purple robe of the senate of Venice, and having borne above his head by a Moor the red parasol, the emblem of supreme authority in a governor of a fortress, Bragadino advanced with confidence towards the tents, an object of respect to the vanquishers. The reception of Lala-Mustapha was becoming, and the conversation amicable; but this dissimulation covered vengeance. Lala-Mustapha could not pardon the hero for having retarded by fifteen months his triumph, and compromised at Constantinople his credit and perhaps his head. He wished to offer to Selim an excuse in the shape of blood.

Some historians of the catastrophe of Cyprus assign as motive for the perfidy of Mustapha, an infamous passion that sprung up in his soul at the sight of the young Antonio Quirini, a beautiful youth of a feminine countenance, who accompanied Bragadino at this audience. The brutality of some depraved Ottomans, since the conquest of Constantinople, by the unnatural vices of the Greeks, only justifies too well this odious supposition. The unexpected and obstinate exigency of the seraskier gives it a motive.

"What guarantee wilt thou give me," said he to Bragadino, about to withdraw, "that the vessels of the Ottomans which I lend thee to take to Candia thyself and thy soldiers will not be retained by thy republic?" "The capitulation," replied Bragadino, astonished, "mentions none but my word." "Well," rejoined the seraskier, "I require that thou deliver me as hostage this young man, who will answer by his head for thy fidelity."

Bragadino blushed, and was indignant at a cowardice proposed so infamously to a man who preferred with so much

glory for two years back, honor to life. The conference became exasperated by recriminations and insults. Lala-Mustapha reproached with reason the Venetians of Famagosta with having immolated the year previous, in full peace, fifty Mussulman pilgrims, cast by a tempest on their island and sacrificed by the Christians. This too real and too bloody remembrance seemed to require of him some dreadful reprisals; he made a sign to the executioners to cut off the head of Antonio Quirini, the innocent cause of the altercation, of Martinengo and of Baglioni. Their heads instantly rolled upon the carpet.

The crimes of Bragadino were to have a slower torture. Mustapha had him mutilated of the nose and ears, and ordered him to be conducted in this plight on board the flagship of Rhodes. There, by a refinement of torture, induced, say the Ottoman historians, by a punishment of the same nature inflicted upon Turkish prisoners under the government of Bragadino, he was hoisted to the yard-arms, plunged from this gallows into the sea, rehoisted and again replunged by a derision which served to prolong his consciousness and agony.

Brought back to the shore six days after, he had fixed upon his shoulders a yoke charged with two baskets filled with stones, which he was forced to carry up upon the bastions of the city, to the end of thus rebuilding for the service of the Turks the walls which he had defended against them. Each time that he passed before the seraskier, present at his ignominy, Bragadino was obliged to prostrate himself before his executioner. At last, conducted to the square in front of his own palace, the unfortunate general of Venice was tied to the post used for whipping slaves, and flayed alive. "Where then is thy Christ?" said the executioners to him in raillery, "why dost thou not call him to thy aid?" The impassable martyr did not turn his thoughts from God to reply, but continued to recite aloud the psalm: "*Have pity on me, Lord!*" and as he had arrived at the verse where the psalmist delivers up his soul to God he expired.

This torture of eight days did not yet satiate the ferocity of Mustapha. He had the body of Bragadino quartered, and exposed one of the four members upon each of the four bastions of Famagosta. The skin of the bust, stuffed with hay and tied derisively on the back of a cow, was marched through the city and through the camp; then hung anew to the yard-arm of a galley, then packed in a case of cypress

wood with the heads of Martinengo, of Baglioni, of Quirini and of Bragadino himself, and sent a present to Selim by his savage preceptor. The mannikin, covered with the skin of the champion of Cypress, exposed at Constantinople in the bath of the Christian slaves, was stolen from the guardians by the piety of some Venetian slaves and restored, with the skull, to the senate of his country, where the remains of the hero repose in a marble urn beneath the vaults of the Venetian Pantheon of Saint John and Saint Paul.

The crimes against good faith, against humanity, against nature, of this ferocious preceptor of the Sultan were lost amid the reports of all the crimes of State and all the crimes of religion that spread consternation, in this sanguinary century, through Europe and Asia. It was the century wherein Ivan the Terrible martyred his subjects in Russia with refinements of torture beyond the imagination of Nero ; wherein Charles IX. in France ordered piously the Saint Bartholomew ; wherein the vanquishers of the fortress of Wittenstein, valiantly defended, spitted the commander, a prisoner of war, on the blade of a lance, and roasted him at a slow fire amid the applauses of the army ; wherein the Spaniards instituted in the Inquisition a tribunal of fire to purify the faith. The shock of races, of religions, of schisms, of arms, had stunned the heart of humanity, and leaves to history no other justice to administer in such cases than the universal execration of those atrocities.

XIII.

Lala-Mustapha, the Torquemada of Cyprus, left alive, of all the heroic defenders of Famagosta, but Henry Martinengo, nephew of the illustrious engineer of this name. Instead of killing him, he was mutilated, and was condemned to serve as slave and as eunuch in the palace of the grand vizier.

Thus fell under Ottoman dominion this delicious kingdom of Cyprus, which conquerors and nature had so long disputed with each other ; the latter to make it the garden of the East, the others to make it the sepulchre of its flourishing population. The Ottomans derived from this conquest but a gratification of pride to their arms and of hatred for their cruelty. The island, under their clumsy administration, never recovered from this disaster. The Venetians lost in

it the most prosperous of their colonies; the Turks gained but a sterilized land and a population exhausted by war: the change was ruin to all parties, of which solitude was the sole heir.

This conquest cost the vanquishers fifty thousand men, and five hundred thousand to the vanquished. This kingdom, of which the Romans had made a present to the queens of Egypt, Arsinoë and Cleopatra, became a farm of the grand viziers; its revenues were appropriated subsequently to the household of the Sultanas Validé, mothers of the reigning sovereigns. An empire became the appanage of a privileged slave of the seraglio.

XIV.

The fall of Cyprus and the martyrdom of its defenders rung through Europe. The barbarity of Lala-Mustapha rekindled national and religious hatred against the Turks. The Pope, the national chief of Christendom, fomented by all his efforts a league of the Italian, the Spanish and the French, to avenge the shame and the blood of Cyprus. The grand vizier Sokolli foresaw and prevented it. He felt more uneasy than happy at the ascendancy which the expedition of Cyprus had restored to Lala-Mustapha, his secret enemy. He had hoped for his reverses rather than for his triumph. He set himself to render Lala-Mustapha less conspicuous and less necessary, by reconciling promptly the empire with the republic of Venice.

France appeared the power most interested in dissolving a Christian coalition which could not but politically profit the house of Austria. He charged the ambassador of France to go to Paris to propose the king to be the arbiter of peace between the Ottomans and the Venetians. The ambassador was requested by Sokolli to pass through Venice, to make indirectly to the senate, by the way, the first insinuations of peace with the republic through the mediation of his court.

The senate of Venice dreaded more the ascendancy of a naval coalition of the West in the Mediterranean, than it detested the Turks. It hastened to send a confidential ambassador to Constantinople to prelude the negotiations. This envoy, James Ragazzoni, conferred secretly with the grand vizier at Constantinople, while the legate of the Pope,

Colonna, was conferring at Venice with the senate about the part of the republic in the coalition against the Turks.

France and the grand vizier had not time to defeat the efforts of the Pope, of Spain and of Austria at Venice. The popular cry against the devastation of Cyprus prevailed over the cautious policy of the senate; the Catholic league was signed at the end of 1571 between Spain, the Pope and Venice, to humble the Ottoman power in the Levant. The general armament was fixed at two hundred vessels, at two hundred galleys, at an army of debarkation of fifty thousand men and five thousand cavalry. The king of Spain, as the most powerful and the most zealous of the allies, charged himself with half the expenses of the war; Venice with a third; the Pope with a sixth; the generalissimo was to be appointed by Spain. Messina, in Sicily, was the port of the coalition and the point of departure of the confederates. A high mass, celebrated with all the military and religious pomp of the epoch, set the seal to the confederation.

The ambassador of France, who repassed by Venice in returning to Constantinople, essayed vainly to detach the republic from an alliance with powers who were less actuated by the desire of avenging the Venetians than of dominating them in their own seas. The statesmen understood the ambassador, but the people only listened to the preachers of the crusade. For the thirteenth time since the appearance of the Turks in Europe religious antipathy raised against them the West.

The Godfrey de Bouillon of this new crusade seemed to have been formed by nature, by politics, and by glory, to infuse from a high station soul, genius and vigor into this coalition. He was the last of the knights of the West, who, by birth, by adventures and by heroism, resemble the heroes of fable, of romance and of poetry. This generalissimo of the naval crusade was Don John of Austria.

There lay upon his origin a transparent veil which history has lifted only in our day.

XV.

Charles V. had not only the genius, but also the heart of a great man, that is to say, hungering for glory and thirsting for love. Six years after having lost his wife, whom he loved faithfully in her lifetime, and whom he idolized in his very

memory, he was taken with one of those melancholies which are left in hearts made void by the eternal absence of those who were beloved—voids which cannot be filled up except by religion and by love, those two infinitudes of the soul. It was subsequently no other than one of those fits of melancholy that made him feel a void even in the possession of universal monarchy, and drove him to renounce the throne in order to feed his pious sadness in the monastery of Saint Just.

While he resided in 1545 at Ratisbon, and was thence governing so many kingdoms, from Tunis to the confines of Hungary and to the mouths of the Scheld, he loved, with a mysterious and chivalrous passion, Barba de Blomberg, a German lady of noble race, whose pure beauty and tender soul recalled to him the companion of his early years. It was rather sadness than passion that gave birth to and at first nourished the flame of love between these two hearts. Barba de Blomberg had one of those voices which thrill to even tears the memories that slumber in the tomb of the heart. Charles, who happened to hear her in the festivities of Ratisbon, felt himself rescued from his languors by a still stronger emotion. Barba de Blomberg was invited honorably to his court and admitted to the familiarity of the king, to divert (say the memoirs of the time) the melancholy of the prince by song.

Don John was born the 24th February, 1546, of these loves. This birth was kept mystically secret. Charles V. had too much scruple for his own reputation, and above all for the reputation of his mistress, and loved her too much to dishonor her by his love. The infant, stolen by a confidant from the mother, nursed in Germany under a borrowed name, then carried into Spain by his nurse, was brought up until his adolescence remote from the eyes, but near to the heart of Charles V.

When this prince, by one of those lassitudes which sometimes seize the happy under the weight of their very happiness, resolved to abdicate the empire to aspire only to the celestial kingdom, and shut himself up in the solitude of Saint Just in 1556, the child was in the care of the equerry Quexada, to whom Charles V. acknowledged that he was its father. Quexada was charged to bring up and to form young Don John with all the care comporting with the blood that flowed in his veins, but without ever letting his pupil surmise that he was the son of the master of Europe.

The faithful *servitor* at first confided the mysterious infant to a poor fiddler of the village of Leganes near Madrid. He here fortified his body in the sober and the laborious life of the peasantry of Castile, and the curé of the village had given him the instructions common to all the other children of the country. When Don John had attained his ninth year, Quexada took him from Leganes and presented him to his wife, Madeleine d'Ulloa, saying to her as sole explanation of the guest thus introduced into the family: "Here is a page whom I bring you; he is the son of an illustrious friend of whom I have sworn not to tell the name."

The wife of Quexada, who had no children and who was taken with the simple graces of the pretended page, believed him to be the fruit of a fault of youth of her husband before his marriage, and attached herself the more to him that she hoped no longer to have herself an heir of his name. She had the child to call her by the name the next in tenderness after mother, that of aunt, and Quexada called Don John his nephew. An accident, however, half revealed the truth to the wife.

During the leisures which war and the court left rarely to Quexada, the equerry of Charles V. used to come to inhabit Villa-Garcias. Awakened one night by the flames of a conflagration which consumed his house, he rushed to save the child who lay asleep, even before flying to the chamber of his wife. Madeleine d'Ulloa understood from this predilection of duty over nature that Don John was a sacred deposit of which her husband owed account to the emperor. Quexada, without avowing any thing, left the supposition to take its course.

The residence of Charles V. at the monastery of Saint Just completed the disclosure to Madeleine d'Ulloa. That prince had kept about his person a few of his former servants, among whom Quexada was the most dear and the most familiar. The rules of the convent interdicting the access of Saint Just to women, Quexada had established his wife and his page at the neighboring village of Cuacos. The emperor thus gave himself the joy of contemplating, without being known as his father, the page of Madeleine d'Ulloa. He received frequently in the monastery the wife of the equerry accompanied by the boy. Although he did not wish as yet to reveal his birth to the page the looks with which

he caressed his countenance and the charm which he felt in his amusements half revealed to the servants and to the monks that this child was something more than a mere diversion to the great solitary. Don John improved himself under his inspection in all the exercises of the mind, of arms, of horsemanship, which at that time formed the page or the accomplished knight. History offers few scenes at once more majestic and tender, than that of the disgusted master of the world, seated at the window of his cell in a convent of monks between his faithful equerry and the adoptive mother of his child, looking at his son, the image of a too loved mother, playing and wrestling in the garden of the monastery, yearning to clasp him to his heart, and not daring to tell him his name or his rank, for fear of offending God and of scandalizing the monarchy.

XVI.

After Charles Fifth, as if the better to eradicate himself from the empire and from the earth, had caused to be solemnized before him and before his son his own obsequies, he died, and the boy attended with Quexada at the real funeral. He wept the emperor without being still certain that he was weeping for his father. Quexada closed the eyes of his master after death. He took back his wife and his page to the mansion of Villa-Garcias, revealing his secret but to Philip II., legitimate son and heir to the kingdom of Spain.

"There is much discussion," wrote he to the new emperor, "as to the true father of Don John; but I have always denied and shall always keep silence. Your Majesty may be assured that the secret is secure, although I give the boy an education conformable to his august origin." The heroic soul of Quexada passed completely into his pupil.

When Philip II. returned to Spain in 1559, he had Quexada apprized to place himself on his way with his page near the monastery of Spina. Quexada, in taking the boy from his wife confessed to her for the first time the whole truth about the love of his master and of Barba. Philip II., under pretext of a hunt, encountered, by accident, Quexada and the page on the solitary borders of the forest of Tonozos. He prolonged considerably the conversation with Quexada, while gazing with visible pleasure on the young page. The oval face, the lofty forehead, the aquiline

nose, the prominent mouth, the air at once pensive and martial of the young man, retraced to the eyes of Philip II. the rejuvenated portrait of Charles Fifth. His heart was not as yet hardened by the fanaticism of the throne which put to death Don Carlos. His eyes filled with tears, he embraced the page, and named to him in a low voice his father. Then remounting his horse and approaching his suite who had moved off during this interview: "The hunt is at an end," said he, looking still at Don John; "I have never had a more agreeable encounter."

Don John followed from this day forth Philip II. and finished his education under the preceptors who trained up the King's own son, Don Carlos. He was given the significant name of Don John of Austria. Ten years after, he signalized his courage against the revolted Moors of the Alpuxaras. Quexada, appointed governor of the prince, president of the council of the Indies, general of the Spanish infantry, accompanied him to teach him war. Don John and Quexada went, before the campaign, to Villa-Garcia to salute, the one his adoptive mother, the other his well-beloved wife. She commended them one to the other and both to the protection of God, and saw them depart with tears. These tears were a presentiment. In an encounter with the Moors, Don John, too far advanced, was going to fall before the bullets which had already fractured his helmet, when his brave tutor throwing himself between the Moors and him received in the breast the discharge of the enemy. He expired amid the conflict in the arms of his pupil, become already a hero, but remaining still a son to him. Don John buried him after the victory in the church of the Hieronimites of Baza, in awaiting till he could take back the body to his widow.

"Quexada is no more," wrote he to Donna Magdalena, in relating to her and in mitigating the severity of her loss; "he has died as he should die, fighting for glory, for his country, and devoting himself voluntarily to save him whom he loved as a son; he has died crowned with immortal honor. Whatever I am, whatever I may be destined to one day become, it is to him that I owe and shall owe all; it is he who has brought me into the world by a second birth, that of the intellect and of the heart, perhaps more noble than the first. Poor desolate widow! mother for ever cherished! I remain alone to you on the earth, and I belong to you by

a double title, I for whom your husband has died ! I who cause involuntarily your misfortune ! Restrain your despair with your usual force of wisdom ; would that I were by you to dry your tears or to mingle mine with yours ! Adieu, dear and honored mother ! Pray God to let your son return to you to be pressed to your heart."

The young man who wrote thus in the shadow of a throne to a poor widow of Villa-Garcia foreshowed the veritable hero of his age. He accomplished with all the fervor of youth, of glory and of love, the filial pieties which he had vowed to his adoptive mother. On return from his campaigns, his first visit was to her ; his earliest maritime trophy, a beacon taken from a flag-ship of the Turks, was sent by him to Donna Magdalena. After the victory of Lepanto, it was also on her account that he requested as his sole recompense a favor of the Pope.

Such was the young hero for whom birth, the influence of Philip II. and his precocious reputation, obtained the general command of the combined army.

XVII.

Glory was the sole heritage of those children of love, such as Don John or Dunois. Their fathers, unable to bequeath them either their name or their throne, wished to bequeath them at least the victories obtained for their subjects by those heirs of their blood. Not daring to make them kings, they sought to make them heroes. Nature often co-operated with the fathers in avenging the bastards for the superiority of rank of the legitimate princes. Children of youth and of love, these disowned sons had the privilege of disinherited beings ; more resemblance to the father, a mother more beautiful, an affection more tender, because it is more concealed, an education more masculine. Those men who receive less from fortune strain more fully the springs of their character to make themselves a destiny worthy of their blood. Such was Don John, already the first of knights, before being the first of admirals in Europe. Andrew Doria, the hero of Genoa, now old, felt himself honored by at once prompting and obeying him in those seas which he had filled with his name.

XVIII.

The combined fleet put out from Messina in search of the Turkish fleet the 25th of September, 1571. Don John commanded personally seventy-two vessels of Spain, six of the Order of Malta, three of the house of Savoy; Marc-Anthony Colonna, admiral of the Pope, commanded the twelve galleys of Rome; admiral Sebastian Veniero the first seaman of Venice, one hundred and twelve galleys, of which several were *galeasses* of dimensions equal to floating fortresses. John of Cordova, admiral of Sicily, explored the route with eight fast-sailing vessels. Andrew Doria sailed in the vanguard with his fifty-four galleys. The Venetian fleet, divided into two squadrons, formed the centre; the admiral of Naples bought up the rear with thirty-two vessels. Don John had given orders to the Sicilians at the head, and to the Neapolitans of the reserve, to flank the fleet as two wings at the moment when it should unfold itself in line on view of the enemy.

Don John was ignorant of the station and the number of vessels of the Turkish fleet. After having, like Nelson in our days, cruised during sixteen days from one shore to the other of the Mediterranean in search of the Turkish fleet without finding them, his instinct led him to return at full sail, the 7th of October before day, into the Adriatic. The first glimmerings of the dawn showed him an immense cloud of sails behind the little islands called Echinades or Leech Islands, which shut like so many buoys the profound gulf of Lepanto, at the outlet of the little river Achelous. It was the two hundred and twenty vessels or galleys of the Ottoman fleet which were coasting along Albania in quest on their side of the confederate fleet and of the battle-ground which had so often been propitious to them under Barbarossa; but Barbarossa was no more. Piali himself, tired of the sea, had been made vizier. An intrepid but inexperienced admiral, Ali-Muezzinzadé, commanded the fleet as capitan-pasha. His lieutenants were the Algerian Ouloudj, the Tripolitan Djafar-Pasha, in fine young Hassan-Pasha, son of Barbarossa. Pertew-Pasha commanded the land force embarked upon the fleet, more embarrassing than useful in a conflict of five hundred vessels upon an unfamiliar element.

At sight of the vanguard of Don John, which veered about behind the Echinade islets in order to apprise the com-

bined fleet, Pertew-Pasha and Hassan-Pasha, called to council on the admiral's vessel, advised the capitan-pasha to remain on the defensive in the gulf of Lepanto and to postpone the battle until his novice crews, become more familiar with the sea, would yield more soldiers to his army and more activity to his vessels. But all prudence appeared cowardice to the rash, and infidelity to the fanatical. Muezzinzadé only crowded the more sail to fly the quicker to the encounter of the fleet of the Christians.

XIX.

Don John, perceiving this manœuvre, hoisted at his mizen-mast a small green banner of a square form, the signal concerted with the admirals for forming the line of battle. Each of the divisions was disposed, directed and animated by one of those consummate seamen who had a name to lose by defeat or to illustrate by participation in a memorable victory. Andrew Doria, the veteran and the example of all, formed the right wing, and was the first to run between the shoals of the Leech isles to deploy himself in the gulf. The *proveditore* of Venice, Barbarigo, coasted on the left the central island of Petalia or *Villa-di-Marmo*, and covering his sails with the shadow of this island, debouched of a sudden in the gulf by the arm of sea into which falls the Achelous.

Don John with the body of the fleet formed himself into a vast crescent and followed slowly his two wings. He found the Turks, deceived by the separate appearance of Andrew Doria, ranged in column on the coast of the Morea to engage with the Genoese admiral, instead of facing on the whole breadth of the gulf his own vessels. The prince of Parma, Farnese, admiral of Savoy; the duke of Urbin, admiral of Genoa; the commandant of Castile, admiral of Naples; Marc-Anthony Colonna, admiral of the Pope; the marquis of Santa Croce, who led the rearguard, flanked the vessel of Don John. In a few tacks, the two fleets, now separated by a small distance, stood still as if to measure one another visually for a moment.

The Turks had time to change their movement in column on the coast of the Morea, into a line of battle as deep and extended as that of the Christians. The sun beamed resplendently upon the glossy waves and was reflected from the cliffs of Albania upon the sea. At the middle of its course

it shone behind the fleet of Don John, and it dazzled the eyes of the Turks, in repercussing on the sails, on the helmets, on the cannons and on the cuirasses of the confederates. Thousands of oars, at this moment at rest, were held suspended on the sides of the galleys covered with combatants. By a strange derision of fortune, Mussulman slaves, forming the crew of the Christians, were praying for the Turks while rowing for the Christians, and on the other hand the Christian slaves, for oarsmen of the Turkish vessels, were at the same time imploring secretly the victory for their brethren in Christ. The wind had fallen with the morning breeze which sets in from the mouth of the Achelous at the dawn; the oars alone are about to move these six hundred slumbering vessels.

The battle commenced as if spontaneously, and by the narrowing of the basin which forced the left wing of the Christians and the right wing of the Ottomans to come in contact at the bottom of the gulf. The superiority of the number and of the land troops on the Turkish galleys was fatal to the provveditore of Venice, Barbarigo; he fell beneath the boarding-pikes of the soldiers of Hassan. The standards of Venice disappeared for a moment in that conflict at the extremity of the gulf.

Muezzinzadé thought he had only to complete the victory by boarding the admiral's vessel which bore the green flag of Don John. He reserved for himself alone this duel of death in the midst of the fleets. Confiding in the mast of his vessel, and in the five hundred Janissaries who covered her deck, he rushed, without looking to see if he was followed, upon the galley of the generalissimo. The two vessels, as if they were animated through their rigging and through their members with the fury of the two admirals, dashed against each other, grappled each other, crashed each other, quit each other and regrappled during a mutual boarding which changed their two decks, their mast and their yards into a field of carnage, now invaded, anon lost, by the Turks and by the Christians. The wounded and dying fallen over board fought in the very waves. The sea was empurpled; blood trickled instead of water from the helm and the oars; a cloud of smoke and of arrows concealed from the fleets the victory or the defeat of their two admirals.

Don John and Muezzinzadé sought each other in the conflict, and were at last about to meet upon a mound of dead bodies

which separated them, when a blow given from the rigging of the Spanish vessel, laid prostrate the capitan-pasha at the foot of his mast. The cries of victory from the Spaniards and of lamentation from the Turkish crew were confounded in a deafening clamor in the air. Don John stepped over the body of his expiring enemy to exterminate the last group of Janissaries on the poop, while the Spaniards, as ferocious as the Africans, cut off the head behind him of the capitan-pasha, still alive. At the sight of this bleeding head, of which the turban trickled blood on their foreheads, the terrified Janissaries plunged into the waves or surrendered. Don John pulled down the Ottoman colors from the mast and hoisted the colors of Spain. The smoke, swept away by the wind, let both the fleets see the issue of the duel. Don John repulsed with horror the severed head of the capitan-pasha which was brought him by his soldiers; he had it thrown into the sea as a trophy which would stain his victory. But his soldiers, less generous than he, fished up the head of Muezzinzadé, buoyed upon the waves by its muslin turban, and nailed it to the head of the main-mast to strike dismay into the Ottomans.

The exploit of Don John and the temerity of the capitan-pasha decided, almost without contest, the fate of the battle at the centre. Andrew Doria, less fortunate on the right, let himself be cut off from the body of the fleet, and was becalmed upon the coast of the Morea, with his sixty vessels lost to the action. Ouloudj, with twenty Algerian galleys, precipitated himself boldly into the intervals which want of wind and inequality of movement left between the vessels of the squadron of Doria. Already he had boarded himself the flag-ship of Malta, prostrated hundreds of knights, and beheaded with his own hand the commander of Messina, their commodore, when the fall of the Turkish flag on the vessel of Muezzinzadé disclosed to him the fate of the principal conflict in the body of the battle.

Despairing then of the victory, and foreseeing the doom of his own vessels, when three hundred Christian vessels, free from enemies at the left and centre, should wheel about like a vast net upon the right, he pierced, with forty Turkish vessels, the line half broken of Andrew Doria, ranged adjacent to the shelves of the Echinades, and making for the open sea, saved at least this fragment of a fleet to the Ottomans. The unexplained disappearance of their left wing

made the Turks believe that it fled vanquished before the cannons of Doria. The soul of the Ottoman vessels vanished with it. All those that were not boarded by the Spanish and the Venetians, abandoned themselves to the drift of the wind and of the waves, and went to foundor on the rocks or on the flats of the outlets of the Achelouïs. The Christian long-boats were sent to burn their empty hulks; ninety of these pyres illuminated on that night with their flames the coast of Albania. One hundred and forty boarded vessels, with their hundreds of cannons and their thousands of prisoners, were partitioned the following day among the confederates upon the field of battle.

The waters of Lepanto had ingulfed in a few hours thirty thousand Turkish bodies and ten thousand Christian. The naval battle of Actium, fought fifteen centuries previously upon the same waters, between Anthony and Augustus, competitors for the Roman world, had not cast up more victims on the funeral sands of the Archelouïs. If Don John and Muezzienzadé had been but two ambitious rivals, disputing with each other the possession of the universe, this victory would have given to the one dominion, to the other servitude; but religions and races do not perish in a battle. The victory of Lepanto, three times more bloody than that of Actium, gave to Don John but glory and spoils. Precious arms, purple standards, silver crescents, pasha's horse-tails, golden beacons which marked the grade of the Ottoman admirals upon their poops, and twelve thousand captives, were the sole results of the battle of Lepanto. Rome, Naples, Venice, raised in their churches votive monuments in commemoration of the victory of the cross.

The Turks, scarce touched in their vital force, which rested on the land and not the sea, dissembled even their disaster to the eyes of their capital. Pialé, who administered the marine, and Ouloudj-Pasha, who had saved sixty vessels, concerted to reconstruct, arm, and equip three hundred other war-vessels in the ports of Africa, of the Morea, of Caramania, of Rhodes and of the Archipelago, before bringing, according to the national usage, the fleet into the port of Constantinople. The treasures, the materials, the cannons, the rigging, the arsenals reserved by Soliman and by Sokolli might supply three disasters of Lepanto. When the new fleet of three hundred and sixty sail entered before winter

the port of Constantinople, the people could mistake the defeat for a triumph.

Ouloudj-Pasha, for not having despaired of the fleet and for having preserved sixty vessels to the empire, was appointed capitan-pasha or admiralissimo, in place of the brave and unfortunate Muezzinzadé. Selim II. changed his name of Ouloudj into *Kilidj*, that is to say, *the sword*. He found in the grand vizier a man as capable of retrieving defeat as of preparing victory. Some days after his elevation to the post of capitan-pasha, and while he was occupied day and night with constructing and arming a fleet superior to that of the confederates, Kilidj represented to the grand vizier that there was plenty of all things in the arsenals, timber, cordage, cannons, mechanics, salaries, and that with such resources he would engage to have ready five hundred vessels before spring, if it were not for the anchors which the forges of Turkey could not cast as fast as the shipwrights created their vessels.

"Do not fear, pasha," replied with a smiling assurance Sokolli, "the wealth of the empire is such at this moment that if it were impossible to make iron anchors and canvas sails, we would fabricate anchors of silver, cordage of silk, and sails of satin for our fleet."

Sokolli received about the same time an envoy from Venice, Barbaro, charged by the republic to sound the dispositions of the Porte. "Thou art come to see," said the grand vizier with a chuckle of satisfaction, "what is the state of our courage or of our dejection after the misfortune we have suffered at Lepanto? But know that there is a great difference between our loss and yours: in wresting from you the kingdom of Cyprus, we have cut from you an arm, and you, in destroying our fleet have merely clipped off our beard; your arm will not grow again, but our beard will sprout the stronger and the thicker."

Kilidj put out in fact in spring with three hundred sail, and braved the fleet of the confederates, already dissolved by the divergent ambitions which dissolve all confederations after a victory. France was uneasy at the alliance of the republic of Venice with Spain and Austria confounded in a single power aspiring to universal monarchy from Cadiz to Amsterdam. The senate of Venice herself, cooped up already within Austrian possessions and trembling to farther aggrandize the ascendant of Spain, of Naples and of Genoa,

swayed by the house of Austria upon the seas, concerted with France to detach the republic from the Catholic coalition and to reconcile Venice and Constantinople. The able French ambassador, M. de Noailles, bishop of Aix in Provence, subordinating religious prejudice to reason of state, negotiated secretly with Sokolli this reconciliation, important to the three states and above all to the balance of Europe.

The patient and mediatorial negotiations of M. de Noailles brought together at last the signatures of the grand vizier and of the Venetian envoys to a treaty of peace drawn up by the eloquent secretary of state, Feridoun. The peace was signed between the republic and the Porte the 7th March, 1573. It was necessary, but cruel to the Venetians. The blood uselessly spilled by them at Lepanto was thrown away; they consented besides to indemnify the Turks for the sums which Selim II. had expended in depriving them of the kingdom of Cyprus; in fine, they acknowledged themselves tributary for the island of Zante, and for the places which were left them on the coast of Albania.

This peace, glorious to Turkey, profitable to France, shameful to Venice, baleful to the house of Austria, baffled all the plans of Spain and of the Pope against Islamism. Don John, the victor of Lepanto, avenged the conqueror of Tunis. Kilidj, the capitan-pasha, sailed with two hundred vessels and thirty thousand Janissaries to restore upon the coast of Africa the patronage of the Ottomans. Tunis, reconquered in contempt of the Spaniards, became a military colony of the Turks, and presently after an advanced post of independent pirates, of whom the patrimony was the pillage of the seas.

Austria, disconcerted by this success of the French negotiator, hastened to claim humbly herself the continuation of the truce which she had signed with Soliman II., and to pay the Porte the humiliating tribute by means of which she purchased the security of Hungary. Soliman would seem to have reigned still.

XX.

The reign of Selim II. thus far was, in effect, but the prolongation of that of Soliman by the genius and hand of his minister Sokolli. Selim had but one virtue, he let a great man reign in his place. Long plunged in the delights

of the harem and the intoxication of the wines of Cyprus, he appeared no better than a sated voluptuary on the throne. Years, disgust, precocious infirmities, and the reflections which the evening of life bring with its shadows, had all of a sudden transformed him into a new man. The affectionate and respectful reprimands of the virtuous mufti of Constantinople, Abou-Sooud, had called his soul to repentance and to virtue. Sobriety, prayer, the severest exercises of Musulman piety, had taken the place of the disorders of his early life. He was no longer occupied but in preparing himself for death, which he felt to be at hand.

The death of his counsellor Abou-Sooud, which deprived him of the conversation of this sage, appeared to him a warning from heaven; he wept the severe mufti as he would have wept his spiritual father. His melancholy found no charms but in the solitude of the gardens and the meditation of the Koran on the brink of the sea. He regarded in the prosperities and glories of his reign but the prosperity of Islamism, of which he was become the dervish rather than the Sultan. This religious melancholy, habitual to the sons of Othman at the decline of life, recalls that of Dioclesian, of Charles V., of Louis XIV. in another faith. The faith of the Ottomans demands but few efforts of the reason; Atheism does not pervert their vices to the extent of denying Providence. They are weak, often ferocious, never impious. This has been seen in Amurath II., in Bajazet II. A warning of adversity, of sickness, of religion, by the mouth of a dervish or a sage, revives their conscience to remorse and even to the correction of their disorders.

Such had been on Selim the effect of the reproofs of the mufti Abou-Sooud. The favorite of his heart and the companion of his debaucheries, Djelal-Beg, having uttered some raileries against the austerity of the counsels of Abou-Sooud, Selim excluded sternly his old friend from his presence, and relegated him into a distant government.

An earthquake at Constantinople and a conflagration that devoured the kitchens and the baths of the seraglio, appeared to him chastisements and presages which saddened farther his spirits. He had the edifices rebuilt. His sole amusement was to contemplate the work of the artisans who decorated them. One day as he thus visited the vast hall of the baths, re-edified between the seraglio and the harem, his foot slipped upon the smooth and moist marble flags of

the bathing-room. This accident, aggravated by the obesity of his body, and the dejection of his spirits, appeared to him a sign so fatal, that he returned struck with stupor to his apartments, and survived but a few days his fall.

The empire was not aware of his death until his funeral. Sokolli sustained alone the weight of the government, of which Selim II. was but the mute and invisible sanction. Never did sovereign more incapable of governing reign with more happiness and glory to his people, precisely because he did not really reign at all. His inertia availed more to his nation than would have done a turbulent activity, and it may be said that he served the Mussulmans even by his vices. An incapable successor, but who feels his incapacity, is often more useful to the development of the plans of a great man than a mediocre and a bustling heir: the one deranges the ideas of the predecessor by his own; the other lets the same system endure for two reigns.

Such was Selim II. conqueror of Cyprus: a consummate negotiator with Europe; restorer of the marine of the Ottomans; continuator of a system of alliance with France which created in his favor an European balance against the house of Austria; promoter of the junction of four seas by the piercing of the isthmus of the Crimea and of Suez; vanquisher, then protector of the Venetians, whom he subordinated to the system of Ottoman policy in the East to detach them from Germany and turn them in his interest against the Pope, his natural enemy; vanquished one day by Don John, but the next day vanquisher of this hero and triumpher of the Catholic league, which by his policy he decomposed, member by member, after having shivered it by arms; pacificator of the Crimea, of Poland, of Transylvania and of Arabia; economist in fine of the public treasury, largely voided in the years of war, more largely replenished in the years of peace; and being the first to conceive for the Ottomans a new political economy in an entrepôt of the commerce of Europe and of India, in freedom of navigation, in the security of commerce, and in the conquests of the only permanent wealth of an empire, the conquests of agriculture, of labor and of peace.

Such was the reign of Selim II., or rather such was the reign to which the gratitude of the Turks should have given the name of Sokolli. Selim was but the name, Sokolli was

the soul and the hand of the empire ; but it is to Selim that the empire owed Sokolli. Posterity to be just must therefore divide, unequally but equitably, between the Sultan and his minister the glory and the prosperity of the Ottomans.

BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

I.

SELIM II. had left at his death six sons and three daughters. The sons were Mourad, Mohammed, Soliman, Mustapha, Djehanghir and Abdallah; the daughters Esma-Sultana, Gwher-Sultana, and Schah-Sultana. Esma-Sultana was given in marriage to Sokolli, Gwher-Sultana to Pialé the capitan-pasha, Schah-Sultana to the aga or general of the Janissaries, Hassan. This consanguinity of wives had contributed, under the reign of Selim, to bind together the triumvirate of the grand vizier, the grand admiral, and the grand general of the empire, become thus the adoptive family of the sovereign.*

The mother of Mourad or Amurath III., the eldest of those sons, was Nour-Banou, a Persian, whose name signifies *woman of splendor*. She had sought in her affection for this son a compensation for the vices and the inconstancies of the father. Amurath III. had the single virtue of a deference for his mother. Although scarcely aged twenty-eight years, his soul and body, alike effeminate, presented traces of the bad examples of Selim, and of the interested complaisances of Nour-Banou. By his small and slim stature and the oblong oval of his face, he recalled somewhat of his grandfather Soliman II. in his youth; but it was one of those remote and illusory resemblances which a second glance is

* Here is in fact the policy, the *raison d'être* of polygamy, the same essentially in the Turkish emperors as in the Arab chieftains of the desert. Intermarriage, or in the more abstract expression *generation*, is the primitive principle of social aggregation and fidelity. The means of multiplying its applications are made proportional to the need of them, that is to say, to the social backwardness, and the extent of the community.
—Translator.

sufficient to dissipate. His paleness revealed the exhaustion of precocious pleasures rather than reflection. His eyes were mild, but utterly without a ray to light their languor.

His eyebrows were dark, and described the feminine arch of the Persians upon his forehead; the eyelashes, long as a woman's, had the fineness of silk; but his beard, thin and red, contrasted with this color of his hair, and impressed upon his physiognomy a sort of sickly and shabby air, which recalled the murk of the dungeon rather than the splendor of the seraglio. Addicted from his infancy to the excesses of wine and the use of opium, his head seemed to totter upon the bust. His look, oblique and undecided, was covered with a light haze. Some fits of epilepsy, an infirmity of the body which borders closely on the mind, left some wrinkles on the brow and some convulsive twitchings on his lips. His intellect was, however, not without delicacy nor without culture. He loved to hear the poets recite their verses at his festivals. Music, that poetry of the senses, and dancing, that poetry of the movements, charmed his ears and his eyes. The mechanical arts awakened his curiosity and interest. Venetian painters, clockmakers of Vienna, gave him lessons in their respective arts. But his two dominant passions were friendship and love. His mother had taught him above all to love.

Education had done but little for him except to develope his nature. It may be said that mother, sister, wives and friends, he loved to frenzy, and that this flame of his heart, in passing at last into his senses, consumed his reign, his reason and his life. The history of his attachments became the history of the empire under his reign.

These attachments had commenced in him almost with his life. Two young boys, Hungarian nobles, one named Djafer, the other Ghaznefer, made prisoners under Selim, had been circumcised, deprived at their request of the signs of virility, and attached to the harem for the education and the amusement of the young Sultan. Amurath III. had them as favorites before having them as ministers. They were worthy of it by their virtue as much as by their talents. Ghaznefer especially, whose name denoted the *daring lion*, and who cultivated with genius both letters and history, contributed to inspire his friend with a taste for poetry and for munificence, which begets talent in monarchical countries. The historian Seadeddin, at once a statesman and annalist,

was introduced by Ghasnefer into the intimacy of young Mourad, while still resident at Magnesia, the sojourn of the heirs apparent. This prince made him his *lala* or honorary governor after his majority. Cadizadé, another friend of the two favorites, a man as ambitious of dignities as of science, was his political counsellor and his minister in prospect. The poet Schemsi-Pasha, justly celebrated for his philosophic poetry, which sanctified by the holiness of the subject the charm of his verses, taught him the elegances of language and the mysteries of contemplation. But the favorite who possessed his heart among all was a young Turcoman of a noble race, named Ouweis.

One day as Mourad, during his compulsory residence at Magnesia, was come to hunt swans in the wild valley of the Caister, which is separated by Mount Tmolus from the plain of Magnesia, he stopped for some time in the pastoral city of Tyra (the Greek Thyatira) the capital of this valley. The picturesque site of this city, of which the houses and the minarets, like cliffs of white marble, gleam upon the rapid steep of a wooded hill across the foliage of plane trees, the shadow of Mount Taurus which shelters it, the murmur and the coolness of the waters that foam in its cascades, the green meadows that meander at its feet, the abundance of wild animals that people its forests, seduced Mourad. He prolonged there his sojourn. Young Ouweis, who occupied a high rank in the place, and whom the familiarity of hunting parties permitted him to converse with, struck him by the masculine frankness of his countenance and of his speech. He thought he met in him a second Ibrahim for his future reign, like the flute-player encountered almost in the same spot by his grandfather, the great Soliman. He asked of Selim his father permission to attach to him this proud Turcoman, and to appoint him intendant-general of his little court of Magnesia. Selim granted Ouweis to his son.

The ascendant of this defterdar grew from day to day in the domestic familiarity of exile. This ascendant was founded neither on the culture of mind, nor on the elegance of manners which characterized the other friends of Mourad. Ouweis, illiterate and rustic, had but the rude virtues of his deserts. He pleased his master, like the tamed lion which the princes of the East love to keep in their divan to inspire fear in those who visit them.

II.

A beautiful Venetian slave named Safiyé (the pure), the first wife given to Mourad in his adolescence by the Sultana Nour-Banou his mother, controlled the eyes and the heart of the young Sultan. Safiyé was the daughter of a noble senatorial house of Venice, the Baffos. In a short voyage between Venice and Corfu whither she was going, while still a child, to rejoin her father, proveditore of the island, the pirates of the fleet of Barbarossa took off the vessel that bore her, and made a present of her to the mother of Mourad. Her country, her beauty, her birth, her education, made her worthy of the loves of a prince. Mourad attached himself for a long time to Safiyé with the ardor of his years and with the constancy of a husband. She gave him a son, and became thus Sultana Khasseki, or mother of the prince.

For a long time the passion of Mourad for Safiyé shut his eyes to all the other beauties with whom jealousy peopled the harem of his mother. Nour-Banou began to fear that the exclusive empire of the Venetian over the heart of her son might intrench upon her own influence. Selim II. himself feared that the inheritance of the throne was not sufficiently assured by an only son of an only wife. The sister of Mourad, the Sultana Esma, wife of the grand vizier, conspired with Nour-Banou, with her husband Sokolli and with her father, to introduce some rival beauties into the harem of her brother. The mother and the sister had search made every where for young slaves the most renowned for their charms of feature and their witcheries of wit, who might seduce from the Sultana Khasseki the heart of her husband. A Persian slave and an Hungarian slave entered despite his repugnance the harem of Mourad. The Hungarian girl, more lively and more artful still than beautiful, says the historian of this love, the Venetian Sagredo, succeeded in rivalling a moment Safiyé. But the fidelity of Mourad deceived for a long time the hopes of his sister and of his mother; his heart refused the inconstancy of the amours to which he had been made to consent mentally.

The Sultana Nour-Banou, relates the chronicler of the seraglio, Ali, in his annals in verse, accused Safiyé of magical incantations against the fruitfulness of the two rival slaves. Suspecting some Jewish women and some servants of the harem of having participated in these imaginary artifices of

the Venetian, he had some of them put to the rack by the eunuchs, and others cast into the sea by the mutes; others still, esteemed less culpable or excused on the score of youth, were banished into the island of Rhodes, and recalled afterwards to marry the favorites of the Sultan.

Meanwhile these intrigues, long pursued around the young prince, ended with instilling into his mind unjust suspicions against the virtue of Safiyé. He removed her for a moment from his bed, and gave himself up with the impetuosity of youth to the excesses of a passion artificially fomented by his corruptors in his veins. The extravagance and frenzy of his caprices caused a rise, before even his advent to the throne, in the price of beautiful slaves of all nations in the bazaars of Broussa and of Trebizond. The number of the Sultanas Khasseki or mothers of boys, amounted, says the historian Ali, to forty; that of the women of his harem, passing objects of his caprices, to five hundred. Over one hundred children, sons or daughters of these slaves, were born in a few years of these disorders. The government of his harem gave him more trouble than that of his empire. His mother advised him to assign it after herself to a favorite of his father, named Djanfeda. Djanfeda was consummate in the intrigues and the administration of the seraglio. We will presently see the ascendant, the elevation and the tragic destiny of this woman, veritable vizier of a prince of whom the sole serious business was a sickly sensuality.

But even these vices were unable to extinguish in the heart of Mourad the remembrance of the first and pure felicity which he enjoyed in his chaste union with Safiyé. Memory and repentance restored to the Venetian all her moral influence over her husband. The others had his debauches; she had his affection. He adored her as the living reminiscence of his happiness, as the mother of his favorite son. He took from her all the resolutions of his policy. A slave of Venice was the veritable future empress of the Ottomans.

Such was the exiled court of Mourad at Magnesia when the grand vizier Sokolli sent him secret intelligence of the death of Selim II. Mourad set out the very night for Constantinople, attended only by four favorites. Arrived unexpectedly at Moudania, a small port of the sea of Marmora, on the bank opposite to Constantineple, impatience to seize

the empire did not let him wait for the imperial galley which Sokolli was sending across the Propontis. He stepped without giving his name into a nine-oared barge which chanced to be anchored in the harbor, and which belonged to the secretary of state, the celebrated Feredoun, of whom the rowers were the slaves. A stormy sea brought them in a few hours of night upon the deserted beach of the seraglio near the batteries which bordered the wall of enclosure and not far from the Kiosk of Bajazet. It was the 21st of December, 1574, at midnight. The squalls of winter covered with foam the strand of the seraglio, and moaned through the cypresses of the gardens. The gates were shut, and not to be opened at that hour but to the grand vizier himself. Mourad, spattered with foam and exhausted from the discomfort of an harassing passage in a vessel open to the surges, asked his companions for a little clean water to wash his face and hands. None was found upon this sandbank; he was obliged to wash himself in sea-water. He then sat himself beneath a tree to obtain shelter from the rain and wind, while messengers were gone to wake up the grand vizier and the seraglio, awaiting like a strange guest at the gates of his own palace. A fountain has been subsequently built beneath this tree where the Sultan had suffered from thirst without finding water to quench it.

Meanwhile the grand vizier, awakened by Hassan a slave of Feredoun, and by the pilot of the barge, hastened with his chiaoux bearing lanterns to the beach designated by the slaves of Feredoun. Having never seen the face of Mourad, and fearing some snare of the partisans of his brothers, the grand vizier, before kissing his hand and recognizing him as his master wished to have the testimony of his mother. He conducted Mourad on foot through the garden of the Kiosk inhabited by Nour-Banou, now Sultana Validé. Entering first into the chamber of the Sultana he showed her him who was said to be her son, and asked her if she was his mother. Nour-Banou burst into tears at the sight of her lion, and attested to Sokolli that Mourad was their common master. At these words, the vizier fell at the feet of the Sultan, and invoked heaven for the long life and the prosperity of the emperor. After the first effusions of tenderness between the mother and the son, "I am hungry," said Mourad to the officers of the palace, who had hastened to salute their new master; "bring me something to eat." These words, the

first uttered without premeditation by a Sultan after his accession to the throne, made all those present turn pale. Oriental superstition attributed to these expressions a prophetic signification which was interpreted for or against the events of the reign. They were interpreted as a cry of famine raised by the people, and announcing sterility and scarcity. They were verified by chance the year following.

Meanwhile a more sinister and more certain presage was calling down at the very instant the reprobation of heaven upon the empire. The law of the seraglio or the dynastic canon of Mahomet II. ordained the immolation, for the crime of public peril, of all the brothers of the Sultan on his ascending the throne. It is affirmed that Mourad, influenced by the Venetian Sultana Safiyé, and by his own repugnance to shedding innocent blood, had sworn to Safiyé to revoke this atrocious state butchery by his example, and to let his brothers live; but the mufti interpreter of the law, more implacable in his political interpretation than the prince himself in his own interest, persisted in issuing a fetwa or decision which interdicted the humanity or the pity of the Sultan. The ministers and the executioners, armed with this brief of the oracle of religion and justice, hastened to do violence to the humane scruples of the Sultan, in causing to be strangled the five princes of various ages, sons of Selim II. and casting before daylight the five bodies on the carpet of the divan, beneath the eyes of Mourad.

This stepping-stone of corpses must soon or late engulf a throne which a state reason, perverted by a patriotism against nature, made to repose on such unspeakable iniquities.

The next day Mourad or Amurath III., recognized with all the usual solemnities by religion, by the people, the army, attended the funeral of his father and went to weep upon the graves of the five brothers just assassinated in his name. He distributed, the third day after these sepultures, an imperial gratuity of one million and a half gold ducats to the troops and the grand officers of the empire. The Janissaries received to themselves alone near a million of ducats—(about two millions of dollars).

Sokolli, who had managed twice with equal authority and success the passage from one reign to another, was maintained in the post of grand vizier rather by the policy than the affection of the Sultan. The new court saw in him a

man of too many past services to ask his head, of too much power not to envy his situation. The favorites of Amurath III. resolved, in concert with the Sultanas, to endure for some time Sokolli by necessity, but to undermine him in the mind of his master, and bring him down by degrees from his supremacy to the rank of simple viziers. Sokolli, like a man too sure of his fortune, abated nothing of his rigor or of his duty toward the favorites, complotters of this league. He dared to prosecute the defterdar Ouweis, an intimate confidant of Amurath, for presumed malversation upon the treasury of his master. Ouweis triumphed in the suit, and humbled Sokolli by his triumph. The Janissaries and the people, spectators of this struggle between the grand vizier and the favorite, began to foresee the debilitation of the authority of the man who had upheld for eighteen years back the weight of the empire, and braved insolently a Sultan who was abandoning himself in his minister.

The sedition so long suppressed broke out upon occasion of the police laws against the sale of wine in the taverns, laws renewed at the commencement of almost every reign. One day as Amurath passed in a calque on the Bosphorus before a Greek tavern full of drunken soldiers, the Janissaries, who recognized the Sultan, held up their goblets in their hands as in defiance of the penalty pronounced against drinkers of wine, and drank them off to the health of the Sultan. The grand vizier, informed of this outrage, presented himself with the Sultan at the barracks to punish the guilty; but the seditious, encouraged by the connivance of the favorites, covered with vociferations the voice of the grand vizier and the name even of the Sultan. The forced impunity of the body was palliated feebly by the removal of the aga of the Janissaries.

This function, the second in importance of the empire, was given to a Genoese renegade, named Cicala-Pasha, whilst a Calabrian renegade, Ochiali-Pasha (Kilidj-Ali), the savior of the remnant of the fleet at Lepanto, was appointed capitan-pasha. Pialé-Pasha, a Hungarian by birth, was vizier of the cupola; Ahmed-Pasha, second vizier, was a Styrian; Mohammed-Pasha, third vizier, an Austrian; the chief of the eunuchs of the harem, Welzer, a Transylvanian; Sokolli himself, the grand vizier, was a Bosniac. Religion alone was the country common to all these men of different countries. In the Constantinople of the Sultans

as in the Rome of the popes, every foreigner who was willing to combat for the doctrine was accounted a citizen and naturalized by the worship. It is to this universal naturalization of its servants from every race, that the empire has so long owed and still owes at this day its being so ably served by its public men.*

III.

The peace maintained by Sokolli was renewed for eight years with the emperor of Germany. The duke of Transylvania, Stephen Bathori, protected by the Turks, was raised by the grand vizier to the throne of Poland. "You are not to molest Bathory, raised by me to the throne of the Poles," wrote the grand vizier in the name of Amurath to the emperor; "I wish you to treat the Poles with the same respect as my other subjects. Poland is under my protection; I have ordered the nobles of that country to choose Bathory for their king. The Tartars one time made a king of Poland prisoner; it is on that account that the Poles pay still a tribute to the Khan of the Tartars." Conformably to this tradition and to this investiture, the ambassador of Poland, Sieniensky, signed a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between Turkey and Poland, a treaty which sanctioned in one of its articles the tribute of the Poles to the Tartars.

The republic of Venice, served by the influence of the Venetian Sultana Safiyé, obtained from Amurath and from the grand vizier the most liberal interpretations of its treaties and its fixations of limits with the Porte.

Florence concluded likewise with Sokolli a treaty of free navigation and reciprocal commerce.

Spain herself solicited, through the ambassadors of Philip II., a treaty of peace and friendship with the Turks. This treaty, reduced to a truce of three years, was signed with repugnance and with disdain by Sokolli.

* This is a well observed and a well explained truth. Philosophers have lately noted that the duration of the Church of Rome, that the veritable "rock of Peter," has been no other than the practice of selecting its official agents on the sole principle of *capacity*. The same, though less remarked, is no less true of Turkey. In both, too, religion was in reality but a *condition*, not the cause, of choice. In the history of neither empire has any mention been ever heard of a *native Romanism* or a *native Ottomanism*.—*Translator*.

England, a stranger hitherto, on account of her situation, to all diplomacy with the Ottomans, contracted for the first time, through her merchants, business relations which soon became political, with Sokolli; letters were exchanged between Queen Elizabeth and the Sultan.

The Swiss also kept for the first time a Jewish agent to attend to the interests of their commerce at Constantinople.

Sokolli sought to naturalize the sciences and the arts as much as peace and commerce in his country. The learned Seadeddin Lala, preceptor of Amurath III., seconded the grand vizier in these happy innovations. They had in concert an observatory built in front of the gardens of the seraglio at Tophana, and called from Egypt the illustrious astronomer Takieddin to perfect and popularize the knowledge of celestial phenomena among the Turks. But the antipathy of the priesthood to the sciences which explain nature otherwise than by oracles and by prodigies, forced the grand vizier, the preceptor and the astronomer to demolish their observatory as an attack upon the mysteries of heaven.* Takieddin, at Constantinople, had the fate of Gallileo at Rome. The same age, in two opposite religions, saw the always unequal struggle of prejudice and of science.

The enemies of Sokolli in the divan and in the harem fomented these popular charges of impiety against the great innovator. They attacked him first in his confidants before dealing their blows upon himself. The secretary of state, Feridoun, his devoted collaborator for three reigns, was banished to Belgrade. The aga of the Janissaries, Cicala, was likewise disgraced. Death took off at the same time from Sokolli two of his most faithful supporters in the state, Pialé-Pasha and the mufti Hamed. In fine a negro, Arab-Pasha, whom he had married to a favorite slave of his harem and who governed under his direction the kingdom of Cyprus, was massacred by his own troops. They brought to Sokolli the garments of the negro, lacerated by a hundred sabre cuts. He wept with pity, imagining the agony which must have been undergone by his favorite.

The duke of Naxos and of the Cyclades, Joseph Nassy, enriched beyond the dreams of even a Jew by the friendship of Selim II., died at this period at Constantinople. Sokolli,

* This is also the true import of the Chaldaic myth of the Tower of Babel, which was doubtless an astronomical observatory.—*Translator*.

of whom this adventurer had always been jealous, ordered that his opulent heritage should devolve to the public treasury. But the three defterdars or treasurers appointed by Sokolli to sequester the succession were accused of embezzlement by the enemies of the grand vizier, and tortured to make them confess their pretended spoliation. Another of his clients, Michael Cantacazene, a Greek of the imperial family of Byzantium and rival of another Greek named Paleologus, another remnant of the dynasties of the Byzantines, was hanged for presumed malversation before the gate of Sokolli, as if to reflect upon the protector the crime and infamy of the punished protégé. In fine, the beloved nephew of Sokolli, Mustapha-Pasha, governor of Ofen and of Turkish Hungary, was murdered at Ofen by Ferhad-Pasha, grand equerry of the Sultan, in the midst of his escort of fifty horsemen, who did not dare to draw a sword in his defence.

These presages saddened Sokolli without diverting him from the duties of the government; he expected to perish, but he wished that death should find him in the tackle of the empire. One of the last days of October, 1578, he had read to him by Hassan-Aga, his librarian, the history of the first reigns of the monarchy. The reader having read the narrative of the battle of Cassova against the Servians and the tragic and sudden death of Amurath I., assassinated on the field of battle after the victory by the patriot Servian Milosch Kabilowitch, Sokolli stopped Hassan with a gesture at this passage of the history, recited piously the first Soura of the Horan for the soul of the assassinated Sultan, and cried with a fervor of presentiment like an internal revelation, "May the Almighty accord me such a death!"

The following day, after having held his customary audience at the palace of the Porte, and employed the rest of the day at affairs of state, Sokolli, returning home, opened still, as was his habit, his divan to all the Ottomans without distinction who had justice or favor to ask of the grand vizier. At the moment when he extended his hand to an unknown person, clad in the costume of a dervish, who presented him a petition to read, the false dervish, drawing a poniard from under his cloak, plunged it to the hilt into the breast of the grand vizier. Sokolli, carrying instinctively his hand to his yatagan to defend himself, had not the strength to seize it, and fell dead in the way he desired, like

Cæsar, without uttering a word. The pretended dervish was a Dalmatian fellow countryman of Sokolli, a ferocious race which gives life for life without pity and without fear. He alleged as the motive of his crime revenge for an injustice of the grand vizier, who decided against him a suit for property in a feudal holding in Bosnia. Public opinion suspected, but without proof, the instigation of the cruel Mustapha-Pasha, the executioner of Cyprus, in this crime. Amurath III. was perhaps glad of it, but not an accomplice. The assassin avowed nothing but his hatred. He was dismembered the following day by four horses, each carrying off one of the limbs from his lacerated body.

Thus disappeared the man who had been, during three reigns, the light, the wisdom and the strength of the empire. History praises him better than vain words. He elevated the empire to its apogee, and his death marks the first day of its decline.

Mohammed-Sokolli had had no children by the Sultana Esma, the sister of the Sultan, whom his master had given him in marriage. The first wife whom he had married had left him two sons, who did not inherit his immense wealth. Forced to repudiate this wife whom he loved, in receiving into his house a princess of the imperial blood, he had regretted all his life that his merit and his glory had drawn upon him the regards and the preferences of Sultana-Esma, whose ugliness and deformity presaged him no heirs. His inordinate riches, not proportionable to his services, but in proportion to the humbleness of his origin, reverted at his death to the treasury of the Sultan.

He left the empire at peace with the whole earth excepting Persia.

Let us trace back for some years the ceaseless course of Persian anarchy, to understand the motives, the occasions and the vicissitudes of this war. The history of Persia is so parallel with the history of Turkey, that one of these nations cannot be painted without delineating the other.

IV.

The three wars of Selim and of Soliman the Great against Persia had popularized the dynasty of the Sophis, of whom we have related the religious origin. In Asia, as in Europe, the people cease to fight for dynastic rivalries, while they

fight for religion or for nationality. The Schah (or the king) Tahmasp owed a prolonged dominion to the efforts of Soliman II. to dethrone him. He was not a great man, but the good fortune of his reign was to have been the champion of menaced Persia.

At his death he designated among his five sons Hyder Mirza to succeed him. Hyder, a favorite of his father, had been kept near him at Ispahan, to be at hand to seize the throne, whilst the other brothers, according to the usage of the East, were relegated, exiled from the court, into distant provinces.

The policy, at once suspicious and imprudent, of the Schahs, gave those infant princes in guard and tutelage to the great chieftains of the tribes who composed the Persian nation. These tribe chiefs at the death of the Schahs became frequently thus promoters and supporters of those rival competitors for the throne of their father.

Young Hyder, master of the palace, of the guard, of the ministers and the treasures of Tahmasp, had no difficulty in getting himself proclaimed king in the capital. But the hatred of a woman cost him, a few days after, the throne and his life. This woman, of Circassian race, of whom the beauty, courage and ambition exercised an influence almost absolute upon the government of Persia, was the celebrated Peridjan-Khan, a daughter of the Schah who had just died. She was the niece of Schem-Khal, chief of a Circassian tribe in the service of Persia. Schem-Khal and Peridjan had espoused the pretensions of another son of Tahmasp named Ismael-Mirza, who had languished in prison for over twenty years.

At the moment when the death of Tahmasp delivered the princes, without support in the palace, to the mercy and perhaps the vengeance of the new Schah, she asked an audience of this prince, and throwing herself in mourning and in tears at his feet, saluted him king of Persia: "Hitherto," said to him this crafty woman, of whom the charms gave relief to the eloquence, "you had thought me opposed to your elevation to the throne. This was to me a means of knowing the projects of your rivals and of defeating them. Regard me now as the most sure and most devoted of your slaves."

Hyder, who knew the genius and the adroitness of this woman, thought himself lucky in purchasing her to his cause

by pardon and by the promise of an influence which should survive the life of his father. "If you will only," replied he, "gain your uncle Schem-Khal and the partisans of my brother Ismael, the throne of Persia will be ours without contestation, and you will reign with me in the palace of Ispahan."—"Enough," replied Peridjan, "leave me to go meet and flatter my uncle, and I answer to you for the empire."

V.

Hyder, deceived by the language of his sister, permitted her to set out for the camp of the Circassian. She feigned to negotiate with Schem-Khal and the friends of Ismael, returned with them to Ispahan, accompanied by a body of Circassian knights devoted, wrote she, to the cause of the new Schah.

Nevertheless Hyder, distrustful of Schem-Khal, refused to open to him the capital and the palace. The Circassians entered it at night by a gate of the garden delivered to them by Peridjan, through her accomplices of the seraglio. Hyder, on report of the entrance of the Circassians into the garden, tried to escape in the disguise of a woman to run and throw himself into the barrack of his guards. But Schem-Khal, who espied him, recognized him, tore off his veil, and had him poniarded on the spot by one of his slaves. The Georgians who formed the guard of the king of Persia ran to the relief of the sovereign; Schem-Khal, advancing to meet them, threw them the head of the king. At this sight they laid down their arms. Ismael, imprisoned hitherto in the fortress of Al-Mout, mounted the throne which was procured him by the perfidy of a woman.

He remained upon it only a sufficient time to befoul it by his vices, and to ensanguine it by the massacre of all his brothers, shut up together in the fortress of Cazwin. One alone was exempted, through contempt rather than from pity; it was Mohammed-Mirza, eldest son of Tahmasp, blind from his birth, and who from this infirmity was deemed incapable of ever aspiring to the throne.

But this blind prince had two sons, of whom the one, Hamza-Mirza, was nominal governor of the city and the province of Schiraz; the other, Abbas-Mirza, still a child, was confided to the tribe chief Ali-Khouli-Khan, one of the most potent warriors of Persia. Ismael sent orders to the

military commandant of Schiraz and to Ali-Khouli-Khan to massacre immediately these two princes. An accident saved them; the courier who bore the decree of death having been retarded by a fall of his horse, another courier, although set out a day later from Ispahan, arrived an hour before the messenger of death. - This second courier brought to Schiraz and to Ali-Khouli-Khan the news of the death of Schah-Ismael. This death was worthy of his life. It remains a mystery of debauchery and crime.

One night, as he ran disguised about the streets of Ispahan, from tavern to tavern, indulging his depraved appetites for wine and other orgies with the companions of his vices, his return was awaited for until midnight at the palace. Some confidential servants, charged to watch at a distance over his life, often compromised in nocturnal brawls, revealed that they had seen him enter before dawn the house of his favorite. This favorite was a young merchant of Ispahan who dealt in liquors and confectionery. Upon this indication, the sister of Ismael came forth from the palace and had the house of the merchant surrounded respectfully in order to envelop the Schah with his guards upon awaking. But uneasy toward the close of the day at the silence and stillness of the inmates, she ordered the doors to be forced and the apartments to be visited. The king was discovered in a chamber of the upper story under lock. The door broken in showed Ismael dead upon a bed, where his companion lay alongside of him in the insensibility of drunkenness. Brought back to life by the physicians, the favorite of Ismael related that after having drunk all night of wine and spirits, the king, as was his custom, completed the drunkenness by swallowing opium pills. The box in which he carried these pills, usually shut with a seal which he alone broke, was not sealed this day. The companion of debauch of the prince declared that he had remarked this to him, bidding him beware of poison; but the prince replied to him that he had seen it opened before him by a woman of his harem charged to watch over his aliments. It was thence concluded, with or without grounds, that poison had abridged the life of the king. But the infamy of his life and of his death, and the joy of being delivered from his tyranny, did not allow the search of criminality in an end which appeared to all a deliverance.

The blind Mohammed-Mirza took the place of Ismael

II. by right of sole survivor of the sons of Schah Tahmasp. His first act was an ingratitude and an injustice: he strangled his sister Peridjan, who had betrayed Hyder to crown Ismael. His vizier Mirza-Suleïman governed Persia in his name. An object of envy and of hatred to the chieftains of tribes who surrounded the prince and partitioned among them the kingdom, this vizier had already repulsed gloriously the invasion of the Turks under Sinan-Pasha. The grand vizier Sokolli, displeased with the slowness of the Persian war, and eager especially to send away from Constantinople Mustapha-Pasha, the vanquisher of Cyprus, had appointed this rival in influence seraskier or generalissimo of the army. Mustapha-Pasha, thenceforth exercised in high warfare by ten years' command, attacked the Persians through the table-land of Georgia, a province subject, but ill assimilated, to Persia. The Ottomans were sure of finding there, as in the Crimea and in Circassia, more auxiliaries than enemies.

Georgia is the ancient Iberia of the Greeks and the Romans. The ruggedness of its mountains, the depths of its forests, the abundance of its waters, the charm of its valleys, the energy of its inhabitants, but above all the incomparable beauty of its women, make its strength, its misfortune, and its celebrity in the East. A queen almost fabulous named Nino introduced nascent Christianity into the kingdom by her prodigies, while Constantine was imposing it by arms upon all the countries tributary to the Greeks and to the Romans around the Black Sea. Two vine sprouts, tied together in the form of a cross, were at once the sceptre and the miraculous wand of this magical princess. Another queen of Georgia, Tamar, surprised during sleep by her equerry David Bagration, resolved to avenge herself of the love of this servant by a thousand trials and a thousand tortures. The culprit having triumphed over all the dangers, the queen concluded to marry him. The children of this pardoned violence reigned for generations over Georgia. The daughter of Tamar, the Princess Roussoudan, more beautiful still than her mother, sustained three wars against the sovereigns of Khorassan, who sought to annex Georgia by marrying the heiress of the kingdom.

The Persians place in Georgia the birth of the beautiful and tender Schirin, the heroine of all their epic and elegiac poetry. Power was habitually mingled with seduction in

those queens; it was the romantic kingdom of beauty, governed by love and served by heroism.

VI.

King David, at the time of Amurath III., reigned over Tiflis, and over the profound valleys of Georgia which serve as avenues to Persia. His daughter, although Christian, had been given in marriage to Schah Tahmasp, in pledge of intimate alliance against the Turks. David, after an ill-matched battle against the seraskier Mustapha-Pasha, fled from his capital. The sovereign prince of Imiretta, the other half of Georgia, joined the vanquishers to get possession from them of Tiflis. Mustapha did not confide in him sufficiently to satisfy completely his ambition. He joined only a few provinces to Imiretta and gave Tiflis in fee to Mohammed-Pasha, one of his generals, son of the famous Ferhad-Pasha the cripple. He left in it a Turkish garrison of ten thousand men to guard against the unsubmitted Georgians this key of Persia, while he pursued his subjugation to a distance in its provinces.

Tiflis, at the present day usurped by the Russians, a city picturesque, warlike, commercial, opulent, was, as well as the ancient Bidlis, built by Alexander the Great. Paganism, Christianity, Islamism, covered by turns its hillocks and the banks of its rivers with ruins and with monuments, which attest the grandeur and the decay of a capital built on the beaten route of all the conquerors.

Mustapha, resting upon Tiflis, sent his two hundred thousand combatants into Georgia and into the Caucasus, and by victory annexed to the Turkish empire these provinces of Persia. All the tribe chiefs recognized themselves allies or tributaries of the Ottomans. But four armies advanced at once from the interior of Persia to dispute with the Turks their conquests; one upon Bagdad, another upon Erzeroum, two upon Tiflis. One of the two latter was, according to the example of the Georgian and the Circassian armies, commanded by a woman, the favorite of the Schah of Persia, brought up, like the famous Peridjan, to the profession of arms, and inspiring, by her courage and beauty, the Persians with heroism. She defeated the right wing of the Turks towards Erzeroum, slew the general who commanded it, and threw back the enemy into the spows on the heights of

the Caucasus. During this triumph sixty thousand Persians succumbed in a three days' battle against Othman-Pasha in the province of Shirwan. Ten thousand severed heads were despatched by Othman-Pasha, in attestation of his victory, to the seraskier at Tiflis. The blind king, Mohammed-Schah, fled before him from province to province. Winter and famine succored him by two scourges that fought for the vanquished.

Tiflis, abandoned to itself for want of provisions, was invested by the Persians. Mustapha-Pasha retired to Kars and employed the winter and the spring in reconstructing and fortifying this city, since become a formidable bulwark of the empire towards Georgia. In the spring, Hassan-Pasha, son of the illustrious vizier, relieved and provisioned Tiflis. Ouzdemir-Othman-Pasha, who had been just betrothed to a daughter of the Circassian chief, Schem-Khal, the murderer of Hyder and the uncle of Peridjan, had cut off, at a festival, the head of his father-in-law. Schem-Khal, habituated to the ordinary treacheries of his race, commenced conspiring against the Turks, to whom he had just sold the Persians.

The Turks meanwhile were reinforced by an auxiliary army of forty thousand Tartars of the Crimea, commanded by a prince of their royal house, Adil-Gheraï. Adil, a young, beautiful, heroic, and fascinating prince, was made prisoner by the Persians in a sally at the siege of Schirwan. The blind king, Mohammed-Schah, whose interest it was to flatter the Tartars in order to detach them from the Turks, received the prisoner at his court as a guest rather than an enemy. The mind of Adil-Khan seduced the mother of the Schah, a woman of superior intellect, who was the soul of the government concealed in the harem; his beauty seduced the youngest sister of the king. The amours of the Tartar prince and the Sultana came to light. Indignant Persia saw in the matter the debasement of the king, the complicity of his mother, the treason of his sister, the danger of the country, sold by the passion of two women to the enemy. The Kouroudjis, a sort of Persian Janissaries, mutinied, broke into the harem, tore from thence Adil-Khan and the princess and strangled them in presence of the Schah, who asked them in vain for the life of his sister and of his captive. The mother of the king, whom they had spared, did not leave them to wait long for her vengeance. The Kouroudjis, some days after their revolt, called one by one into a

court of the palace to receive a gratification, were butchered to the last man by executioners under the eyes of the king and his mother, concealed behind some tent-curtains.

The heart of Persia was dissolving in these intrigues of the seraglio and these pretorian seditions, while the Turks and the Tartars were detaching slowly its members from the body of the empire. The grand vizier Sokolli, discontented with the sloth of Mustapha who was prolonging this eternal campaign of Persia, had despatched only a few days before his death a fresh army into Georgia under the command of Sinan-Pasha, one of the first warriors of the empire. Scarce had Sinan touched upon the frontiers of Persia when he was recalled as grand vizier to Constantinople in place of Ahmed, who had for a few days succeeded Sokolli. The seraskier, Mustapha-Pasha, had always flattered himself with succeeding his rival Sokolli in the post of grand vizier. His disappointed ambition, or the poison which he took, it is said, through despair in not attaining the object of his life, took him off suddenly from the army. He died imbrued with the blood of Cyprus, and dishonored by the executions of the defenders of Famagosta. His wealth, his public charities and his mosques could never vindicate his memory, and only served to perpetuate his disgrace with his name.

VII.

Sinan, appointed grand vizier, wished in vain to march upon Tauris; the army, weary of inaction, refused to follow him. He was forced to yield to the disgust of his generals, to canton his troops in the valleys of Tiflis, of Erzeroum, of Kars, and to return to Constantinople without other result than negotiations merely entered upon with Persia. An ambassador of the blind Schah, accompanied by as many servants as there are days in the year, attended Sinan to Constantinople.

Pending these negotiations, the army was commanded by Mohammed-Pasha, nephew of Mustapha-Pasha, the deceased seraskier. Mohammed was vanquished in the plain of Gori not far from Tiflis by eighty thousand Persians. Imputing his defeat to his colleague Mustapha-Minotschir, who commanded a corps of the army, he meant to have him assassinated in open divan. Suspecting his murder, at the first movement of the kyaya to seize him, Mustapha cleft his

head with a blow of his sabre, wounded with another blow the pasha of Diarbekir who was attending the council, and plunged five times his poniard into the body of the seraskier. Then rushing sabre in hand from the tent and calling his corps of troops to avenge him, he separated himself from the army, fell back upon Amasia, and submitted himself to the justice of the Sultan. Mohammed, who survived his wounds, continued his retreat upon Kars.

VIII.

These reverses and this tediousness humiliated the young Amurath III. Sinan, on arriving at Constantinople, convinced him that the presence of the Sultan in the army could alone re-establish discipline and restore their ascendancy on the frontiers of Persia. The Sultana Nour-Banou, mother of Amurath, and his Venetian wife Safiyé, trembling to lose their sway over the son and the husband during a campaign which would remove him from the influence of the harem, were indignant against the grand vizier. They imparted their resentments to the Sultan, whom the languors of the seraglio had ill prepared for the life of a camp. The empire was to him but the swarm of women and of eunuchs who peopled his kiosks and his gardens. He got embittered against a vizier who spoke to him of glory. He disguised the real motive of his anger under the reproach of having opened negotiations with Persia instead of vanquishing. He accused Sinan of having listened to propositions to restore Georgia to Persia: "Every country once trodden by the foot of the Sultan's horse belongs to the Sultan," repeated the enemies of Sinan. Amurath exiled him to Mulghara, to punish him for an advice which alarmed his effeminacy.

The Croat, Siawousch-Pasha, was appointed grand vizier. Ferhad, former cook of the seraglio, become soldier by instinct and general by intrigue, set out with the purpose of browbeating fortune in Persia, at the head of sixty thousand Janissaries, of ten thousand sappers, and three thousand pieces of cannon, for the demolition of walls. He commenced by fortifying Erivan, the gate of Persia on that side. Erivan had received its origin and its name from a merchant who followed the army of Timour, and who had obtained from this conqueror the privilege of cultivating rice in the watered and fertile valley which at present feeds

the frontiers of two empires. He made it an advanced capital of Turkey, and pursued his complete invasion of Georgia.

A parallel expedition by sea and by land along the coasts of the Black Sea under Othman-Pasha, advanced upon Caffa in the peninsula of the Crimea. A march of eighty days across the Don and the steppes of Tartary had brought the expedition as far as Derbend. The combined army of the Turks, of the Circassians and of the Tartars, here passed the winter, sheltered from the snows under huts of reeds. In spring, Othman-Pasha came forth from Derbend, to give a decisive battle to the Persians. They ran in a body to guard this menaced flank of their nation, open through the steppes of the Caspian Sea. The number of the Turks, Circassians, Georgians, and Tartars of Othman, issuing from their barracks of rushes or their burrows of earth, was such, that Othman employed three whole days in seeing them defile before the gate of Derbend. Four days after his army arrived on the bank of the river Amour.

The Persians, equally numerous, commanded by their old general, Iman-Kouli-Khan, awaited him upon the other bank. Othman, mounted on a black horse, celebrated for his age and for his impetuosity at the sight of arms, and which he had ridden for thirty years, was himself the first to swim across the river, followed by an entire army of cavalry. The Persians, masters of contiguous prominences which surrounded like two promontories the plain beyond the river, did not oppose the passage of the Turks. They believed themselves victors by the mere strength of the situation. They confidently awaited daylight to show them their victory.

Othman did not give them time, that first stake of battles. At nightfall, two hundred thousand torches, kindled of a sudden in the hands of his cavalry, illuminated the plain, and showed the Persians his columns of attack ready to mount to the storming of their positions. The Persians lit up likewise their myriads of torches for combat. The neighing of the black charger of Othman, heard by the whole army, appeared to the Turks a signal and a certain omen of the victory. It was but a charge of two hundred thousand cavalry, dashed against each other in the smoke of torches at the dead of night. Thirty thousand Persians dead, twenty thousand prisoners, a pyramid of ten thousand heads elevated by Othman on the banks of the river, were the monuments of this "Battle of the Torches."

After having pursued the enemy as far as Bakou and fortified that city, an advanced bastion of the Caucasus towards Persia, Othman led back his troops across the valleys of these Alps as far as Kaulu, that is to say, the river of blood. There the Russians, who watched over Persia as a prey they might themselves one day devour, attacked the retreating army of Othman on the passage of the river, and burned before it the steppes to deprive the horses of grass. A thousand horses perished daily of hunger, through this manœuvre of the Russians. At length, the waters of the Kouban broke through the ice which covered this river, and the forests of Timar sheltered and reanimated the army. Othman returned, after seven months of battles and marches, to Caffa, whence he had set out.

The Tartars of the Crimea, who had seconded his expedition, did not all see him without alarm in the heart of their peninsula. This was torn by the intestine dissensions of different princes of the dynasty of Gheraï, who disputed for the sovereignty of their race. Dewlet-Gheraï, their last Khan, had just died. He was the inveterate and fortunate enemy of the Russians. He had carried his hordes as far as Moscow and burned that capital, which owes its renown to its destructions by fire, and which revives more young and vast from its ashes. He meant to open upon this city a more spacious and easy route, by cutting a canal from the Volga to the Don, an eternal menace to the heart of Russia. He left at his death eighteen sons.

The Tartars, to prevent the inconveniences inherent in patriarchal governments, which are the accidental incapacity of the hereditary prince, or his infirmities of mind, or his old age, and to ensure at the same time the continuity of their policy internal and external, have an institution almost analogous to that of the grand vizier in Turkey. The reigning prince is obliged, on ascending the throne, to choose for vizier (kalgha) the eldest of his brothers, or his heir-presumptive, designated by the constitution of Genghis-Khan. The new Khan, Mohammed Gheraï, the eldest of the eighteen princes, constrained by the constitution to appoint his eldest brother vizier, but inclined by preference to give the place to the youngest brother, Seadet-Gheraï, named this young favorite prince Nouredin (light of the faith), and assigned him in this title some functions and revenues which were a perilous innovation in the State.

Young Nouredin was of the party who wished to utilize Persia, and who dissuaded the Khan from sending reinforcements of horse to Othman-Pasha. He promised three hundred thousand, but he continually sought new pretexts to avoid furnishing them to the Ottoman general. The Sultan Amurath III. and the grand vizier Siawousch-Pasha, got offended at these delays, and protested against the new and illegal institution of Nouredin, in the name of the constitution of Gengis-Khan, of which the Turks were the surveillants and the avengers.

Othman-Pasha, returning to the Crimea after a short voyage to Constantinople, where he had been to take orders from the grand vizier, deposed, in the name of his sovereign, the reigning Khan, Mohammed-Gheraï. In the natural order of succession, Alp-Gheraï, the second of the sons, should have succeeded to Mohammed; but the Turks gave the investiture to another of the brothers named Islam-Gheraï, who was then living at Constantinople in a convent under the habit of a dervish. Islam-Gheraï, sustained by the Turks, debarked in the Crimea in the midst of an entire army of Tartars greedy of change, who advanced on horseback into the very sea to surround with their acclamations the vessel that conveyed him. Mohammed-Gheraï, thus abandoned by his people, repudiated by the Turks, fled into the deserts with his family and sixty horsemen faithful to his misfortunes. The dervish Islam-Gheraï gave the title of kalgha to Alp-Gheraï, who pursued from step to step his fugitive brother, and, getting possession of him, slew him with his own hand, as also his children. The entire Crimea, purged of the princes favorable to the Persians, fell more and more into the dependence of the Porte. Othman-Pasha, by this revolution on the throne, had conquered it a second time to his nation.

Armenia, Georgia, Circassia, and Caspian Tartary, had dismantled, by the hand of Othman, the Persian empire of the bulwarks and the natural allies who protected it immemorably against the Ottomans. Never since Belisarius, under Justinian, had the lieutenant of an empire, in only three campaigns, brought off so rich a plunder to his master.

IX.

The reception of Othman on his return with the army to Constantinople was worthy of his services. Amurath III.

had vanquished from the lap of his pleasures ; he proudly appropriated the victories of his general. The character, no less modest than intrepid, of the vanquisher of Persia and of Georgia inspired no jealousy in Siawousch-Pasha. The grand vizier knew that Othman was a soldier without other ambition than glory. The Sultanas Nour-Banou and Safiyé congratulated themselves on a triumph against the schismatics, which enhanced their influence over the mind of the true believers. No distant war henceforward threatened the harem with the absence of the sovereign enslaved to their affection. They presided themselves over the honors which the Sultan wished to pay his lieutenant when Othman made his solemn entry into Constantinople. This entry was a triumph comparable to those of the Romans.

X.

The 10th of July, 1584, Amurath III. advanced with his court, his viziers and his warriors, for the purpose of meeting with Othman, to an imperial kiosk named Yali Koeschk, on the banks of the Bosphorus. "Be seated, Othman," said the Sultan to him on his appearance in the hall, "and receive the welcome of thy master and of thy country into my presence."

Othman, without appearing to have understood this language, unprecedented from the lips of a padischah, prostrated himself, kissed the ground, and pressed to his lips the skirt of the imperial mantle. "Be seated, Othman," repeated Amurath. Othman, in obedience, made the gesture of sitting down, but rose at once without having touched the carpet of the Sultan. Three times Amurath renewed the order to him to take a seat on the divan ; three times Othman feigned to obey through deference, but rose up instantly through modesty. At the fourth injunction to be seated, the vanquisher of Persia obeyed, and kept his seat by the repeated order of his sovereign.

"Now relate to me at leisure thy long campaigns, Othman," said the Sultan, motioning away with the hand the crowd of courtiers, to listen to the narrative of his general. Othman related the fatigues, the reverses and the victories of the army in Georgia, in Circassia, and its eighty days' march into the Steppes of Tartary to reach Derbend. When he had described the battle of the Torches, the flight of the

Persians, and the pyramids of heads erected on the bank of the Amour: "Thou hast conducted thyself like a prudent as well as a brave general," cried the emperor; and detaching from his own turban the heron plume enchased in an agraife of diamonds, he set it himself upon the turban of Othman.

The general, interrupted by this favor, of which the enthusiasm of the padischah exalted the value, continued the history of his campaigns. At the recital of his victory over Hamza-Mirza, brother of the blind king of Persia: "It is proper that thou also receive the price of this from the hand of him for whom thou foughtest," said Amurath. He drew from his girdle his poniard with the hilt enriched with precious stones, and passed it into the girdle of Othman.

At the portraiture of the defeat of Iman-Kouli-Khan, the veteran general of the Schah of Persia, the Sultan detached the second heron plume that waved upon his turban in a knot of sapphires, and decorated with it the turban of the vanquisher of Iman-Kouli-Khan. In fine, when Othman had recounted the treacheries of the Tartars against his army in the Crimea, on his third campaign, the dethronement and the death of the khan, the inauguration of the dervish upon the throne, and the indissoluble subjection of Crim Tartary to the sons of Othman: "It is too much," cried Amurath, lifting his hands above his head, as if to elevate his gratitude to heaven, author of so many benedictions on his reign. "May thy face, Othman, be for ever white and dazzling in the two worlds of Europe and of Asia! May God, who assists and avenges thee, be always propitious! May victory follow thee wherever thy black horse shall bear thee! May'st thou be, in paradise, seated in the same kiosk and at the same table as he of our ancestors whose name thou bearest, the Kalif Othman, son of Affan! and may'st thou, in awaiting the immortal life, increase unceasingly in this earthly life in power and glory during many years!"

At these words, and on a gesture of the Sultan, the high chamberlain led Othman into an apartment of the kiosk, where he was stript to the shirt by slaves of all the clothes he wore on entering the palace and dressed in the apparel and arms of the Sultan himself. In this new costume, which made him equal in exterior to the padischah, Othman re-entered to return thanks to his master.

The conversation and the recital of the campaigns of Persia lasted for one half a summer's day. The Sultan had prolonged it on design by his interrogations, beyond the ordinary length of the longest recitals, to test his general. "Othman has been reported to me," said he on quitting the kiosk, as intoxicating himself with opium and brutalizing thus his intellect; I suspect him no longer of this vice, since he has been able to maintain without fatigue and without interruption a conversation and a narrative which have endured for six hours."

Othman in fact used to stimulate his exhausted spirits during his campaigns by the use, sometimes excessive, of wine. After having drank some goblets of this liquor with his favorites beneath his tent, he used to lay his head on the cushion and be lulled to sleep by the voice of the singers. Then awaking of himself, at the prescribed hour (two hours after sunset), he performed his religious ablutions and said his prayer, shedding tears of contrition for his faults, and resuming labor or slumber according to leisure or to business. The conviction of the sobriety of Othman which resulted to the Sultan from that test, determined Amurath to commit the government to the predestined personage who had so happily conducted the war. Siawousch-Pasha was dismissed without disgrace. Othman was appointed grand vizier. His installation in this dignity, accompanied by unexampled honors, was but a continuation of his triumph on the day of his entry into the capital.

Amurath III., despite his effeminacy, knew how to reign, since he knew how to thus recompense the hero of his nation. But in the bosom of his external prosperities, this prince was not happy. His infirmities of mind increased with his disorders. His mother and the intendant of his pleasures, Djanfeda, did not cease to present in his harem new victims to his caprices. He changed women oftener than the muezzin cries the hour. His children multiplied. His very joys at the birth of his sons were dashed with sadness. One day as he conversed with one of his odalisques who was about to become a mother, "Of what use is it to you, Sultan, to be made a father?" said this slave, alluding to the inevitable murder of the male children of the harem; "your sons are not destined to live upon the earth, but to people the tombs."

XI.

The rivalries of influence and of favor which agitated his harem were reverberated to the divan. The mother of Amurath III. and his wife the Sultana Khasseki Safiyé were not always of a mind in recommending to him the same favorites. His mother and his sister protected Siawousch-Pasha; Safiyé accused Siawousch of laboring to take the throne from her son Mohammed in order to prepare the empire for the sons which he had had himself by the Sultana his wife, the favorite sister of the Sultan.*

The death of the Sultana mother, Nour-Banou, at the juncture of the return of Othman from Persia, shook the influence of Siawousch. The Venetian wife, Safiyé, although suspected of having hastened by poison the death of her mother-in-law, reigned henceforth without a rival over the mind of Amurath. Another favorite of the prince, Ibrahim, still remote from the summit of public honors, was the secret rival and often the obstacle of the grand viziers.

The harem had its factions; they exacted immense sums from the grand vizier. The Sultana Validé had two thousand gold ducats independently of the prodigalities of the favorites of the day. Three women foreign to the harem of Amurath shared among them the dominion of his feeble understanding. One was that Djanfeda-Kadoun of whom we have already spoken, and whom Nour-Banou, the Sultan's mother, had recommended to him in dying as alone capable of filling the place of herself in the administration of his feminine household; the second was the pretended prophetess Raziyé, a crafty and beautiful woman, of whom accident had sometimes verified the words and the philtres. Smitten with a gardener of the seraglio named Schoudschas, she had elevated him by her intrigues to the domestic dignities of the court; the third was the Jewess Kira, a huckster of the bazaar, whom her commerce of stuffs and jewelry for the Sultanas introduced freely to the interior of the harem, and who thus made herself a go-between in all the intrigues of love and of ambition.

Three daughters of Selim II., sisters of the reigning

* The author had related that all male offspring of the sisters and the daughters of the reigning Sultans were put to death at birth. He forgets then to explain if the law had been repealed, or if the present case of its infraction be an exception.—*Translator*.

Sultan, disputed with the Sultana Safiyé the favor of their brother. They were the widow of the grand vizier Sokolli, the widow of the capitan-pasha Pialé, and the princess their sister who had married Siawousch. Another Sultana, retired into the old seraglio, Mihrmah, daughter of Soliman, brought up two nieces of Amurath. She married the first of these grand-daughters of Soliman to the Genoese renegade Cicala, a deserter of the great family of the Dorias of Genoa, and who in abjuring their faith and their country, had transported into the East their heroism. Death having taken from Cicala the first of his wives of the blood of Soliman, the Sultana Mihrmah had given him the second.

These princesses, whom their kinship with the Sultan introduced incessantly into the palace, filled it with their intrigues and with their passions. Esma, widow of Sokolli, although ill-favored by nature, wished to get married a second time, and to one of the most accomplished of the pashas in body and mind, named Ali-Pasha, governor of Turkish Hungary. He had through ambition or through fear the cowardice to repudiate his wife whom he loved, to aggrandize himself in wealth and dignities by wedding a sister of his master. The historian Petschewi, witness of these cruel nuptials, says that the tears and the imprecations of the repudiated wife of Ali, in leaving his house, would have moved the rocks of the Balkans.

Hassan-Pasha and Feredoun, the first for his wealth, the second for his talent, were judged worthy of those alliances with Sultana relatives of the sovereign. Feredoun, disgraced, as has been seen, owed his return to the favor of this tardy marriage. The life of the Sultan, in the lap of these luxuries and of these feminine intrigues, was spent in the sumptuosities of his gardens and in the puerilities of shows, with which he amused the slaves and the children of the harem. After having killed time in his kiosks, of which the terraces, perfumed with roses, are cooled by the breezes of the Bosphorus, he prolonged the day by the blaze of fireworks which were set off upon the heights in front of the gardens for the amusement of his son Mohammed.

Some edifices of devotion or of public utility, which he liked to see arise beneath his eyes to distract his idleness by the spectacle of the activity of the laborers, diversified his hours. He sent for this purpose considerable sums to Mecca, to the end of protecting the holy Kaaba and the black stone

incrusted in the walls of the temple from the inundations that had soiled it. This black stone of Abraham is, in the Arabian and Mahometan traditions, a ruby fallen from the heavens at the beginning of the world, of which the splendor illuminated the earth with a light equal to that of the dawn, and which the multiplied sins of the human species ended with obscuring totally in proportion as humanity got more depraved in getting older. The profane see in it but an aerolite dropped in Arabia in the times of the patriarchs, which shone as a fiery meteor in falling, which was extinguished after the fall, and of which oriental allegory and superstition made the sympathetic ruby of the sacred Kaaba.

XII.

The influence of those princesses and of those slaves of the seraglio upon the mind of Amurath III. did not equal that of the gardener of whom the prophetess Raziyé had made the accomplice of her wiles, and whom Amurath, in recompense of his magical divinations, had raised to the rank of preacher of the court. This fanatic having received from heaven, he said, the order to get converted into mosques all the Christian churches of Constantinople, communicated his intolerance to the Sultan. Amurath commenced this transformation of the Christian temples, under pretext that the increased number of the Mussulmans of the capital exceeded the number and the capacity of the mosques erected for their worship. But the remonstrances of the ambassadors, and the sums with which the Greeks and Catholics redeemed their altars, retained their churches to the Christians.

The ambassador of France, M. de Germigny, protested daringly against the suppression of the chapels of Galata, and marched with an armed retinue to defend the gates. The fear of losing so steadfast an ally of Turkey caused the ambassador to be pardoned this temerity, while the grand vizier threatened the envoys of the Emperor of Germany, with confinement in the fortress of the Seven Towers.

The capitulations for the protection of Christianity in the empire and for the privileges of navigation were renewed and amplified at this epoch.

Hungary and Germany alone disturbed the complete security of the divan on the side of Europe. The indepen-

dent Hungarians had elected for their king the emperor Rodolphus. This union of Hungary and Austria under the same emperor displeased the Porte. The grand vizier testified gruffly his anger to the Austrian envoys. "Is it not true," said he to them one day in public audience, "that the emperor Rodolphus is an infirm and sickly prince? Why have the Hungarians chosen a king who is not of their blood? The Germans, according to our proverb, are gelded horses, but the Hungarians are vigorous stallions. You urge the Hungarians to detach themselves from the protection of the Sultans; but if they choose another king among themselves, we will go at once into Hungary to confirm by arms the king whom they will have taken against your emperor." He threatened them with the pillory.

The ambassadors of the emperor endured without murmuring these outrages, and continued to pay the tribute and to solicit the friendship of the Turks.

XIII.

Envoys extraordinary of all the powers of Asia, of Europe and of Africa arrived at Constantinople to attend the festivities of the circumcision of the son of Amurath III. and of the Venetian Safiyé. The memory of these solemnities must have ranked in the mind of Amurath, among the great events of his reign. They remain, in fact, a testimony of the opulence and the manners of the court of the Sultans at this period. Their magnificence and their duration mark the apogee of luxury to which a tribe of conquering shepherds had raised, in two centuries, the throne of the Sultans. The description of them fills whole volumes of the memoirs of the times and of the correspondence of the ambassadors to their courts. We will borrow a few pages of it from the German historians, abstracted by Hammer from the archives of the Germanic courts.

"Over a year," say they, "had been devoted to preparation for these festivities. The period of 1582 was notified to the monarchs of Asia, of Europe and of Africa. Tschaouschs were also despatched with invitations to all the governors of the empire; those whom their affairs should prevent from attending might have their absence excused them by sending large presents. The former intendant of the imperial kitchens, Karabalibeg, was appointed intendant (emir) and the

former nischandji, Hamsabeg, inspector (nazir) of the fêtes; the latter received from the treasury a half a million of aspers for the expenditures belonging to his department. Cooking-houses rose upon every side; and the hippodrome, where Soliman had before celebrated the nuptials of his sister, those of Ibrahim, and the circumcision of his son, was the scene of magnificences which must put into the shade all recollections of the grandest sumptuosities of past ages. The effect answered fully to the immense preparations, and the fêtes of Amurath III. in honor of the circumcision of his son Mohammed, remain without example in the history of the Ottoman empire, for splendor and duration."

"The hippodrome, which is four hundred paces long by five hundred broad, was set off according to the exigencies of the fête and of the spectators. In the upper part, where stands at present the hospital for the insane, there was described a square of one hundred paces shut in with planks and designed for cookeries. Kiosks and covered lodgings for the Sultan, the heir presumptive and the Sultanas, were established in the enclosure of the palace of Ibrahim-Pasha, favorite of Amurath. Below this palace and on the same line arose an edifice of which the base, for six feet in height, was constructed of stone, and on which was superposed three stories in wood: the first was assigned to the ambassadors of foreign powers, the second to the agas of the court, internal and external, the third to the begs, beglerbegs and viziers of the empire. To this construction succeeded a *gallery of twelve feet by seven high (sic)*, in which were placed the capitan-pasha and the begs of the navy."

"In front of the palace of Ibrahim-Pasha was placed the music of the imperial chapel and the nuptial palm-trees. Lower down on the same side arose the stall of the Persian embassy, from the ceiling of which hung a lustre, diffusing light through several hundred tubes. Near the stall of the Persian ambassador stood that of the French minister. This personage at first demanded to obtain precedence of the Austrian envoy; but the demand having been refused, he absented himself from the festival, under pretext that it was not fitting that the representative of the Most-Christian king should attend at the ceremonies of idolaters. This tribune was occupied by the Tartar and the Polish ambassadors. Last of all came the gallery of the capitan-pasha, in front of which stood the grand tent for the preparation of sherbet and

other refreshments. In the middle of the square were elevated two poles, of which one was painted red and the other rubbed with oil; the latter was crowned with a vast circle, to which were suspended several thousands of lamps, and which was lowered during the night in order to light the hippodrome."

"The beglerbeg of Roumelia was charged with the police of the festivities; the beglerbeg of Anatolia had the superintendence of the sherbets (*scherbetsdjibaschi*); the captain-pasha, the direction of the galleries and stages; the aga of the Janissaries was made chief of the guards. Five hundred men robed in grotesque leathern apparel paraded the place, carrying each of them a leathern vessel filled with wind, with which they struck the disturbers of the peace. Their captain, mounted on an ass which was covered by a housing of straw mats, combined with those important functions that of buffoon for the multitude.

"Three days after, the Sultanas, accompanied by a whole arsenal of sugar works, presented themselves at the hippodrome. They were attended by ten or twelve prisoners from Hungary or from Bosnia, whose feats of strength or rather endurance were exhibited to the people. They hacked themselves with sabre blows, they pierced themselves with lances; one of them planted a spear of a pike in his flesh; others bristled their arms with arrows; others still carried horse-shoes nailed to their back, and the blood trickled down in streams. The principal among them received a revenue of four thousand aspers. But two of those unfortunate prisoners having sunk beneath their wounds, this inhuman spectacle was forbidden for the remainder of the festivities.

"Among the works in sugar, were remarked nine elephants, seventeen lions, nineteen leopards, twenty-two horses, twenty-one camels, four giraffes, nine mermaids, twenty-five falcons, eleven cranes, eight storks, eight mallards, and a multitude of other objects. The confectionery was carried by fifteen dray-horses, of which eight wore housings of red damask and seven of damask of silver. During the distribution of the sugar works, some Arabs and rope-dancers amused the people by climbing poles, and also the obelisk and the pillar of the hippodrome."*

* I find it quite repulsive to proceed another line in the translation of these ponderous puerilities. The foregoing paragraphs present the only

We have gone into some details on these festivities, because they were during several years the object to which tended all the ideas and all the negotiations of Amurath, and because they throw a vivid light upon the state of the empire, at that time still dreaded by the European powers, upon the luxury of the court and of the great, the sumptuousness of apparel, the taste and the amusements of the people, the distribution into categories of the different industries, such as they have been shown us by the processions of the different trades.*

XIV.

This picture of the nation's luxury completes the portraits of the men; festivities are the history of the manners of a people. These were saddened by the grand vizier Othman with an act of tragic justice accomplished, despite the influence of the harem, upon Hassan-Pasha, brother-in-law of Amurath. Hassan, who dilapidated the treasures of Egypt of which he was governor, to the advantage of his private fortune, was recalled and thrown upon his arrival at Constantinople into the prison of the Seven Towers. The Sultan granted him life but on the prayers and tears of his sister.

The favorite Ibrahim was sent to Egypt to repair the misadministration of Hassan. Ibrahim employed in vain some eighteen months and thousands of hands in exploring Mount Mokattan at Cairo, and the slope of the Smaragdus on the shore of the Red Sea, to discover the treasures hidden by Hassan.

A civil war between the Druses, a warlike tribe which

points of the least interest in the description, which however still runs on for about fifteen mortal pages, such as no one but a German could have had the patience of compiling, and no one but a poet judge of consequence enough for quoting. It is the same garish ding-dong of presents and processions, of banquetings and buffooneries, which the author had, moreover, given us already more than once, and which I have been once before obliged to spare myself and the sober reader. The thing is barren and barbarian, beneath a glare of childish gorgeousness; and to parade such stuff in proof of civilization, or even real magnificence, is to betray a serious lack of the philosophy of social progress.—*Translator.*

* The sole trades mentioned are shoemakers, bonnet-makers, cotton-spinners, saddlers, silk-weavers, upholsterers, armorers, confectioners, workers in gold and silver, and a few others of the like barbaric import.—*Translator.*

divides with the Maronites the upper valleys of Mount Lebanon, recalled Ibrahim into Syria. One of the chief of the Druses, Ebn-Maan, who ruled between Beyrout and Tripoli of Syria, made submission to Ibrahim, and sent him his mother with presents of Arabian horses, of goats and of silk, productions of those savage and picturesque countries. Ibrahim received the mother of the Drusian scheik with kindness. Taking two silk veils which the woman presented him, he spread one of them upon the head of the mother of the rebel; he covered his own head with the other, to signify that the past was for ever veiled between the Druses and the Ottomans. But this promise was a perfidy. Scarcely had the mother of Ebn-Maan rejoined her son, than Ibrahim, enveloping him in his mountain retreat, surprised him and had him flayed alive at Antera. The maledictions of the betrayed and martyred chief insurrected his whole race on Mount Lebanon. Ibrahim, with six thousand Janissaries, debarked from Egypt at Saïd, the ancient Sidon, ravaged the entire table-land of Lebanon, exterminating the Drusian chiefs divided among themselves. Four hundred severed heads of these rebels preceded him to Constantinople.

The treasures in money, in jewelry, in works of art, which he brought from Egypt and Syria upon his fleet, ensured him a good reception from the Sultan. The most precious of those spoils was a throne of gold which had been chased by an Egyptian artist, in a style to rival the Florentine artists. This throne, besides the workmanship and the precious stones with which it was encrusted, contained a mass of gold equivalent to ten millions.* It is the imperial seat which has served since then at the inauguration of the Sultans in the ceremony of the accession. Two hundred thousand gold ducats in money, two Korans of which the binding shone with diamonds and with rubies; a curtain embroidered in precious stones which veiled the door of the temple of Mecca; three sabres, three yatagans, and three Persian poniards with jewelled hilts; three bucklers dazzling with rubies; a woman's toilet composed of seventy-nine pieces in pure gold, of innumerable rolls of velvet, of brocade, of Indian muslin; one hundred white boys, seventeen black eunuchs, ten Ethiopian negroes of African features, seven white Ethiopians; seventy Arabian horses of the

* The author does not say of what, but possibly he means of francs.
—Translator.

desert, of which ten bore saddles of gold and housings embroidered with pearls; an elephant carrying a throne, a giraffe, a gigantic antelope, unknown hitherto to the Ottomans, composed the present of Ibrahim. Amurath III., who loved him and who destined him the place of grand vizier, gave him his daughter, the Sultana Aisché, in marriage. The splendor of these nuptials equalled the fêtes of the circumcision.

Ibrahim, sent to Hungary to repress the armed rebellions of the magnates Nadasdy and Palfy, whom the secret support of Austria encouraged against the Turks, returned to Constantinople with a crowd of Hungarian prisoners in chains, and carrying each of them two heads of his compatriots slain upon the field of battle. The envoy of the emperor Rodolphus having sought to intercede for some of these captives: "Dog," replied to him the vizier, "why have you supported Nadasdy? Why is your annual tribute not yet paid to the Sultan?" The sabre and the battle-axe of the ambassador are wrested from his page and broken in his presence. The Hungarian magnates Zriny, Nadasdy, Bithiany, avenged these outrages by the defeat of the pasha Schehzvar and by the massacre of three thousand Turks at Kanischa. The pasha himself escaped from death only by flight. His horse expired under him of fatigue. He wandered alone in the marshes of the banks of the Danube, obliged to wrap his torn feet with the fur of the tiger-skin of his caftan. Returning obscurely and covered with shame to Constantinople, he purchased a few days' life by the abandonment of all his treasures to the Sultan, and at last poisoned himself for shame and for grief at having lost his soldiers.

XV.

The ambassador of the king of Poland, Stephen Bathori, was dismissed from Constantinople with severe reproaches against his republic, which had given asylum and impunity to the Cossacks, enemies of the Tartars of the Crimea and of the Turks. The ambassador, John Podladowsky, not having promised sufficient satisfaction to the Porte, was massacred with all his suite in a forest near Adrianople in returning to Poland. The whole vengeance of the king of Poland was to obey the injunctions of the divan, and to put to

death thirty-three Cossacks to please the ambassadors of Amurath.

A short time after, the death of Bathory reopened the ordinary competitions and intrigues for the election of the king for life of the Sarmatians. Sigismund, prince of Sweden, was elected without opposition from the divan; he hastened to send Count Zamoisky, his secretary, to Constantinople to request the continuation of the relations of patronage and of deference between the republic of Poland and the empire.

Queen Catherine of Medici kept up a direct correspondence with the Venetian Sultana Safiyé, to obtain of Amurath the aid of the Ottoman fleet against the Spanish fleet of Philip II., at war with France. The Jewess Kira, confidant of the Sultana, obtained communication of one of the letters of Catherine of Medici, and revealed the correspondence to the Venetian ambassador, compatriot of the Sultana.

England solicited the same alliance offensive and defensive against Philip II. The grand vizier eluded the alliance under pretext of the war with Persia, which absorbed all the military forces of Turkey.

The Venetians, although at peace with the Porte, continued to combat on the seas of Africa the Barbary squadrons, allies and tributaries of the Turks. The pasha of Tripoli, Ramazan, having been killed in his palace by the revolted Janissaries, his widow fled upon one of her galleys to Constantinople with a treasure of a hundred thousand pieces of gold amassed by her husband. Four hundred slaves and forty young women of her retinue accompanied the widow in her flight. Adverse winds drove the galley into the Adriatic. She cast anchor in the port of Zanté, a Venetian island. The governor of Zanté respected in the fugitive the rights of peace, of misfortune, and of hospitality. But the celebrated Venetian admiral Emmo, informed of the wealth which was carried by the vessel, awaited her at sea in the neighbourhood of Cephalonia, and seized her as a spoil of war. The three hundred Janissaries, faithful to the widow of their pasha, were immolated in defending her on the deck of the Turkish galley. The Venetians, without pity for an innocent and defenceless woman, killed the infant of the pasha upon the breast of its massacred mother. The forty young women were thrown into the sea after having satiated the brutality of the crews; a young brother of admiral

Emmo, himself partook in this debauchery mixed with blood before the eyes of the commander of the squadron. He had taken possession of the most beautiful of these victims. She threw herself at his feet imploring honor and life, certifying that she was Christian and Venetian, that she had been carried off an infant from Cyprus by the conquerors of the island, and taken into slavery by the Barbary pirates. Neither her race, nor her religion, nor her tears, nor her beauty, could mitigate the heart of the ferocious Venetian.

These crimes of the Venetians at peace with the Mussulmans excited cries of horror and of reprisal from the Turks throughout the coasts of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. The Venetian Sultana Safiyé, always devoted to her native country, saved with difficulty the ambassador of Venice at Constantinople from popular vengeance. Her confidential letters to the senate of Venice convinced the republic of the necessity of a reparation proportioned to the outrage, or of the danger of an implacable war upon the Venetian possessions. Emmo and his son were disavowed and decapitated on the deck of their galley; the treasures and the slaves of the pasha of Tripoli restored to his family. The Venetians, to efface all memory of this crime committed under their flag, united their vessels with the Turkish vessels against the galleys of Philip II. Spain herself demanded a truce from the divan. The ambassador of Queen Elizabeth of England was not able to prevent this truce with Spain.

Pope Sextus V., of whom the comprehensive policy transcended the horizon of Europe, tried by managements towards the Turks and by negotiating legates sent to dissenting Christian communities of the empire, to reattach to the Roman Catholic centre the Greeks, the Armenians, the Jacobites of Mesopotamia. The sect spirit, more invincible than even national antipathies, defeated all these efforts. The Porte did not interfere in these religious negotiations between Christians submitted to its sway; but the Maronites of Lebanon alone persevered in a Roman Catholicism which tolerated in this communion the marriage of the priests.

XVI.

The old capitan-pasha Kilidj died aged ninety in the arms of a favorite slave of his harem. Ibrahim-Pasha, the favorite of Amurath, succeeded him for a short time. The

governor of Algiers, Hassan-Pasha, a Venetian renegade, was raised by his talent to this post. Hassan, former governor of Egypt, and imprisoned in the Seven Towers for embezzlement at Cairo, had been denounced by another renegade from Milan, in his malversation. The Sultan, who had then confiscated two hundred thousand ducats of it, did not give him back his fortune in restoring him to favor. Hassan, in order to testify his gratitude to Amurath, brought him from Algiers ten armed galleys, and made him a present of three hundred thousand ducats, thirty young eunuchs and fifty young girls of singular beauty.

The war with Persia occupied exclusively the grand vizier Othman. He alone was at once capable of preparing and of conducting it. Two hundred thousand men, seasoned by him in his long campaigns, awaited him at Castemouni, on the route of Erzeroum. Arrived at Erzeroum, Othman dismissed Ferhad-Pasha, who had commanded hitherto remissly the Ottoman forces in observation on the frontiers of Persia. Othman marched directly upon Tauris and burned the capital of Aderbidjan, situated, to its misfortune, in the middle of a plain, reckoned among the four "paradises" of the Ottomans. In forty days he rebuilt and fortified it in order to make it a stepping-stone of future expeditions. But a defeat of his lieutenant Cicala-Pasha, and the murmurs of the army, who refused to advance farther into a desert country, forced him to retreat.

Attacked by prince Hamza, son of the blind Schah and already vanquisher of Cicala, Othman, sick but not dispirited, died of lassitude upon his horse in the midst of the battle. His death brought with it the rout of the Turks. Thirty thousand of them fell beneath the sabre of the Persians; the rest fled for refuge into Erzeroum. Ferhad-Pasha and Cicala took jointly the command of the wrecks of the army.

Amurath III. replaced his deceased grand vizier by Mesih-Pasha, an old man of ninety, whose intellect was tottering under the weight of his years. The motive of this inexplicable choice, at a moment when the empire stood in need of the most active head and hand, was to let the favorite Ibrahim reign behind the name of a nominal vizier.

Meanwhile the Persian prince Hamza pursued the course of his victories over the remnants of the Ottoman army. Winter retained him at Caswin. The saviour of Persia prepared there a third campaign. The intrigues of the

parties who were rending his country menaced him ever on this breach of the empire.

A strange barber named Djoudi, introduced into his apartment to shave the prince, cut his throat and escaped without being suspected by his guards. Some ascribe the crime of the assassin to the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, who reproached Hamza-Mirza with too much favor towards the Christians of the kingdom; others, to the instigation of Ismael-Mirza, jealous of the glory and of the throne which so many exploits were assuring to his brother. The blind Schah did not survive his grief at the loss of such a son. Ismael inherited in fact, for some months only, this throne ensanguined by so many crimes. But the Soliman or the Charlemagne of Persia was born, and was growing up already in the shade. It was a child saved from the massacre of the sons of Mohammed, by the cruel Peridjan. This boy was the great Abbas, restorer of Persia.

XVII.

During the whole of the reign of Mohammed the Blind, this Schah had vainly demanded of the tribe chiefs of Khorassan, to whom the child had been, according to usage, confided, to have him sent back to his court. These chieftains, attached to the child by his misfortunes, by his graces, and perhaps also by the hope of raising him one day to the throne to rule in his name, had refused to give up this pledge.

The two most powerful in arms of these tribe chiefs of Khorassan, Ali-Khouli-Khan and Murshud-Khouli-Khan, raised, on the death of Hamza and of Mohammed, the banner of the rights of young Abbas. They set the child on horseback, despite his tender years, and taught him the exercises and the genius of war, in order to exalt, by the presence of the pretender their pupil, the enthusiasm of the Persians. Victorious in several battles against the troops of Ismael, they soon disputed with each other the honors and the fruits of the victory gained in the same cause, and fought among themselves the provinces which they had just conquered conjointly.

Young Abbas had remained in the hands of Ali-Khouli-Khan. In a battle lost against Murshud, the boy's horse killed in the conflict rolled upon the dust. Abbas was going

to perish beneath the feet of the horses, when the cavalry of Murshud, recognizing the son of the Sophis beneath their sabres, stopped their horses, threw down their arms, fell upon their knees before the infant king, took him up, and crowned him on the field of battle. Conducted by Murshud-Khouli-Khan into the submitted capital, Caswin, Abbas was proclaimed there without opposition. Murshud reigned in his name more than was fitting towards an adolescent capable and jealous of his rights to the throne. Murshud was assassinated by the partisans of the young king in the palace of Caswin where he assumed to reign in his place.

XVIII.

Meanwhile the Ousbek Tartars, those eternal enemies of Persia, conquerors already of one half the provinces of the north, were advancing in countless multitudes to take advantage of the dissensions and the feebleness of the reign of a child. Abbas marched against them without other general than himself, wrested from them Meschid the principal capital of the empire, drove them back beyond the Oxus, and returned with his army, prepared to make head against the Turks who were menacing Caswin and Tauris.

Encamped upon the bank of the river Kur or Cyrus in the plain of Georgia, Abbas exercised there his soldiers, and called around him all the tribes desirous of saving or avenging their common country. His youth, his beauty, his bravery, fanaticised the two armies separated by the river. During the truce established for the winter between the two camps, Abbas, galloping on the sands of the Cyrus with some of his young generals, was invited by some Turkish officers to cross the river by swimming, and to confide himself to their hospitality. The young prince pushed his horse into the water, and passed some hours with the Turks without making himself known. After this amicable interview he invited some of his hosts to pass the river in their turn to test the faith of the Persians. "We are very willing," said the officers of the army of Amurath, with the same confidence, "on condition that you will enable us to see your young Schah, of whom the courage, the genius and the renown surpass his years and ring through Asia." Abbas smiled and promised to satisfy them. Scarcely had they touched the Persian bank than the respectful attitude and the

acclamations of the troops revealed to the Turks that this young man who had so rashly put himself into their hands was the Schah of Persia himself. Abbas, after having received them as a king in his tents, had them reconducted with honors and presents into their camp.

His precocious genius did not preserve him entirely from the superstitions and the credulities of his country and his times. While he was checking thus the Tartars with one hand, the Ottomans with the other, and when his good fortune, already made known, presaged to Persia the most memorable of its reigns, a prediction of his astrologers upon a queer coincidence of the stars, diffused among the people that great calamities were rising upon Persia, and that an imminent peril menaced the sovereign. Whether through credulity or policy, Abbas resolved to elude the prediction and to baffle destiny by abdicating the throne. He did in fact abdicate solemnly, and caused to be crowned in his place, for some hours, a criminal condemned to death for his felonies and impieties. This wretched manikin of the throne was named Yousouf-Sophi. He enjoyed for three hours the palace, the pleasures, the honors of the sovereignty of kings. The fourth hour he was delivered to the executioner. The prediction, thus verified by a subterfuge, had exhausted the malignity of fate upon a nominal nation and king.

Abbas reascended his throne under other auspices, and the stars promised him greater prosperity. A decisive battle against the Ousbek Tartars, near Herat, precipitated them into the Oxus. One of his generals, Mohammed Ferhad-Khan, by a secret intelligence with the Ousbeks, had resolved to let the king be crushed during this battle. Under pretext of running to a fictitious peril, he sought to lead off the left wing which he commanded to a distance from the field of battle. But his generals and soldiers, perceiving Abbas struggling alone with a handful of troops against the masses of Tartars who enveloped him, flew of themselves to his assistance and saved their king.

Ferhad, accused of treason by the army, expiated his crime by death. Ali-Verdi-Khan, who had disobeyed him to save the king, was raised to the honors and the intimacy of favorite of Abbas. Ali-Verdi-Khan, sent by the king with an army to reduce to submission the border provinces detached from the kingdom, reconquered to him the islands of the Persian gulf which contain the pearl fisheries, and

the chain of mountains called Laristan which extends from the fertile plain of Schiraz, famous for its gardens, its waters and its wines, as far as the Persian gulf.

Ibrahim-Khan, whose fathers governed these mountains for four thousand years, was sent a captive to the court of Abbas. The famous crown of Chosroes was found in his treasury. This crown of gold, incrustated with pearls and rubies, taken off and preserved for so many centuries by this family of tributary princes, who had never been conquered hitherto by the masters of Persia, thus returned to grace the brow of the worthiest successor of Chosroes.

Some gentlemen of England, a curious nation, which explore the world as much through restlessness of mind as through the instinct of discovery and the spirit of mercantile speculations, were the first Europeans who hailed in Abbas the regenerator of the East. This caravan of English travellers was composed of Sir Anthony Shirley, Sir Robert Shirley his brother, and of a retinue of thirty gentlemen of the same nation. Most of them were officers, geographers, artists, artisans, traders, distinguished in their country. One of them was a skilful founder of cannons. They travelled with an Asiatic luxury under the patronage of the Earl of Essex, favorite of Queen Elizabeth, carrying to the courts of the East the name, the arts, the interests, the alliances of their country.

Entertained at the court of Abbas, of whom the genius was enlarged enough to envy to one world what was wanting to another, they received honors and presents worthy of the magnificence of an Indian monarch. A thousand pieces of coined gold, each of the value of sixteen dollars, forty Persian steeds saddled and equipped with splendid harnesses, sixteen mules, twelve camels laden with tents of which the curtains were embroidered with gold, with torques and pearls, composed the present of the Schah. Shirley won the friendship of Ali-Verdi-Khan, generalissimo of the armies, and became the European confidant of Abbas. He encouraged this prince and his ministers to face with confidence the war against the Turks. He introduced the European artillery and discipline into the regular infantry formed at his advice by the Schah. Abbas, to secure the neutrality of the Christian princes, accredited Anthony Shirley his favorite by letters, of which the terms attest the patriarchal friendship of a king of warrior tribes.

"Have entire confidence in him," said Abbas in his letters of credence, "for since he is with me, we have always, like two brothers, eaten off the same plate and drunk from the same cup." The Christians and the monks of different monastic orders were encouraged to reside, to practise and to preach freely their religion in Persia. "Our religious functionaries," said the firmans of Abbas, "will not dare to molest yours or to speak to them about matters of faith." This tolerance populated the cities of Persia and the suburbs of the capital with Christian merchants, artisans and manufacturers from all parts of the East. The ambassador of the Schah, Shirley, experienced outrages only in Russia, where the jealous, uneasy, and barbarous court of Moscow threw him, despoiled of his treasure, into prison. Delivered from his captivity after long tortures, he visited the courts of Germany and of Italy, enlisting everywhere the assistance or the good will of the Christian princes for Abbas, the enemy of the enemies of the Christians.

Sure of the support of Europe, Abbas reconquered Tauris from Ali-Pasha, to whom the grand vizier Othman had confided the guard of it after his retreat. A Portuguese ecclesiastic, father Anthony Govea, sent by Philip II. to the court of Abbas, relates the fall of this city; Erivan followed the fate of Tauris. Abbas, before marching against Bagdad to reattach it to his empire, wished to purge the north of Persia of the presence of the Turks.

Let us resume the recital of the events which correspond at Constantinople with these revolutions and these triumphs of the Persians, regenerated by the glory of their Soliman, Abbas.

XIX.

The old vizier of ninety, Mesih-Pasha, had ceded the viziership to Sinan-Pasha, exiled to Malghara and then to Damascus. The presents which Sinan-Pasha sent from his governments to the Sultana Safiyé and to the favorites of the harem had cancelled his disasters in Persia and his incompetence in the divan. The mufti had been likewise substituted by a mystical poet, author of Arabic and Turkish poems, named Bostanzadé-Effendi. The schérif of Mecca, Abou-Nemi, was come to bring to Constantinople, with the benedictions of the Kaaba, the presents of Arabia, composed

of rich stuffs of satin and of cotton, of aloes, of cocoa-nuts filled with fruit-comfits of India. Ambassadors from Abbas demanded imperiously of the Porte the restitution of the provinces usurped, and the ancient delimitation of the frontiers of the two empires.

Siawousch-Pasha had, to flatter Amurath III., constructed at his own expense on the banks of the Bosphorus, near the stables of the seraglio, an imperial palace of which he made a present to the Sultan. Amurath entered it under a canopy of a thousand paces long, covered with tapestry of satin and brocade. A splendid banquet was served him by Sinan-Pasha and by the architects of this new palace, which has been demolished in our own days to build the palace of Mahmoud, father of Abdul-Medjid the reigning Sultan. The revenues of the grand vizier were raised to a million of ducats (that is to say, some two millions of dollars).

Atrocious cruelties, occasioned by the exactions of Ibrahim, the greedy favorite of Amurath, and by his accomplices, martyred the Christians of Syria. The bishop of Jerusalem expired in tortures because he would not gratify the cupidity of the governor. France, protectress of the Holy Places, Venice, Spain, Austria, Naples, claimed the punishment of the despoiler and executioner of their coreligionists. The Sultan despatched headsmen to Damascus and to Jerusalem to expiate those crimes by the decapitation of the two governors.

XX.

The finances fell into disorder like the administration. The money of the empire, that pledge of the integrity of transactions, was altered by the Jews, inspectors of coins and alloys. The Jew coiner of the currency presented the treasurer of the Sultan, says the historian of this reign, Ali, ten pieces of gold, "as thin as an almond-leaf and not heavier than a dew drop." The Jew offered the treasurer a present of two hundred thousand piasters, if he would accept the money for the payment of the troops. The treasurer refused. One of the favorites of Amurath, Mohammed-Pasha the *Falconer*, thus surnamed from his first office in the seraglio, accepted the present and undertook rashly to get the pay accepted in this money by the troops of the capital.

The Janissaries, indignant at the money which was in derision distributed to them, revolted and covered the seraglio with imprecations. Sinan-Pasha the grand vizier, and Ibrahim the former favorite, second vizier, fomented secretly the sedition through jealousy of the dominant favor of Mohammed the Falconer. The gates of the courts were burst in by sixty thousand Janissaries, swelled by disguised soldiers from the other corps. The hall of the divan, where Amurath deliberated with the viziers, rung with threats against the life of the very Sultan. Never, till this day, had a sedition risen so far as the sacred name of the Sultan.*

"If the beglerbeg Mohammed is not delivered to us," cried the seditionists, "let the Sultan tremble for himself. We will be sure to reach him." Piles of gold and silver, drawn from the plethoric treasury of Amurath, were set in vain in the court under the hands of the Janissaries. Anger was stronger than cupidity. "The first amongst us," cried they, "who shall consent to touch his pay before the heads of the Falconer and of the treasurer have fallen, will be punished with death on the spot."

After having temporized and negotiated for some hours with the rebels to save his favorite, Amurath in tears embraced him, took from him his poniard, and delivered him to the vociferators. Mohammed was cut to pieces before having descended the steps of the divan. The innocent and virtuous treasurer, unjustly denounced to the troops, underwent the fate which was deserved alone by the tempter. Amurath suspected the grand vizier Siawousch and Ibrahim of having prompted and directed the sedition against his friend. "I was wrong," said he in returning to his harem, "not to have delivered all the viziers to the just vengeance of my slaves; the most guilty have not been stricken."

Siawousch-Pasha, removed after the appeasement of the disturbance, gave place to Sinan-Pasha. Hassan the *Clock-maker*, of whom the name recalled the trade among his comrades, was appointed aga of the Janissaries.

It was the year in which the day of the Barricades ensanguined Paris, and in which Henry III. fell by the poniard of an assassin in the midst of his court. The Janissaries revolted anew a few days after their bloody

* Does the author forget what he has related us of Bajazet II., who had been threatened in his own palace, broken into by these same Janissaries, and outraged to his face with the name of drunkard?—*Translator*.

execution, and sacked the palace of Hassan the Clockmaker, their general. They were given as aga an equerry of the Sultan, a popular man who promised impunity to their caprices. The rebellion was propagated to the extremities of the empire. Sinan, former governor of Ofen, enemy of the Austrian alliance, was assassinated in his house. Suspicion of the crime fell upon two of his slaves, of whom the bodies were discovered some weeks after in the fields, near the walls of the city. The troops of Hungary and of the Persian frontier revolted for grievances of pay in arrears. Ferhad-Pasha, the aged governor of Erzeroum, was massacred by his Janissaries. Djafar-Pasha, the Hungarian, former favorite page of Amurath, was likewise besieged by his own troops in the citadel of Kars. He parleyed with the rebels, feigned to yield to their demands, purchased secretly the aid of the Kurd warriors of the neighboring tribes, concealing them in the city; then, inviting his own troops to return within the walls to a festival of reconciliation, he massacred two thousand of the mutineers in a single night.

The troops at Constantinople forced the Sultan, by their agitation, to change three times the grand vizier, the mufti, and the aga of the Janissaries. An Italian renegade of Ancona, Khalil-Pasha, was appointed aga. Siawousch-Pasha, three times grand vizier, three times disgraced, was recalled to the head of the council. A commotion of the spahis, who demanded in their turn the head of the treasurer of the seraglio, and which was only repressed by the sabre of the Janissaries, of the bostandjis, of the pages and the eunuchs, caused anew the fall of Siawousch and re-established Sinan-Pasha.

During these military movements in the capital, the Janissaries of Moldavia deposed also, seditiously, De Jassy from the throne. They set in his place a Moldavian palfrey-groom named Aaron, who purchased them by his liberalities. The Sultan was constrained to ratify this ignoble choice.

The king of France, Henry IV., notified to the Sultan his advent to the throne, sent him M. de Breves to detach him from the Spanish alliance, and renewed with the Porte the relations of Francis I. The grand vizier, at the instance of M. de Breves, imprisoned in the tower of Galata the ambassador of the League, M. Lanscome.

XXI.

The divan sought an occasion of war to occupy the idleness of the troops. The delays of Austria in the payment of the tribute, the incursions of the Uscoques, Croatian bandits, upon Ottoman territory, and the bloody reprisals of the Turks upon Croatia, supplied it. Rodolphus II., then emperor, called his subjects to arms, and instituted in the holy Roman empire * and in Austrian Turkey the "Bell of the Turks," a sort of regular tocsin ringing three times a day and a night to call the cities to vigilance and prayer against their barbarous enemies. Hassan-Pasha, beglerbeg of Bosnia, lost the battle of the Koulpa against the generals of Rodolphus. Twenty thousand Turks, driven back by the Austrians on the steep borders of the river, broke the bridges under the feet of the fugitives and were engulfed in the current. The Ottomans call the year of this defeat the "year of ruin."

The war thus commenced was not as yet declared. The fury of the people of Constantinople declared it of itself. The army left the city under the conduct of the grand vizier. The dervishes accompanying the troops excited them by their cries and their fanatical gestures. Some of them, covered with skins of bears and lions, imitating the roaring of these ferocious beasts, led behind them the ambassador of Rodolphus II., Khrekwitz, in chains. He expired of suffering and outrage on arriving at Belgrade. This war, being conducted on both sides without energy or unity, did no honor to either Germany or Turkey. It was but a constant alternation of successes and reverses, of massacres and insubordinations, which desolated the provinces of Hungary, of Wallachia, of Moldavia, without giving the victory to either of the combatants. The Janissaries did not cease to extort payment for their valor. The Sultan exhausted his treasury to send to Belgrade the pay and the largesses which they exacted of their generals.

Amurath III., worn out by debauch, was languishing in the gardens of the Bosphorus. His sole pleasure was to contemplate from the windows of his Kiosks the sails of the vessels that passed and repassed like huge sea-birds from the

* The reader will remember the pretension of the Germanic empire to be the lineal descendant of the empire of the Cesars; the quality of holiness was added by Christianity.—*Translator.*

Propontis into the Black Sea, and from the Black Sea into the Propontis. His natural melancholy became deeper with the evening of his days. The sound of instruments and the salvos of vessels which saluted him in passing with their cannons, alone revived some slight emotion in his pleasure-jaded senses. Some days before the illness which undermined his strength, he asked his musicians to play, instead of orchestral *fanfars*, the melancholy and almost mournful air of a Turkish song of which the first verses say: "I feel myself sick of languor. Come, O Death! Keep vigil this night by my side!"

While the musicians were executing this lugubrious air, two Egyptian galleys passing under the terrace of the Kiosks fired a volley simultaneously of all their guns to salute the padischah. The commotion, repercussed by the lofty cliffs of the Bosphorus, shivered the windows to fragments at the feet of the Sultan. The patient saw in this the presage of his doom, to be broken like this glass. "See," said he to his women, "formerly all the salvos of my fleets united would not have shaken these windows, which now fly into fragments at the report of the guns of two pitiful galleys. There is a fatal hour for every thing. The palace of my existence totters by this law."

He died the night following of grief at quitting life. His reign had continued for some years the greatness and the prosperity of the reign of Soliman II. But the son was too weak to continue long the father.* The languor of the sovereign after the death of the great minister Sokolli was communicated to the empire; the epoch of decay commenced for the Ottomans.

We shall find in the following books the causes of this decadence in the relative situations of the Ottomans and the Christians, the former knowing only how to conquer, the latter learning to govern. But we discern it already in that universal law of human things which permits neither man, nor nation, nor institution to stop at the summit of its destiny; which condemns all that is on the earth to a perpetual instability, and which forces to redescend whatever can no longer mount, or whatever knows not, as the Turks do know, how to renew itself.

* The text has here an error, no doubt typographical, Amurath being son and successor of *Selim* II., and only the grandson of Soliman II.—*Translator.*

BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

I.

LET us cast a rapid glance over the Ottoman empire and over the States of Christian Europe, at the moment when the grandson* of the great Soliman II. came to give up the last breath, and let us seek in the organic constitution of those two great divisions of Asia, of Africa and of Europe, the reason why the Ottomans were going to fall off, and why the Christians were going to advance.

The Ottoman empire had as yet suffered none of those dismemberments of population, of land or of sea, which reduce the strength or the repute of States. Its territory intact presented to the eye one of the vastest dominions united by religion, race and arms, that has ever englobed under the same name an immense zone of the earth. The empire was composed of forty governments or viceroyalties, and these governments were almost all of them kingdoms.

These forty satrapies were, in Europe: Hungary, Bosnia, Roumelia, the island of Candia, Greece, the Archipelago, Macedon, Thrace, Servia, Bulgaria; in Africa: Egypt, Algiers, the kingdoms of Tunis and of Tripoli; in Asia: Anatolia, comprising the whole peninsula of Asia Minor, Caramania, the kingdom of Cyprus, Syria, Mesopotamia, Georgia, the Caucasus, Bagdad and the borders of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the kingdom of Trebizond, that of Jerusalem, Bassora, Mossoul, the Diarbekir, the provinces of the two Arabias that border the Red Sea, Aden and a part of the sea of the Indias; in fine the Crimea and a part of Tartary, &c.

* *Son* is here again the word in the text, by a repetition of the queer oversight just noted.—*Translator*.

To these governments were added by indirect dominion those tributary countries of which the Porte appointed the princes enfeoffed to its laws: Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia, the republic of Ragusa, and sometimes Poland. So that the twenty kingdoms of Pyrrhus, of Perseus, of the Bulgarian kings, of the Ptolemies, of Carthage, of Numidia, of Mithridates, of Antiochus, of Attalus, of Prusias, of Herod, of Tigranes, of the sovereigns of Cappadocia, of Comagena, of Cilicia, of Iberia, of Scythia, and of the Parthians, this eternal shoal of Rome, formed around Constantinople, the capital of three continents, the nave, the spokes and the felloes of the empire, which exceeded in extent, in climate, in population and in fertility the Roman universe.

Such was the Ottoman empire the 18th of January, 1595, the day when the public criers and the cannon of the seraglio announced to the inhabitants of Constantinople the death of Amurath and the accession of Mahomet III., son of this prince and of the Venetian Sultana Safiyé. What a heritage for a people who should have known how to reign and administer as the Turks did to fight and to conquer! But it was the genius of administration that was wanting to the East, and that was then revealing itself to the West.* Islamism with the Ottomans knew only to believe and subjugate; Christianity knew to assimilate and govern its conquests.

This spirit of assimilation and of government, which the Egyptians in Africa, the Greeks and Romans in Europe, had bequeathed to the Christian West, was to give in few years the superiority to the active and progressive races of Europe over the patriarchal, heroic, but indolent races of the East. By a providential phenomenon, which was never renewed upon a larger scale than in this struggle of two centuries between the Christian West and the Mahometan East, it is

* Americans may be surprised to see the late republican Lamartine insist so frequently upon *administration* as the "one thing needful" to good government. With him, if the Turkish empire and all other empires have declined, it has not been for want of liberty, of parliaments, or constitutions; these magic cant-words have lost their charm for him in his late personal experience. He has seen their hollowness, with the prompt perspicacity of the Frenchman, and he rejects them with the pliant sincerity of the poet. It is only by this negative process that he has been led to seize the supreme value of a well-organized system of administration. Of the *philosophy* of the preference, he sees no more than does his age.—*Translator.*

not war, it is labor that gives the ownership of the world. War is a labor also, but it is a sterile labor. The continuous and productive activity of races is the law of their durable and universal preponderance. The mastery of the world, whatever short-sighted skeptics may say, is not to murder and to pillage, but to labor, that morality of nations.

II.

Now the East was beginning to rest from conquest, and the West beginning to labor. Its princes and its States, restrained and counterbalanced by each other, had, for the first, come to comprehend, that a universal monarchy, whether by religion or by arms, was a bloody chimera which would raise all the other national families into revolt against the ambitious or the fanatical who would dare to dream of it in Europe. Instead of conquering, they studied to govern. The emulation of good administration, of agriculture, of industry, of arts, of sciences, of letters; of the organization of labor, of navigation; of the discovery of new territories, islands, continents; of the discipline, of the armament, of the tactics of permanent armies, was succeeding from day to day in the States of Europe, to the emulation of exterminating or enslaving their fellow-men. Civil wars themselves were extinct or allayed, religious wars of orthodoxy were collapsing of sheer lassitude; the system of alliances and of European equilibrium was creating a public law and a diplomacy which formed, of the great and the small powers of the West, a confederation wherein each member was directly interested in the independence of all the others.

The more equitable and more national distribution of territories was registered in general congresses. The too extensive empire of Charles Fifth was dismembered to the advantage of an equipoise of kingdoms and of republics. What was feeble leaned for sustenance on what was strong. Hungary was assimilating itself to Germany, White Russia to Poland, northern Italy to France, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily to Spain, Holland to England, Venice to the new Roman empire. A league similar to that which had united in antiquity in a single defensive group the independent republics of Greece, was prevailing at bottom for the common defence of Europe over the rivalry of those Christian powers among themselves. It is no longer the religious

crusade of the middle ages, but the crusade of European nationality and civilization.

Such was respectively the situation of Europe and of Turkey in the last days of the sixteenth century and the commencement of the seventeenth, at the advent of Mahomet III.

II

The Venetian Sultana Safiyé, become Sultana Validé, mother of the emperor, had been during the whole life of Amurath III. his consort, the veritable and immovable grand vizier of the reign. As Livia and Agrippina had concealed from the Romans the death of their husbands Augustus and Claudius, so, to manage the transition to and the possession of the future reign, the Sultana Safiyé had concealed from the Ottomans the death of Amurath, until the arrival at Constantinople of her son the Sultan Mahomet. This prince, who was awaiting the throne in the palace of Magnesia, was the last of the Turkish emperors in favor of whom the viziers or the Sultanas had to practise this court subterfuge.

IV.

Mahomet III., sure of the vigilance of his mother around the throne, did not precipitate his journey towards Constantinople. He landed there with his personal court but the twelfth day after the death of his father. The moment of his elevation to the throne was the signal of death to all the princes his brothers guilty of having in their veins a drop of the same blood as he. Never had the prestige of monarchy cost so long a list of massacres.

Amurath III. had had one hundred and two children by his wives or by the numberless slaves of his harem. Twenty-seven daughters and twenty princes lived in the seraglio the day of his death. The constitutive law of the dynasty allowed the daughters to live on condition of destroying their male issue; it ordered the immolation of the princes. Nineteen brothers of the Sultan, of all ages, from the cradle up to adolescence and to manhood, received the sentence of their execution on hearing the cannon of the seraglio announce the death of their father. The Venetian Sultana

Safiyé, although Christian by origin, in correspondence with Christian queens and in confidential intimacy with her Venetian compatriots, was so familiarized with the bloody State necessity of the Ottomans, and so jealous of a rival reign, that she does not appear to have opposed the least scruple or the least pity to so many murders.

Among these victims to the unity of monarchical right, a prince especially endowed with all the gifts of nature, of genius, of education, excited the commiseration of the empire; it was prince Mustapha, the second son of Amurath, already mature in years, whom nature seemed to have made for the throne after the image of Soliman II. his great-grandfather, and whom policy had made for death. Despite the discretion of the seraglio, the fame of the gracefulness, of the character, and of the natural genius of this young man had transpired throughout the empire. A mysterious popularity was attached to his name; this popularity was but a title additional to execution. Mustapha, a pupil of the first lyric poet of the age, Baki (the immortal), who was living still, did not murmur against a death to which he knew himself condemned by birth. He wrote only the night which preceded his execution a touching and resigned elegy, which contained, in verses steeped in tears, his adieus to existence. Some verses of this elegy, which recall the mournful reproaches of the French poet André Chénier to his executioners, exist still. André Chénier was born like him at Constantinople.

The domestic drama of this long massacre remained buried in horror without echo from the mutes who performed. Silence is necessary to State crimes. It is why the Oriental monarchies have plucked the tongue from their executioners. The crime of the night could be discovered the following day only by the nineteen bodies displayed in heaps before the throne, and buried in the same mosque with their father.

V.

Ferhad-Pasha, grown old in the wars of Persia, was appointed grand vizier in the place of Sinan-Pasha, who returned for the third time into his sumptuous exile of Malghara. Ferhad had espoused the daughter of the Sultana Safiyé. This princess governed under her son Mahomet III. from the depths of the harem, still more absolutely than under Amurath.

Ferhad, to avenge the incursions of the Germans and of the Hungarians into Wallachia, called the army to war upon the Danube. The spahis refused to march if satisfaction was not given to their demands for largesses and privileges. Ferhad armed against them the Janissaries, and dispersed their seditious assemblage. He banished the two former viziers, Cicala and Siawousch, although sons-in-law like him of the Sultana Safiyé. These two viziers were suspected of having been the secret instigators of the agitation of the spahis to cast discredit upon Ferhad.

A massacre, like that of the Sicilian vespers, of the Turkish garrison of Giurgewo by the Wallachians, hastened the march of the army upon Wallachia. Scarcely on their route, the soldiers tore down by night the horsetails that floated before the tent of the grand vizier when in the field, and the golden bull that decorated the central pillar of his pavilion. This symptom of the discontent of the troops appeared a presage of reverses.

The old favorite of Amurath III., Ibrahim-Pasha, son-in-law also of the Venetian Validé, was appointed caïmakam during the absence of Ferhad. The post of caïmakam was a sort of lieutenant-generalship of the empire and the capital, a species of universal and temporary dictatorship, which gave to the man invested with this title the whole authority of the grand vizier and of the generalissimo of Constantinople. Ibrahim, who aspired to the place of grand vizier for himself, used his authority and his influence but to damage his absent principal.

VI.

While the grand vizier was superintending the passage of the army to the Wallachian side of the Danube, Ibrahim obtained from the young Sultan a decree for his death. His crime was to have said to the revolted spahis that, "if they did not return to discipline, their wives would be for ever barren." This malediction, impious to the Ottomans, appeared to his enemies an unpardonable outrage upon the soldiers.

Instructed by his agents in the seraglio and by his wife of the machinations prepared at Constantinople against him, Ferhad, for the first time since the foundation of the empire, did not await with resignation the poison or bow-string of his master. He fled from the camp before the arrival of his

executioner with three thousand cavalry of his household, and advanced upon Constantinople.

The grand vizier Sinan, of whom Ibrahim had procured the recall, advanced on his side with twenty thousand Janissaries in order to take command of the chiefless army. The two hostile grand viziers encountered each other by chance on their opposite routes in the neighborhood of Ostranidja. "The head of the rebel is mine, his treasures are yours," said Sinan to his Janissaries. Ferhad, intimidated by numbers and by the enormity of his transgression, retired upon an eminence with his cavalry and thence contemplated the pillage of his tents and treasures by the Janissaries. Throwing himself afterward into the forests of Bulgaria, he arrived without being pursued at a farm which he owned not far from the capital. The intercession of the Sultana Validé his mother-in-law, and the presents made in his name to the Sultan by his banker named Salomon, obtained his pardon. The Sultan sent him a Katti-scherif (an order without appeal by the sovereign himself, superior to every other order of the government) which authorized him to live in peace in his farm of Litrof.

But the hatred of the caïmakam Ibrahim, which appeared to stop before the protection of Safiyé, pursued him to this refuge. At the moment when the unfortunate Ferhad was beginning to receive the visits and the congratulations of his friends in his solitude, the bostandji-baschi came to take him to the prison of the Seven Towers, which was only the vestibule of execution. He was strangled juridically three days after, by the order of the caïmakam ratified by the Sultan. Safiyé tried in vain once more to save her protégé.

An accident fatal to Ferhad had offended the Sultan, very jealous of his sovereign authority. Cicala-Pasha, another son-in-law of the Validé, having received order to set out for the army of Hungary, wished to purchase the horses of Ferhad, then disgraced and exiled in his farm. The Sultana mother sent for Cicala and forbade him to purchase the stables of the former grand vizier. This injunction seemed to Cicala an indication of the intention of the Sultana to replace speedily her favorite in power. He related the circumstance to the Sultan, who felt indignant that his mother should interdict covertly what he had commanded openly. The head of Ferhad was delivered to his enemies.

VII.

The campaign of Sinan in Wallachia commenced by reverses. The Turkish army, after a long battle in the marshes of Kalougeran, perished to a man. Sinan himself, half-submerged by his horse in the quagmire, owed his safety but to the vigor of a soldier of his escort named Hassan, who received from this circumstance the surname of Hassan of the *Marsh*, become subsequently illustrious by his courage. A Wallachian prisoner, devoting himself to death, set fire to the powder of the Ottoman army.

The grand vizier, after having recomposed the army, marched upon Tergowischt. The independent prince of the Wallachians, Michel, expelled him from it after a siege of some days. Sinan fell back anew upon Bucharest and upon Giurgewo, with the remnant of his troops. Michel again overtook him on his passage of the bridge of the Danube, and bombarding the bridge beneath the feet of the army, he ingulfed him with his whole artillery in the river.

During these disasters of the grand vizier in Wallachia, an Austrian and Hungarian army, under the command of prince Mansfeld, besieged the fortified city of Grau, in Hungary. The son of the grand vizier, Sinan, lost here a third army in endeavoring to relieve Grau. Grau succumbed after the fall of its gallant defender, Kara-Ali (Black Ali), who was slain upon the breach. Despite a capitulation which assured the women and the children of the Turks their lives and their property, the pillagings, the ravishings, the massacres of the Germans and the Hungarians at Grau stained the good faith and the humanity of the victors. The monuments, the statues, the paintings, the libraries, respected by the Turks at the time of the conquest of Grau, disappeared beneath the sword and the fire of the German soldiery.

A whole side of the imperial edifice appeared to totter towards the Danube after these reverses. Ibraïl, Varna, Kilia, Ismail, Silistria, Rutschuk, Bucharest, Akkerman, fell into the hands of the confederate Wallachians, Germans and Hungarians. The terror ebbed along to the seraglio. The Sultan ordered public prayers on the square of Okmeïdan to avert the dismemberment of the European frontiers. An earthquake responded by calamities of nature to those of war. The grand vizier, returned almost alone to Constanti-

noble, humbled himself beneath his disgraces, and retired for the fourth time into the exile of viziers, Malghara.

A son of the Sultan's nurse, Lala-Mohammed, was appointed grand vizier by the influence of the women of the harem. He was the son of a poor villager, of the environs of Magnesia, entered first into the palace as simple tchaousch, thence promoted from grade to grade up to the rank of defterdar, owing to his title of foster-brother of the son of Amurath, become in fine preceptor, or lala, of Mahomet III. in his boyhood; domestic favor raised him for three days to the summit of dignities. A natural death prevented him from enjoying it.

Sinan-Pasha, although aged some eighty years, was recalled from his exile of Malghara to lend once more his sage experience to the perils of the throne. It was his fifth reign. Age had taken nothing from his ambition or from his roughness. The Ottoman historians compare him to the Roman Marius seven times exiled, seven times consul, always cruel.

Sinan, despite his complicity with the favorite Ibrahim the caïmakam in the ruin of Ferhad, declared himself, from the first divan, the implacable enemy of the favorite. It was necessary to have some one on whom to cast the shame and the reverses of the Ottoman misfortunes. "It is you," said he to Ibrahim, "who in your quality of caïmakam have brought upon the nation the disasters of these campaigns; you have sent but insubordinate soldiers and incompetent generals." And as Ibrahim sought to stammer a justification before the Sultan, Sinan arose, and dragging Ibrahim out of the hall by his cincture, with the impetuosity and vigor of a young man: "It is said that I am decrepit," cried he, in a voice of thunder; "if Ibrahim affects to believe in my debility, let him come down into the court, let him try me, whether body to body by wrestling, or on horseback with our sabres, and let the Sultan give the government to the victor." The Sultan, blushing for his inaction in the flower of his youth before an old man to whom the safety of the empire had given back the verdure and the vehemence of his young days, yielded at last to the entreaties of Sinan, and marched in spring with a hundred and fifty thousand men to the Danube.

Sinan died, unfortunately, on the eve of the campaign which he had proposed, prepared, and was going to conduct.

His heritage equalled the fortune of a king. Europe, Africa and Asia had accumulated it during his long life. The inventory of his treasure, preserved to our days, enumerates twenty boxes full of ingots of gold bullion, fifteen strings of large pearls, thirty knots of diamonds, twenty urns of gold dust, twenty ewers of the same metal, a set of chess, seven table-cloths of leather bespangled with diamonds, sixteen writing-desks, sixteen horse-saddles, thirty-four stirrups, thirty-two cuirasses encrusted with rubies, one hundred and forty helmets, one hundred and twenty girdles, table services in enchased silver, six hundred sable furs six hundred lynx skins, thirty pelisses of black fox skins, two thousand pieces of stuffs of interwoven gold and silk, nine hundred pelisses of Russian furs, sixty bushels of pearls, six hundred thousand ducats in gold and two millions of piasters in silver.

These movable valuables and the treasures found at death in the cellars of the generals and the viziers attest the fear of confiscation, the vicious constitution of property in Turkey. This unproductive and hidden wealth has the effect of impoverishing, instead of enriching, a country. The only useful wealth is that which is confided to the soil and which is reproduced by labor. The gold of Mexico impoverished the Spaniards; the treasures of the East and of Europe were going to beggar the Ottomans.

Ibrahim rose at last to the rank of grand vizier in the place of Sinan.

VIII.

The Sultana Validé dreaded the departure of her son for the Danube. In her despair at seeing removed away from her the son under the name of whom she virtually reigned, Safiyé, although Venetian by country and Christian by remembrance, plotted a general massacre of the Christians of the whole empire, in imitation of Catherine de Medici, her model, who had inebriated her son with the blood of the Saint Bartholomew. The horror of this crime aborted it in the harem where it was conceived. The Sultan confined himself to banishing from Constantinople all the Greek Christians who were not fixed there by their family established immemorially in the capital. To console his mother for his departure, he added to her dotation three

thousand piasters per day, a present of three hundred thousand piasters per year, and a million of piasters for slipper or toilet money.

Mahomet III. departed from Constantinople the 21st of June, 1596. The grand vizier Ibrahim commanded the army. The secretary of state, Seadeddin, the light of the council for two reigns back, directed the civil and diplomatic business under the grand vizier. Seadeddin, a first-class man in a secondary situation, was the soul of the expedition.

Arrived before the walls of Erlau, in Hungary, the Sultan summoned the city to surrender. "I swear by the horse I mount and by the sabre that girds my loins," said he in his summons to the Hungarian army of Erlau, "that I will leave you free to retire without obstacle from the fortress." Erlau fell in twelve days before the cannonade of Ibrahim. The Hungarians, who had flayed alive, during the preceding campaign, the Turkish prisoners at Hatwan, were, in reprisal, all immolated.

The archduke Maximilian, Sigismund the revolted prince of Transylvania, and prince Michel of Wallachia, advanced with three armies combined to dispute Erlau with the Turks. The vanguards had driven back Hassan-Sokolli, the son of the famous grand vizier of this name, upon the army of the Sultan. Some one proposed retreat. "It would be unexampled," said Sokolli in the council, "that a padischah of the Ottomans had ever turned his back to the enemy without necessity." The secretary of state, Seadeddin, accustomed to the energy of the resolutions of Soliman, supported Hassan-Sokolli: "This," said he with a courageous sincerity before the wavering Sultan, "is not a crisis in which it will be safe to employ seconds; the presence of the padischah himself is commanded by honor and by necessity."

Meanwhile the Sultana Validé was conjuring her son to return to Constantinople. The Sultan inclined to the counsels of his mother, but he desired that his departure should appear to the army as imposed by the viziers. "My lala," wrote he to the grand vizier, "what inconvenience would there be in my departure for Constantinople while leaving thee here as my substitute?"

The grand vizier and Ibrahim dared to oppose his desire of leaving the army. The presence of the padischah could alone restore the discipline and the zeal of the troops. Mahomet III., overcome rather than convinced, attended the

26th of October, 1596, at the battle against the archduke Maximilian, who commanded the Germans and the Hungarians. It was, since Orsova under Bajazet I., and since Varna under Amurath II., the most decisive duel between the Turks and the Christians for the possession of the Danube. Four hundred thousand combatants of both sides were extended in two lines, separated by a ground miry and almost liquified by the first rains of Autumn. The right of the Turks was composed, contrary to usage, of the Asiatic generals and troops who had ordinarily to yield the precedence to the troops of Europe. The army of Adrianople formed the left. Cicala, son of the renegade of Genoa, naturalized by so many services on land and sea, commanded the van with the impetuous cavalry of Diarbekir.

The Sultan, inexperienced in war, was placed upon an eminence a little in the rear, at the middle of the line of battle; the sacred standard floated above his head; six Asiatic squadrons of choice troops watched over his person; Seadeddin, as good a counsellor in war as in peace, was by his side to inspire him with the moment for action; the baggage of the army formed a rampart around the eminence. The Janissaries, distinct from the rest of the army, were grouped around a church in ruins that overlooked the marsh. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, fastened to each other by chains, according to the awkward usage of the Persians and Turks, presented a formidable but immovable citadel between the Janissaries and the Asiatics. Maximilian, as a consummate general, disposing his army in the shape of a cone to break the Turks in their centre, cleft with the first charge the line that covered the eminence from which Mahomet was contemplating the battle. His squadrons, passing the breach laid open through the severed ranks of the Turks, ascended at a gallop the eminence, and penetrated sabre in hand as far as the imperial tent. The Sultan, surprised by this throng of Hungarian cavalry who inundated on all sides his retreat, was saved but by the pages, the wood-carriers, the tent-planters, the camel-drivers, the cooks, armed at random with hatchets, with knives, with turnspits, with palisade-stakes, which they found at hand to cover their master. Seadeddin at last sheltered him behind a dense line of baggage-waggons and camels, in the tent of Younisbeg, general of the Moutefferikas. "Don't fear," said he to the Sultan; "patience will bring us victory,

and fortune will succeed to reverses." These words pronounced with coolness in the midst of the panic, when the hearts of men, according to the energetic expression of the Koran, mounted into the throat, revived the hope of Mahomet. He had thrown upon his shoulders the mantle of the Prophet, that most holy of all relics with the Mussulmans, under which one could not be abandoned by Allah.

At sight of this the scattered Janissaries instantly rallied; Cicala, who had placed his vanguard of Arabian cavalry behind a wood, and who had let pass the Hungarian tornado in order to pour, at the decisive moment, upon their squadrons disordered by the charge, flew to the assistance of the Sultan. The assault of the imperial tents by the Germans had sunk into pillage; the soldiers, dazzled by the richness of these stuffs and of this furniture, divided them amongst them in fragments, greedy of spoils before the victory. Already the money-chests of the army, broken open by means of axe-blows, rolled out their aspers and golden ducats under their hands, when Cicala crushed them beneath a charge of twenty thousand sabres. The Hungarians and the Germans, disbanded, fell or fled, to be immediately drowned in the mire of the marsh. The two wings of the Turks, a moment cut off from the centre, wheeled round the banner of the Prophet, displayed anew upon the eminence. They hemmed in the army of Maximilian, deprived of his cavalry and of his artillery, and changed a false victory into an immense flight. Fifty thousand Germans perished in the marshes; one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon remained bemired in the hands of the Turks. Before the setting of the sun, they saw no longer a foe before them.

The grand vizier Ibrahim completed the victory by a pursuit at the head of his most rapid cavalry of Asia. The Sultan, returned to his tents, received the congratulations of his generals; he had, owing to Seadeddin, re seized in a few hours the vanished prestige of Ottoman armies and the provinces detached a moment from the empire. Both the victory and his life he owed to the manœuvre and the courage of Cicala, who had not despaired amid the defeat, and who did not fear to attack with a vanguard a whole army. At the moment when Cicala entered the imperial tent to kiss the hand of his master, Mahomet proclaimed him grand vizier, the sole post worthy of such a service: "He who has saved the empire ought to govern it," said he to Cicala,

in delivering him the seals which he carried beneath his caftan.

At the same time the Sultan, in recompensing the general, feared to discontent the favorite of his father and his own, Ibrahim. On his return from the pursuit, Ibrahim was still ignorant of what had taken place in the tent of Mahomet. He was preparing to exercise the following day, at a review of the troops, the functions of grand vizier; no one, not even the Sultan, wished to sadden him in his triumph by apprising him of his removal. Seadeddin represented to the chamberlain, the eunuch Ghaznefer, the embarrassment and the danger of a longer silence, which would leave the seals at once to two grand viziers and the State without a government under a double authority.

Ghaznefer, although loved by his master, did not dare reproach him with his timidity. The high-groom Ahmed, a rough Asiatic accustomed to the frankness of camps, undertook to get the point decided in an indirect and parabolic form: "It is to-morrow that your Highness is to pass the army in review," said he to the Sultan with an interrogating look that spoke a double meaning; "it is however necessary that your slaves should know what horse you will mount in passing before the troops."

Mahomet, who understood from this hint the meaning of the groom, made no reply as to the choice of the horse, but addressing himself to the grand chamberlain Ghaznefer: "Go," said he, withdraw the seals of the empire from Ibrahim and take them to Cicala.*

IX.

Cicala was displaced as suddenly as he had been elevated. His military severity was distasteful to the army relaxed by the indiscipline of the recent campaigns. Thirty thousand Asiatics of Caramania, of Bithynia and of Saroukhan, whom

* We were above told that the seals had been already delivered to Cicala, and not figuratively but corporeally, from "under the caftan of the Sultan." It should be therefore recollected that there is a duplicate of the article, by which one copy remained always in the hands of the Sultan. At the same time, it might be asked why, in the present case, the other was not ordered by the Sultan rather to himself, who now had none, than to Cicala, already supplied? The only answer I can make is that repeatedly suggested, that our author seems above regarding these small discrepancies.—*Translator*.

he had erased from the pay-roll for being absent from their colours, traversed in tumultuous groups the provinces of Europe, and, choosing themselves chiefs of their nation, sowed revolt, pillage and terror in Asia.

The Sultana Validé, joined in intrigue with the favorite Ibrahim, protested in her letters against the appointment of Cicala. These letters met her son at Khirmenli, on his return from Hungary to Constantinople. On reading these letters of his mother, he withdrew the seals from Cicala and restored them to Ibrahim. All the enemies of the favorite, Cicala, Seadeddin, the high-groom Ahmed were dismissed from their places. The age and the fame of Seadeddin preserved him alone from exile. The Sultana Validé came to meet her son on the route of Adrianople.

His triumphal entry to Constantinople rivalled the triumphs of Soliman II. An ambassador of Persia sent by Schah-Abbas dazzled the eyes of the Turks, by a gorgeous train of a thousand cavalry, and by presents worthy of the possessor of Ormus. The ambassador of Venice, Capello, and the ambassador of France enhanced by their presence and their congratulations the glory of the victory of Keresztes. France was at this moment exhorting Mahomet III. to join his forces with those of the king to aid the Moors of Spain against the Spaniards.

X.

Civil disturbances in the Crimea, announced by some assassinations in the reigning family of Gheraï, a weak campaign in Hungary terminated by reverses, forced the Sultana mother and her son to abandon the grand vizier Ibrahim to public opinion.

After some vain endeavors to find a man at the same time capable and submissive to the will of the Venetian regent, resort was had to the prison of the Seven Towers for Hassan-Pasha, the embezzler of Egypt, and to him was given the government. He gained the favor of the Sultana by promising her riches of which she grew more greedy with years; he lost it by asking of the Sultan the head of his favorite, the eunuch Ghaznefer, grand chamberlain of the seraglio. Recondacted the 8th of April, 1598, by the bostandji-baschi into his prison of the Seven Towers, he was strangled there

six days after. His treasures disappeared with him. His treasurer took off the secret in his flight.

Djerrah-Mohammed, second vizier, a man of little brilliancy, received the seals with these words from the hands of the Sultan: "If thou failest to do thy duty, thou wilt be quartered, and thy name will be covered with an everlasting infamy."

Under this vizier, the Austrian and the Hungarian generals, Schwarzenberg and Palfy, took by surprise the city of Raab. The Turkish pasha, with a sabre in each hand, defended himself till death in the gate opened to the Hungarians by the treachery of the inhabitants. His three hundred soldiers fled for refuge into the powder magazine, had themselves blown up to escape torture. The serdar of the army of Hungary tried to wash out this affront in the blood of the Germans. During his march upon the Theiss, the discontented Janissaries revolted, cut the cords of his tent that it might fall upon his head, beat him with sticks, and left him life only on the supplications of their aga.

Othman the *Earless*, so named from having lost his ears, which were cut off on the field of battle, in Persia, saved the capital, Ofen, besieged by the Germans. Twenty thousand Wallachians, under the order of their prince Michel, reappeared in Wallachia against Hafiz-Pasha, military governor of this province, to challenge the Turks. They marched about the country the effigy of a woman dressed in the uniform and the arms of Hafiz-Pasha. The laughter of the Wallachians covered with shame the brow of the Turks. Hafiz, vanquished, fell back upon Schumla. His shame recoiled on the grand vizier Djerrah-Mohammed, who was dismissed, and gave up the seals for the third time to Ibrahim.

The favorite departed again for the Danube, at the head of forty thousand Janissaries; a katti-scherif of the Sultan abandoned to him the life of the seraskier of the army of Europe, Satourdji-Pasha, his enemy. The aga of the Janissaries, Hassan, was commanded to execute the seraskier. Arrived at Adrianople, the aga invited the seraskier to a banquet in his tent; at the close of the repast, he drew from his bosom the katti-scherif and made a sign to the headsmen to massacre his guest. The head of Satourdji rolled upon the floor. Ibrahim, absent from Adrianople during this execution, swore that it was the crime of Hassan. The perfid-

iousness of the Slaves combined in this favorite with ambition and adulation, the vices of these barbarians, ill-covered by the varnish of courts. He marched upon Grau and reconquered that citadel, lost in the campaign before the last.

The Khan of the Crimea, Ghazi-Gheraï, brought fifty thousand Tartars to the army. But the murder of Satourdjî made him dread every thing from Ibrahim. The two generals never joined their respective troops into a single army, and conferred with one another but on horseback in the open plain, attended by an equal number of cavalry. In autumn the Khan of the Tartars refused to winter upon the Danube, and took back his cavalry to the Crimea.

Negotiations with the court of Austria were tried during the winter; no understanding could be come to. Ibrahim, who desired peace, set himself, by a severe discipline and by a rigorous repression of all violence and all pillage, to regaining to the Ottomans the affection of the Hungarians, of the Wallachians, and of all the Christian populations of those frontiers. He effaced between them and his soldiers, by a wise tolerance, the antipathies of religion; the Hungarians, the Servians, the Wallachians, swelled voluntarily the ranks of the Turkish army against the Germans, more undisciplined and quite as barbarous at that time as their enemies.

The war of Hungary was pursued without results worthy of history from the first year of the seventeenth century (1600) to 1608. Ibrahim, who directed it more like a statesman than a warrior, had transported, so to say, the government to Belgrade.

The Sultana Validé, Safiyé, maintained herself in power at Constantinople by her ascendant over her son. She confirmed this ascendant by making a present to Mahomet III. of a slave of incomparable beauty, who gave him an heir to the throne, Selim. These beautiful slaves introduced by the Validé into the harem of her son were the confidants and instruments of her policy. The habit of government, say the Venetian accounts of the epoch, was become an indomitable passion in this woman. Never since Roxelana had the harem so completely swayed the divan. The nurse Raziyé, a go-between of this feminine court of Amurath III., had just died, leaving immense wealth and a son, pasha of Aleppo and beglerbeg of Erzeroum; she was honored with a magnificent funeral; her tomb arose like that of an empress near the imperial palace of Beschiktasch. Cicala

the Genoese, and Ghaznefer the Hungarian cunuch, confirmed and enriched like Ibrahim in their high dignities of the court by the Validé, brought to live with them as inheritors of their wealth some young relatives whom they obliged to embrace Islamism. This reign of women, whom to please is the sole merit required in favorites, began to stir up from time to time the indignation of the true Ottomans.

The corps of the spahis remaining at Constantinople for the guard of the Sultan accused the Jewess Kira, favorite of the Sultana Validé, of selling *timars* or military fiefs for money instead of giving them to merit and to valor. This traffic of military honors led the spahis to demand the head of the Jewess. The caïmakam Khalil, who governed the capital in the absence of Ibrahim, did not dare to refuse this bloody satisfaction to the spahis. Surrounded in his palace by an outbreak of these soldiers, the caïmakam was compelled to send an order to the Jewess to appear before him with her three sons. To give up the victim to the revolvers appeared to him the only means of averting their fury from the head of the Sultana mother, his protectress. Kira was cut to pieces as were also her three sons on ascending the steps of the palace of the caïmakam. Their still palpitating members were nailed by the soldiers to the doors of the viziers and of the pashas accused of having tampered with this woman in the commerce of court favors.

The empire lost, the same year, its greatest statesman in the historian Seadeddin, and its greatest poet in the immortal Baki. Another historian, the secretary of the Janissaries, Ali, author of the *Book of Victory*, of the narrative of the campaign of Georgia and of the war of Hungary, died at the close of the same year. An annalist of integrity, impartiality and courage, Ali does not flatter even his nation in his narratives. He understands that to flatter the present is to corrupt the future. He is a witness for posterity. The Turks owe him more than glory, they owe him the truth respecting three reigns of their history.

XI.

Meanwhile prince Michel of Wallachia, intimidated and kept in check by the presence of Ibrahim on the Danube, at length solicited peace. Ibrahim received a Wallachian, his ambassador, named Dimo, and sent him to Constantino-

ple to make his proposals to the divan. The eunuch Hafiz-Ahmed, formerly victim, during the Wallachian war, of a perfidy of Dimo, contrived to obtain from the mufti a *fetwa* or decision which condemned the Wallachian to execution. Hafiz-Ahmed, their caïmakam, had him hung by hooks of iron to a wall to expire in slow agonies. This violation of the safe conduct and title of ambassador enraged Ibrahim; he complained of it in his letters to the Sultana Validé, who procured the dismissal of Hafiz-Ahmed and the appointment in his place of one of her protégés, Hassan *the Fruiterer*.

The Austrians, during the negotiations, dreading the defection of Michel from their cause, had him assassinated in Transylvania. Ibrahim reopened, through the medium of the Khan of the Tartars, negotiations of peace with Venice. Death surprised him at Belgrade at the moment when he was to sign the peace. His remains, brought back to Constantinople, were buried with honors almost sovereign, in the floor of the mosque of the princes. The favorite, become a statesman and a warrior by the long exercise of power, aspired, like the first Sokolli, to consolidate rather than to conquer. He was the first of the grand viziers who did not blush to propose treaties of peace in the name of his master. His death perpetuated the wars which his wisdom was about to allay.

The Sultana Validé gave the dignity of grand vizier to her protégé the caïmakam, Hassan *the Fruiterer*. The Sultan made Hassan a present of the tents, the horses, the camels, the mules, the arms of Ibrahim. He promised him even his widow, the Sultana Aïsche, in marriage after the due lapse of the months of widowhood. Hassan set out with the promptitude of a soldier for the banks of the Danube. Sixty thousand Janissaries and spahis joined him in the plain of Semlin, on the left bank of the river in front of Belgrade.

The Austrians, commanded by the archduke Ferdinand, besieged the Turkish fortress of Kanischa. Hassan-Teryaki, or Hassan *the Opium-smoker*, defended it with the heroism of an Ottoman of other days. At the approach of the grand vizier, the Austrians abandoned the siege; their cannons and their thousands of slaves remained in the trenches. Hassan-Teryaki, seated at the gate of the city, with sacks of piasters at his side, distributed gold pieces to all those of his soldiers who brought him heads of his enemies. The arch-

duke in the precipitation of his flight had left his tent erect, with all its furniture, in the forced camp. Hassan entered it, offered a prayer upon the carpet; then, drawing his sabre, he cleft with a single blow the throne of the archduke, sent it flying about in fragments, and seated himself proudly upon the wrecks. Twenty thousand prisoners, sixty cannons, all the treasures and all the baggage of the Austrian army fell in a few days into the hands of Hassan-Teryaki. He abandoned all to his soldiers, reserving to himself but glory. The tent of Ferdinand and the cannons were made a present of to the grand vizier.

The Sultan also, to recompense the grand vizier, sent on to him, with a dower of forty thousand gold ducats, the Sultana Aïsche, widow of Ibrahim, whom he had reserved for him as an incitement and a prize of the campaign.

XII.

During these successes in Hungary, an Asiatic rebel, named Karayazidje (or the black writer) insurrected the Arabs and the Turcomans against the governors of Mahomet III., and bore off victory upon victory over his generals. Exemption from taxation was the lever of this armed tribune to agitate the populations, ill-subdued, of Cilicia and Cappadocia. The son of the famous vizier Sokolli, sent against Karayazidje, towards Cæsarea of Cappadocia, annihilated at length this rebel, who died of his wounds in the mountains of Djanik, a branch of the Taurus. His partisans cut the body in pieces and buried each of its members in a different country, so that his tomb, discovered by the Turks, should not give up at least his entire remains to profanation.

Hassan *the Fool*, his brother, succeeded to his popularity. He evoked anew the insurrection in the depths of Asia, rolling back with innumerable multitudes upon Sokolli, who was obliged to take refuge within the walls of Tokat. The rebels ravaged with impunity the valley of Tokat; they sacked the garden of Sokolli, situated in the environs, and called on account of its magnificence and its delights the garden of paradise, *Djennet-baghi*. The parterres, instead of natural flowers sparkled with rubies and precious stones, imitating the form of flowers and surpassing them in splendor. These treasures of Persian art became ornaments for the arms and for the horse-gear of the barbarians.

The Sultan, to punish the defeat of Sokolli, appointed in his place Khosrew-Pasha, seraskier of the army of Tokat against the partisans of Karayazidje. But Sokolli was so proud of his name, of his wealth, of his dignities, that no one dared inform him of his dismissal. He menaced with death whoever should speak to him of descending from his rank of seraskier. His kayaza and his own brother escaped with difficulty from his fury for daring to counsel him to obey the orders of the Sultan. He continued to defend Tokat against the rebels, with the intrepidity and the fanaticism of a hero, when one morning, as he was seated as usual before the door of his palace to give orders to the troops, a Turkish arquebusier, posted upon an eminence, took aim at him and laid him dead, but not degraded, on his carpet. Tokat fell with him. The chief of the rebels, Hassan *the Fool*, inundated with his hordes Asia Minor, and invested in Kutai-ah the new seraskier Khosrew-Pasha. Winter alone suspended his progresses.

Cicala-Pasha, appointed capitan-pasha like his father, defended the coasts of Africa against Andrew Doria and Don John of Cordova, and ravaged the coasts of Italy. Stuhlveissenbourg, the sepulchre of the kings of Hungary and seat of their coronation, fell into the hands of the grand vizier. Ofen and Pesth, separated only by the Danube, were besieged, the one by the Austrians, the other by the Turks. The Khan of the Tartars, Ghazi-Gherai, returned with his troops into Hungary since the death of Ibrahim, contented himself with ravaging the country wherever he passed, and chanting ditties in the Turkish tongue upon the excellence of the wines of Tokai. The war was incoherent and lax, as if from weariness of fighting.

These relaxations of the war in Europe and these disasters in Asia exasperated the patriotism of the spahis at Constantinople. They drew up through their writers, and brought, with arms in their hands, a seditious petition to the Sultan, to demand of him the heads of the Hungarian eunuch Ghaznefer, of the ex-caïmakam Hassan *the Clock-maker*, and of another Hassan surnamed Tirnakdji, who occupied in the divan the rank of fourth vizier. These heads, said the spahis, were to expiate the corruptions of the seraglio, and the baneful counsels given to the Sultan by his favorites. The empire could be regenerated but in the blood of its corrupters.

Mahomet III., besieged in his seraglio by his own defenders, appeared before them upon a throne raised in the ultimate court, less as a sovereign than as a suppliant. He disputed with them in vain, one by one, the heads of his dearest confidants; if one was conceded him another was exacted. Hassan *the Clockmaker*, brought forth from the prison of the Seven Towers, harangued his executioners, and proved to them, with the orders of the grand vizier in hand, that he had done but his duty in Asia. He was discharged as justified. Hassan Tirnakdji implored life on his knees before the spahis, and obtained mercy by the intercession of the Janissaries. But Othman the kishlar-aga, and Ghaznefer chief of the white eunuchs, more odious because they were more dear to their master and to his mother, sacrificed with tears by Mahomet, delivered their heads, though innocent, to the sabres of the spahis. The Sultan was compelled to attend at the execution, to salute the troops before the corpses, as if to thank them for the crime, and devour his shame and sorrow in the secrecy of his harem.

XIII.

The grand vizier, called home by urgent letters of the Sultana Validé, hastened secretly to Constantinople to restore order and to avenge those crimes. Arrived at the gates of the capital, Hassan *the Fruiterer* did not dare enter but by night, for fear the spahis should forbid him to pass the gates. He slipped furtively into the palace. The Sultan sent a eunuch to congratulate him on his return, and to assure him of his favor and his support. During the night, the caïmakam Mahmoud-Pasha, although his enemy, and the two judges of the army, came to concert with him the re-establishment of authority and the punishment of the guilty. The mufti, whom he expected to justify his severities by a fetwa, did not attend. The spahis, informed of the measures preparing against them, kept a close watch upon him in his house, and had wrested from him a fetwa of death against the grand vizier. The aga of the Janissaries and the two grand judges of the army, intimidated by this fetwa of the mufti, abandoned basely the cause of Hassan and undertook to concur in executing the decree of death.

Meanwhile Hassan, deserted in his palace by the natural supporters of order, felt without weakness the void which

was forming around him. He wrote a note to the Sultan wherein he traced to him the conduct to follow : "Mahmoud, aga of the Janissaries, betrays us," said he ; "he is in concert with the rebels ; he has promised them thirty thousand ducats for overthrowing me ; here is what you are to answer to the report which he is going to address you : *What my vizier does, he does by my order ; I wish that no one else shall intermeddle in the high affairs of the government.*" Hassan demanded that in the ensuing night the head of the traitor Mahmoud should expiate his intrigues and discourage his accomplices.

Mahomet III. accorded him the Katti-scherif which legalized the execution of the aga. The grand chamberlain Kasim was charged with the execution. But Mahmoud, who suspected the snare, kept out of the way of Kasim by concealing himself in one of the barracks of the Janissaries. In the morning a military sedition raged unrepressed in the barracks.

XIV.

Hassan *the Fruiterer*, no longer expecting succor only through his courage and the indignation of all the patriotic Mussulmans, barricaded himself in his palace, and kept at bay the whole day the spahis by his attitude. At sunset, he shut himself up in a kiosk adjoining the apartment of the Sultana Aïsche, his betrothed, who was already residing in his palace, but into whose chamber he had not yet the right to enter, because the ceremonies of his nuptials with the widow of Ibrahim were not entirely accomplished. This inviolable asylum of the harem covered him until night against the searches of the spahis. The darkness permitted him to escape by a gate of the garden, and to install himself in the very house of the aga of the Janissaries, Mahmoud, of whom he had the day previous demanded the head. From there he during the night sent messengers to all the generals reputed faithful, to give them orders to assemble at the break of day with their soldiers and their servants armed in the court of the mosque of Soliman, in front of the house of the aga of the Janissaries.

At the break of day the porch, the square, the court of the palace of the aga resembled a camp under arms. The grand vizier said the morning prayer in the mosque, then

placing himself upon one of the upper steps of the peristyle, he read to the multitude an address of the Sultan to his troops.

"Janissaries, my brave servants," said this address, "I thank you! My favor is lastingly yours; from the reign of my ancestors up to mine you have been irreproachable. Continue to do your duty and aid my grand vizier in punishing the miscreant rebels; my favor and my friendship are with you."

XV.

The Janissaries, moved by these words of the padischah and by the presence of Hassan *the Fruiterer*, a soldier like them before being vizier, swore to merit the eulogies of the Sultan and to repress the rebellion of the spahis. "Remove instantly the faithless mufti," cried they to Hassan.—"Be it as you desire," replied Hassan.

He forthwith convoked the oumelas and the five viziers to a general divan in the mosque. All attended with the exception of the capitan-pasha Cicala, the Genoese, who left himself to be brought forcibly by the chiaoux, so as to protest in advance against the rash resolutions about to be promulgated by a tumultuous divan. While the divan was deliberating, the officers of the Janissaries parleyed with the spahis encamped on the place of the Hippodrome. The spahis rejected all overtures of peace.

Two chamberlains brought from the seraglio to the mosque of Soliman a firman of the Sultan which ratified the deposition of the mufti, and appointed in his place Mustapha-Effendi, an oulema celebrated for his learning and his virtues. Another firman made Ferhad-Pasha aga of the Janissaries in the place of Mahmoud, absconded the day before from his palace. The new mufti pronounced without hesitating the disbandment of the revolted spahis and the execution of their officers. Ferhad-Pasha leaped on horseback, drew along with him the Janissaries and the people, swept the Hippodrome from the spahis who crowded the place, and took by storm the Khan of Lead, a vast rotunda roofed in this metal, of which the spahis had made themselves a fortress. Before the prayer of noon, the sedition, grappled resolutely, had completely disappeared from the streets of Constantinople and given back majesty to the palace.

Some rapid executions of the demagogues of the barracks confirmed the victory of Hassan. Othman Poriaz, one of his old companions of war, confessed before him his fault, which he attributed to the suggestions of the mufti, and demanded a sole grace not to be strangled like women, but to be decapitated like a soldier. Hassan accorded him this grace, as also to Oghuz, another repentant chief of the spahis. All the accomplices of the revolt pointed out by the informers were hunted down sabre in hand. One of the most guilty, Djizmi, to escape from Constantinople, had himself enshrouded and transported in a coffin by his servants to the cemetery of Scutari, on the Asiatic coast. This contrivance saved him from the sword of the laws, but not from the sword of the assassins: his servants themselves despatched him in the mountains of Magnesia, in order to possess the treasures he was carrying off with him in his flight.

The mufti and the caimakam took refuge together in the mosque of the merchants, a sacred asylum, braving their sentence of death under the protection of the imans. One of the viziers was beheaded, in spite of his rank, by the order and under the eyes of the grand vizier. Hassan *the Clock-maker* was exiled to Trebizond; Cicala, the capitan-pasha, whose head the grand vizier had in vain solicited, owed his safety but to his title of son-in-law of the Sultana Validé. But he did not dare to reappear in the divan to exercise the functions of his ministry of the marine.

The inflexible Hassan, incapable of bending his policy to court managements, lost the favor of his master by the very severity with which he served him. The aga of the Janissaries, Ferhad, the mufti, the defterdar, concerted to disaffect towards him the Sultana Safiyé. They represented him as a ferocious dictator, who was corrupting the fidelity of the Janissaries by excessive largesses, to the end of securing, in case of need, their support against the Sultan himself.

Hassan read these umbrages on the brow of his master. It was the time when the Sultana Validé was getting constructed outside the walls, in the plain of Daoud-Pasha, an immense and fortified palace wherein to find an asylum in the midst of a camp against new agitations in the capital. One day as the Sultan visited with the grand vizier this palace, Hassan asked him a private audience upon an urgent business. The Sultan, ordinarily gracious and complacent

towards the vizier, deferred it coldly to the ensuing divan. Hassan foresaw his fall and did not seek to prevent it.

After the first divan that followed this refusal of audience, and on his return to his palace, he was writing the Sultana Validé upon a matter of business, when the grand chamberlain came to ask him for the seal of the empire. He gave it without a murmur, and withdrew instantly into his gardens of Sudlidji on the Bosphorus belonging to the Sultana Esma his wife.

At the report of the dismissal of their favorite grand vizier, the Janissaries revolted against their aga, Ferhad-Pasha, and against the mufti, ascertained enemies of Hassan *the Fruiterer*; they thronged beneath their windows and threatened to burn them in their houses, if Hassan, victim of their hatred, was not re-established in his place of grand vizier. The mufti and the aga hid themselves in the palace of the caïmakam, Djerrah-Pasha, their friend, who exercised, in the absence of the grand vizier, the supreme authority of the government.

The Sultan braves these rumors, satisfies the Janissaries by giving them a new aga taken from their ranks, Turk-Aga; Kazim, a man attached to the mufti, is appointed caïmakam provisionally till the advent of another grand vizier. These two soldiers, dear to the troops, appease their fermentation. A Bosnian of the Christian family of Malcovich, named in Turkey Ali, and surnamed on account of his character Ali *the Severe*, then governor of Egypt, receives the title of grand vizier.

While the capital is being restored to tranquillity by the skilful combination of the Sultana Validé, six mute eunuchs, sent by the Sultan to the garden of Sudlidji, forced the entrance of the harem of Hassan *the Fruiterer*, tore him from the arms of the Sultana his wife, sister of Mahomet III., dragged him into the sequestered garden of Khaïedan in order that his groans might not be heard, and strangled him in recompense for the throne and the life which he saved for his master.

XVI.

Ali the Severe, to whom a mute had carried to Cairo the seals of the empire, was coming already from Egypt across

Syria and Caramania, sowing everywhere upon his passage executions and terror.

At Damascus, the revolted troops gave way before his executioners ; at Adana decapitations and mutilations marked his track ; at Koniah, the four viziers, Piali, Khosrew, Ibrahim and Ali, come in cortege to receive him, were chased from his presence and from the city as dilapidators ; at Aksehyr, the former chief of the Turcooman rebels, Ghourghour, who carried an enormous mattock of hard wood, and who was accustomed to plant it in the walls of cities invaded by his soldiers, in demanding as ransom the weight in gold of this club, came to make his submission to the new vizier ; Ali let him approach the horse's side to kiss his stirrup, and at the moment when Ghourghour was rising from his knees, he cut off his head with a blow of his sabre.

Another rebel, Hassan *the Fool*, an unpunished vanquisher of Sokolli, negotiated his submission with more prudence. Ali the Severe pardoned him and appointed him governor of Bosnia, in order that he might redeem by his exploits against the Austrians his crimes against the Ottomans. Hassan *the Fool*, thus pardoned, traversed Constantinople with an army of ten thousand Asiatic bandits, whose aspect diffused terror on his passage. Some of them, half naked, carried on the neck and arms amulets and talismans of idolatry ; others left afloat their hair as long as that of women ; they were armed with wooden lances, at the point of which they agitated white rags in order to infuriate their horses ; strings of beads and camel bones emitting a lugubrious rattle were suspended from their stirrups of cords. The Khan of the Tartars, on seeing them arrive with Ali *the Fool* at Adrianople, refused to fight with these savages, of whom the contact would dishonor his soldiers. They passed along the Danube, and all perished with Ali *the Fool*, their chief, in the environs of Pesth, beneath the grapeshot of the Austrians.

XVII.

A domestic murder ensanguined a few days after the very seraglio.

One of the sons of the Sultan, the prince Mahmoud, a young man of whom the military ardor and impatience for glory disquieted the Sultana mother by a popularity danger-

ous to her son, had the temerity to ask the Sultan and the viziers for the command of the army charged to repress the incessant rebellions of Asia. The predictions of a dervish, doubtless purchased by a palace intrigue, promised young Mahmoud victories and the restoration of peace in Asia. A few generals and some viziers tampered in this ambition of a prince whose popularity was menacing his brothers. The mutes strangled by night the young aspirant, his mother, his prophet and his accomplices. Silence suppressed all murmur of this execution: the crime and the penalty crossed not the walls of the seraglio.

XVIII.

Mahomet III. went, in the autumn of 1603, to inhabit for some months the gardens of Adrianople, in order to shake off his remorse for the death of Mahmoud and of the Sultana Aïsche, who had not been able to survive the assassination of Hassan *the Fruiterer*, strangled so unjustly under her eyes. Mahomet received also more promptly at Adrianople the news from the army and the reports of his grand vizier, Ali the Severe, who was commanding upon the Danube. The defeat and the death of the ten thousand Asiatics of Hassan *the Fool*, under the walls of Pesth, damped his spirits. This army was called in Turkey the "army of reverses."

The Schah of Persia, Abbas, provoked by the Ottoman beglerbegs of the frontier, had beat back the Turks as far as to Erzeroum and Kars; he was menacing Bagdad. The imminence of the danger forced the divan, met at Constantinople under the caïmakam Kazim, to recall from exile Hassan *the Clockmaker*, then residing at Trebizond, and to give him the command of the army of Persia. The empire, uncovered on all sides by the absence of the court and of the grand vizier, sought to parry from itself the blows that were dealt it by so many enemies.

The indolent Mahomet III., although in the prime of his years, was languishing at Adrianople amidst his eunuchs and women. One day as he passed on horseback in the streets of the city, a dervish, to whom Ottoman manners then permitted to say anything in the name of Allah, stopped the horse of the Sultan, and, seeing doubtless on Mahomet's countenance some symptoms of exhaustion, forewarned him

of a catastrophe before the lapse of many days. Mahomet, of whom the soul was more sickly than the body, was overwhelmed by the prophecy in which his superstition made him hear a decree of Heaven. He died, in fact, the fifty-fifth day after the prediction of the dervish.

His reign, which had been but the reign of his mother, was the date of great internal seditions which were going to shake the throne and to dislocate the empire. Mahomet III. can be accused but of the misfortune of his character. Nature had made him kind and just; his weaknesses were those of his intellect; his crimes were those of his favorites and of his mother.

Three women of different characters, but of equal ambition, Elizabeth in England, Catherine de Medici in France, the Venetian Sultana Safiyé at Constantinople, seemed to have been predestined towards the close of this century to govern at the same time three empires, and to astonish by turns the world: the first by the despotism of her will, the second by her bloody court-intrigues masked by religion, the third by the ascendant of her charms and of her ambition over a harem. Neither of them had ever spared their enemies: Elizabeth beheaded her favorites and a queen, Catherine de Medici decimated a people while assassinating a party in a sect, Safiyé saw strangled nineteen brothers and one of her daughters by Mahomet III., to secure the throne against competitors. Europe and Asia were equally bloody; but Elizabeth was sanguinary through policy, Catherine de Medici through faction, Safiyé through maternity. The one was a queen, the other an intriguer, the third a mother. The motives for their vindictiveness are differently explained, but the same horror covers them all. It is not given to either politics, or religion, or nature, to wash the hands of these three women who steeped the sceptre in blood.

XIX.

Two children shut up in the seraglio remained alone of the four sons whom Mahomet III. had had by different women: Ahmed or Achmet, aged fifteen years; Mustapha, aged thirteen.

Achmet was one of those characters without vices and without virtues, who leave no other traces in the life of nations but the dates of their advent and of their death.

Mustapha was stultified by congenital idiotism, which could make him but the sport of events. He owed his life to that idiotism, and to the reverence which the Ottomans feel for the destitute of intelligence, in whom they think themselves obliged to venerate the fatality and, so to say, divinity of misfortune.* The new Sultana Validé, that beautiful slave given to Mahomet by his mother, whether through humanity or through religion, did not allow the mutes to sacrifice a weak-minded child to the security of the throne. Achmet, who loved his brother, shielded him with his affection against the law and the practice of the murders of the seraglio.

The young Sultan, directed by his mother and by his governor Lala-Mustapha, was the first to know the death of his father in the seraglio. He hastened, by the counsel of his mother, to write with a scrawling and tremulous hand a Katti-scherif to the caïmakam Kazim, depository of all power in the absence of the grand vizier. He enveloped it, according to usage, with a silk handkerchief, and had it carried by the chief of the white eunuchs. Kazim was ignorant, like the whole city, of the death or illness of Mahomet. He endeavored in vain to decipher the illegible characters of the Katti-scherif set before his eyes. "Who has given thee this writing?" demanded he of the chief of the eunuchs. "It is not a Katti-scherif; it is not the Sultan's hand."—"That I do not know," responded the eunuch; "but the writing has been given me for thee by the governor of the harem." Kazim, more and more astonished, called to his aid the secretary of state Hassanzadé, present in the room. "Caïmakam," said the paper, "by the order of God, my father died this night, and I am thy master; maintain order in the city; if the least commotion should take place, I will have thee decapitated."

This news, this order, this menace made the caïmakam tremble, at once to be caught in a snare or to disobey an order of the padischah. He hastened to write the kislár-

* This is sheer poetry. The simple truth is that the Ottomans, like other primitive and strange peoples, were led to venerate idiotism as a *singularity* in their own species, which, without being noxious or repulsive to them, fascinated by its *mystery*. The strangest *bodily* deformities can produce nothing of this kind, because the deviation in the visible organ appears to settle the defect of faculty; but in the case of a divergence or a destitution of *intelligence*, while the body appears exteriorly normal, the thing is utterly inconceivable and *therefore* direful to simple ages.—*Translator*.

aga, governor of the harem, a note to obtain light upon this dark matter. "There has been just presented to me, your unworthy servant," said he in this note to the kishlar-aga, a Katti-scherif of which I cannot comprehend the meaning. I know not if it be addressed as a real and serious order, or simply to test my fidelity; relieve me from this perplexity."

For sole answer to this note, the chief of the eunuchs came to take the caïmakam, and conducted him to the seraglio. Kasim found there the young padischah already seated upon the throne, surrounded by all the grand officers of the household of the palace. He knelt before his master and took his orders for the funeral of Mahomet.

The members of the divan, or the imperial council, were convoked without knowing the motive of their convocation, to an extraordinary session. They found in the seraglio a vacant throne elevated in the court of Felicity, at the foot of the steps that led up to the last door of the harem. They surrounded, without daring to question each other, the throne, awaiting the appearance of Achmet. All of a sudden the folding doors of the harem were thrown open, and they saw come forth a prince of fifteen years coiled in a black turban, who saluted gracefully the council, and seated himself on the throne amid the cries of the chiaoux, extending his hand to the lips of his viziers. The ceremonies of the first interment were accomplished. Those who attended craped their turbans with a black shawl; the coffin of Mahomet was exposed upon a bier; verses of the Koran were read around the coffin; donations were distributed to the poor and to the orphans, and the young Sultan re-entered the harem to await the arrival of the grand vizier before impressing a direction on the new reign.

XX.

Ali the Severe, instructed at Belgrade of the death of his master, arrived at Constantinople on the eighth day. Achmet I. confirmed him in his post and charged him to distribute in gratuities to the troops the twelve thousand gold ducats of the tribute of Egypt which the grand vizier brought with him for the initial exigencies of the reign.

The Venetian Sultana Safiyé was banished for the rest of her days, with an immense suite of servitors, of slaves and of women who composed her court, to the old seraglio,

that magnificent and dreary exile of fallen courts and repudiated harems. The chief of the white eunuchs (the capou-aga) and the chief of the black eunuchs (the kishlar-aga), or governor of the harem, devoted to that princess, were removed. The intendant-general of her household was strangled. The new Validé thus took vengeance for the yoke long borne from the old.

"Set off at once to lead the army into Hungary," said the Sultan to his grand vizier immediately after his coronation. Ali the Severe comprehended in the absoluteness of this order the umbrages of the governor Lala-Mustapha, and of the harem, who were quite willing to use his arm, but not his influence. Cicala-Pasha was sent off the same day to the army of Persia to combat Schah-Abbas.

This warrior prince had annihilated the Turkish army of Scherif-Pasha, and had constrained him to sign a capitulation at Erivan. The day on which Scherif-Pasha presented himself in the camp of the king of Persia to discuss the articles of the capitulation, he found the Schah seated in the corner of a common tent, upon a piece of carpet piled with arms, but surrounded with all the Khans of his provinces. Abbas had made himself a soldier in order to become again a sovereign. He rebuked harshly the vanquished, and marched on Kars, the last refuge of the Turks.

Cicala-Pasha retrieved in some days the honor of the arms of the Sultan; but, beset by the indiscipline of his troops, he was compelled to fall back upon Erzeroum to pass the winter there in inaction.

XXI.

Ali the Severe set off regretfully from the capital; he stopped for fifteen days at Halkalu, the first halt outside Constantinople, under pretext of awaiting there the treasure of the army. "If thou carest for thy head," wrote to him the Sultan, "thou wilt proceed on thy route to-morrow."

Ali the Severe, who felt his reign at an end, died of discouragement on arriving at Belgrade. The seals of the empire were offered to Hafiz-Pasha, a man of unfortunate celebrity for his defeat at Nicopolis. On his refusal, the grand-viziership was given to an old general of the frontiers named Lala-Mohammed-Mustapha. The plan of the harem seemed to be to keep always at a distance from the capital

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the grand viziers, and to govern by the caïmakam devoted to Lala-Mustapha and the Sultana Validé.

The bostandji-baschi was sent into Asia to bring back the head of the former caïmakam Kasim, accused of extortions in the government wherein he was kept in exile. Kasim, apprised by his confidants, eluded the search of the bostandji, and arrived by another route at Constantinople. Achmet I. accorded him, together with a feigned pardon, the permission of appearing before him.

The divan was assembled; Achmet, changing tone, demanded with indignation of Kasim why he had disobeyed twice his Katti-scherifs. A fetwa delivered immediately by the mufti declared the unfortunate caïmakam worthy of death. Achmet I., in whom indifference to blood was in advance of his years, made a gesture; the bostandjis cut off in open divan the head of Kasim. His body, placed with derision by the executioners upon a packhorse, was paraded through the streets of the capital.

"Take good care," said the young Sultan to the new caïmakam Mustapha Sarikdji; "if thou committest the same faults, the same sabre will cut off thy head as it has that which thou hast just seen fall."

Some months after, the new caïmakam, undermined with the Sultan by an intrigue of the mufti and of the high treasurer, having retarded a few days, for want of funds in the treasury, the pay of the Janissaries, was called unexpectedly to the seraglio. Achmet awaited him surrounded with the enemies of his minister. At a signal of the Sultan, the executioners strangled him and threw his body in the basin of the fountain of the divan.

Dead bodies were the playthings of this boy upon the throne. Owing to the execrable principles suggested to him by his mother and his corrupters, to kill was with him to reign.

A grandson of Sinan was appointed caïmakam.

Two sons were born at the same time to the Sultan before the age of fifteen, Othman and Mahomet.

XXII.

The grand vizier negotiated still at Belgrade for peace with Germany. The plenipotentiaries demanded the restitution of the territories conquered reciprocally since the beginning of the last war, the delivery of the fortreas of Kanischa, the

renunciations of the Sultans to the right of patronage which they assumed over Transylvania. An armistice prepared the conferences; they opened at Pesth, then at Ofen; broke off, resumed, adjourned, reopened to be again broken off, they ended, after long vicissitudes and some intervals of war, in the investiture of the kingdom of Hungary, and of Transylvania being given by the grand vizier to Bocskai, protégé of the Turks. This new king gave them back in return the fortresses of Lippa and of Temesvar. The Ottoman governor of this fortress was expelled by the inhabitants in arms. He fled for refuge to Belgrade, where the Sultan had him decapitated for his misfortunes. The grand vizier, recalled to Constantinople and reprimanded by Achmet for his tardiness, was threatened with removal or with death.

While he was going, at the orders of his master, the Janissaries and the spahis revolted against their officers and stoned some of them to death. Achmet I. convoked them in the court of the seraglio. They were presented their pay and their cooking pots; they refused obstinately to touch either until they should have received justice. The Sultan, robed in a red pelisse in sign of anger, adjured them energetically to return to their duty. "You are offered your pay," said he to them indignantly; "wherefore these mutinies against your padischah? Deliver up yourselves those who mislead you."

"Padischah," replied, in the name of the soldiers, one of the oldest agas of the army, "it is not thy slaves fed upon thy bread in thy seraglio who commit these insolences, it is foreigners, who, after having formed the garrisons of Hungarian fortresses, have been incorporated contrary to usage in our ranks."

"Name them then," cried the Sultan. The aga handed him a list of the newly enrolled of whom the murmurings had agitated the soldiers. Surrendered immediately by their accomplices, these agitators were decapitated on the spot.

"Mark well," said Achmet then to the Janissaries, "if there be any amongst you who foment new seditions, I will have them executed like these culprits; take away your dead, and appear not again but in a temper of obedience in my presence."

Such vigor in a Sultan of sixteen years confounded the rebels and re-established authority completely. The grand vizier, who arrived the same day, desired in vain some delay

to follow up the negotiations, then prospering, with Austria. "Depart, without reply, and at the instant, for Asia," said Achmet. The minister, although unwell, was obliged to plant for the night his tents at Scutari. His illness was aggravated by his terror. He was accused to the Sultan of feigning indisposition in order to dispense himself from obeying.

"Do not make thyself any longer sick," wrote to him with his own hand the Sultan, "but march." The sole reply of the grand vizier was to die the following day. Dervish-Pasha, his rival in ambition, was accused of having had him poisoned by a Portuguese physician. The charge was without grounds; he died of humiliation and of terror.

Dervish-Pasha succeeded him. His immense wealth was taken away from his children and poured into the treasury to pay the cost of the campaign of Persia. Djafar-Pasha, a European renegade, who had governed Cyprus, was made capitan-pasha. Dervish sought to apply to the government, relaxed under two reigns, the system of inflexibility, of promptitude and of ferocity, of his young master. "Do not judge me from my predecessors," said he to the members of the divan, at the opening session of the council; "I will have the head cut off of the first amongst you who will put off business to the following day."

The seraskier of the army of Persia, Cicala, had died after the reverses of Erzeroum. The grand vizier appointed Ferhad *the Fool*, a sort of favorite of the troops, to conduct the war. This Ottoman Souwarrow, on his arrival at Scutari, was assailed by ten thousand Janissaries and twenty thousand spahis already assembled to march under his orders to the frontier of Persia; they demanded with fierce cries their pay fallen in arrears, and cut the cords of his tent to enshroud him beneath the canvas, a soldier-like way of deposing viziers and generals by the seditious.

Ferhad stepped out from his tent before it was prostrated, mingled with the revolters, picked up stones, with which he filled his pockets, and pelted like them his own tent. "And I too, I am a spahi, and I have not received my pay; ought you to be paid when I am not?" He then fell to cutting himself the cords of his tent, and thus appeased the murmurs by the laughter of the soldiers. His campaign was disorderly like his mind.

XXIII.

The grand vizier Dervish-Pasha was accused justly of those reverses. He confined himself to punishing and did not govern; the fear which he inspired recoiled upon himself. He gave orders to a Greek architect for the construction of a magnificent palace in the district of the seraglio. The palace finished, he asked the architect for the account of his expenses. The Greek brought him his memorandum. Dervish, after having looked it over with some frownings of the eyebrows, appeared to be discontented with the amount.

"This is a large sum of money which you ask of me," said he. The architect, intimidated, took back his bills, and tore them. "The slave and his goods are the property of his master," said he humbly to the grand vizier; "it would have never entered my head to present you those accounts and to ask for an asper if you had not yourself called for them."

The avarice of the grand vizier rejoiced at having thus paid for a palace by a frown of the eyebrows and by an equivocal observation; but the Greek swore in his heart to pay himself by the blood of the miser. The outworks not being yet completed, he constructed, as if by order of the grand vizier, a subterraneous passage which conducted from the palace of Dervish-Pasha to the gardens of the seraglio. When the tunnel was nearly touching on the wall of the gardens of the Sultan, he had information given by a sham informer to the chief of the white eunuchs, governor of the seraglio, of this mysterious gallery, which could have no other object than to cover some enterprise against the safety of the majesty of the padischah.

Achmet I., indignant, communicated the report of the chief of the eunuchs to his preceptor and to the mufti. They exasperated his suspicions and rendered the necessary fetwa to justify the execution of the culprit. The plain existence of the secret passage was a sufficient witness of the crime. Dervish-Pasha, on entering the following day the divan, was seized by the bostandjis, of whom he had formerly been aga, and strangled without being interrogated, on a gesture of the Sultan. His body, extended on the carpet, having retained in the agony some convulsive movements, Achmet drew his sword from the sheath, and cut off with his own hand the head of his grand vizier. "His

hideous head," says the historian Nafma, translated by Hammer, "rolled like the head of Alghol (the Medusa of the Arabs and of the Turks) at the feet of the starry heaven of the sovereign majesty." The Greek had avenged himself for his fear by treachery.

During these palace dramas at Constantinople, Mourad-Pasha, the negotiator of Dervish-Pasha at Pesth, came to sign at length with Austria the peace of Sitvatorok. This treaty confirmed, at the cost of slight restitutions of invaded territories and fortresses, Turkey in its preponderance upon the Danube and over the larger moiety of Hungary. It was preceded and facilitated by a special treaty of Bocskai, king of Hungary and feudatory of the Turks, with the emperor.

The treaty of peace of Sitvatorok contained in seventeen articles the conversion of the tribute paid by the empire to the Turks into an annual present of thirty thousand gold ducats; an indemnity, paid at once, of two hundred thousand piasters to the Porte; the reciprocal despatch of ambassadors to Constantinople and to Vienna triennially with presents of an arbitrary and unlimited value; equality of ceremonial and of respects between the Sultans and the Emperors of Germany; renunciation of all mutual aggression upon the frontier; the confirmation of the treaty concluded between Bocskai, king of Hungary, prince of Transylvania, and Austria; the optional extension of this peace to the king of Spain if he should desire to adhere to it. The sole substantial check to the Ottomans contained in the treaty of Sitvatorok was the renunciation of future invasions upon Hungary or Germany.

The conquerors consented for the first time to set themselves a limit to their conquests. They could no more advance, but they might retrograde towards the Danube. There commenced for the Ottoman empire a moral retreat within its limits, at last defined; it doubted of itself, and it taught to its enemies to hope better and to dare more against it. The treaty of Carlowitz, a century later, marked out the space from which it had receded.

This treaty nevertheless was honorable to Ottoman diplomacy, and covered with a just consideration its principal agent, Mourad-Pasha, surnamed the *Digger of wells*, whom the Sultan had just elevated to the perilous post of grand vizier.

BOOK TWENTY-FOURTH.

I.

THE peace of Sitvatorok permitted the new grand vizier to direct the whole of the forces of the empire to the suppression of the disturbances which were perpetuated in Asia, since the rebellion of Karayazidji (the black writer), and on the frontier of Persia more and more menaced by Schah-Abbas.

Mourad *the Well-digger*, immediately after having organized the government at Constantinople, set out with the élite of the army for Aleppo.

Aleppo was the heart of the revolt which was agitating Caramania and Arabia. The sons of Karayazidji, at the head of the remnant of the bands of their father, were ravaging all Asia Minor, from Adana and Koniah to Broussa. Djanboulad, a chief of the Kurds, an independent and warlike people between Turkey and Persia, invaded Mesopotamia. A Druzian emir of Lebanon, the celebrated Fakhr-el-din, named Facardin by the Europeans, constituted himself, by dint of heroism, of policy and of genius, a veritable empire in Syria. The family of Djanboulad (in Arabic, soul of steel) had been, not long since, invested by the seraskier Cicala with the government of Aleppo. Cicala, vanquished and returned to Aleppo, had poniarded with his own hand the first Djanboulad to avenge the treacheries of which he accused him during the campaign. Ali, brother of the assassinated Kurd, had, to avenge in turn this iniquitous murder, pillaged Aleppo, besieged Tripoli of Syria, enrolled thirty thousand Kurds or Syrian adventurers of all countries, and occupied with this nomad army the great capital of Mesopotamia, Damascus. Eight thousand horsemen of the desert, divided into six squadrons and called the body guards of the standard, formed the movable nucleus of the army of the Kurd.

The grand vizier, on his way towards Aleppo, had negotiated with the subaltern chiefs, subdued the others, killed several of them by treachery, and filled up the wells with their bodies. This wholesale sepulture given by Mourad to the rebels confirmed the surname of *Digger of Wells* which the soldiers had given him formerly, on their being routed from Persia, for having fallen with his horse into a well dug beneath the walls of Tauria.

Koniah, swayed by Ahmed-Beg-Serradjazadé (the son of the saddler), an unsubdued chief, had opened to him its gates. The inhabitants of Koniah, satisfied with the government of this tribe chief, who maintained peace there after having subjugated it, conjured the grand vizier to confirm Ahmed-Beg in his government, while he should go himself to pacify Syria. Mourad-Pasha affected to incline to this policy; he had Ahmed-Beg invited by a safe conduct to the divan with the principal inhabitants of the city.

"I wish," said he, "to confide to thee the guard of Koniah while I shall march myself against Ali-Djanboulad; but if I am in need of reinforcements how many men canst thou furnish me?" "Thirty thousand without difficulty," responded Ahmed-Beg. The grand vizier dismissed him upon this promise, loading him with felicitations and with honors.

But when the chief of the rebels had left the divan, the vizier, turning towards his counsellors and towards the inhabitants of the city who interceded for Ahmed: "If I leave behind me," asked he of them, "a man who can raise by a gesture thirty thousand soldiers of his own, and that this man should after my passage fortify himself in Koniah, what would be the result to my own soldiers?" Silence testified to the grand vizier that the question was unanswerable. "Dig one well more," said he to the chiaoux, "and bury this too powerful man in the soil which he has usurped."

At the city of Angora, between Koniah and Aleppo, Mourad-Pasha likewise exterminated Kalender-Oghli, the lieutenant of another rebel, with thirty thousand of his followers, by getting them all massacred at night by the hosts with whom he had assigned them their lodging.

Djanboulad awaited Mourad with forty thousand veteran Kurds at the Iron Gates between Syria and Caramania. The grand vizier turned this position by another route, and gave him battle in the plain of Syria called the Plain of Pigeons. The Janissaries, proud of their superiority and of

their arms, annihilated in a single charge this swarm of Kurds, called by them with contempt, "grasshoppers of the desert." The battle was prolonged but by the pitiless massacre of the prisoners; thousands of heads arose in pyramids beneath the hands of the executioners. The Arab horse of Djanboulad brought him without halting to Aleppo. The inhabitants, informed of his ruin, drove him out next day by pelting him with mud, and massacred in the streets and the gardens ten thousand of his Kurds who sought to fly in the footsteps of their chief.

Damascus did not await, to purge itself of the Kurds, the approach of the army of the grand vizier. The spahis took up there their winter quarters; numerous troops traversed the desert to reinforce, against Schah-Abbas, the garrison of Bagdad, under the order of Cicala, the Genoese son of the renegade who had taken the name of Mohammed-Pasha. Cicala, by his mere appearance at the gates of Bagdad, put to flight the revolted troops who had taken possession of it. The overloaded barge in which their chief was crossing the Tigris to take refuge in Persia, was engulfed in the river.

II.

While the grand vizier was thus exterminating every where before him the remains of the rebellion, Djanboulad, escaped upon a boat from the port of Latakié, went under different disguises to confide himself to the generosity of the Sultan himself at Constantinople.

Having asked for mercy and obtained pardon of Achmet I., the Kurdian chief amused for eight whole days the young padischah with the recital of his exploits and his adventures. The Sultan, henceforth sure of him, accorded him the government of Temesvar in Hungary, to employ, against his enemies of Europe, an arm which had so long shaken his empire in Asia. A young brother of Djanboulad, who was afterwards a favorite of another Sultan, was incorporated among the pages of the seraglio. But scarcely had Djanboulad taken possession of his government of Temesvar, than the grand vizier, without minding the imprudent favor of his sovereign, had him strangled by his own soldiers, ashamed to obey a Kurd adventurer.

III.

The grand vizier retraced his steps to fight in the neighborhood of Broussa two other rebel chiefs, Kalender-Oghli and Karayazidji, son of the former mover of these long revolts of Asia. Kalender-Oghli, who had braved the Sultan as far as the plains of Nicomedia, would not listen to any overtures of settlement.

"The murder of Djanboulad," said he on the eve of the battle to his chiefs assembled in council of war, "enlightens us sufficiently on the sincerity of the Ottomans. Their pride has been often humbled for fifteen years back by our sabres. They reign in name over their provinces of Asia, we reign over them in fact. Aiden, Koniah, Angora, Saroukhan, the mountains and the coasts of Caramania are our fortresses. The booty of their cities is our heritage. Hitherto we could have temporized or have transacted with them; open and desperate war is now our sole policy. We will vanquish, we will beat back into the sea of Marmora this decrepit vizier, who better knows how to assassinate than to combat. But if fortune should again be favorable to this valiant trickster, be it so! it will be sufficient for us that the recital of our great actions shall pass from mouth to mouth to posterity, and that our names shall be immortal like our exploits."

The battle, given in the defile of Geksoun, responded to the ferocious energy of the harangue. The Egyptians and the spahis of the grand vizier gave way a moment before the charge of twenty thousand cavaliers of Kalender-Oghli. Victory inclined to the rebels. The aged Mourad-Pasha, despite the weight of his years, pushed his horse into the thick of the conflict, drew from its scabbard an Indian sabre, formidably curved and blessed, which the Arabs of Yemen had given him forty years before, while he was governing their tents, made three cabalistic signs in the air with the blade, and rushed with a cloud of Janissaries on the cavalry of the enemy.

Arrested at the head by this charge, and surrounded on the flanks by the infantry which Mourad had concealed behind some rocks, the rebels gave way in their turn, and, cut off at all the gorges by corps judiciously disposed, left fifteen thousand dead in the defiles of Geksoun. The rest contrived with Kalender-Oghli to slip by the mountains of

Armenia into Persia, where Schah-Abbas enrolled them in his army on condition of abjuring the sect of Omer.

IV.

But the old rebellion rejoined its fragments behind the footsteps of the vizier. Another chief of the Kurds named Maïmoun, brother of Khalil *the Long*, expelled from Bagdad by Cicala, arrived at Tokat with ten thousand combatants to join the standard of Kalender-Oghli, of whom he knew not the defeat.

Mourad-Pasha, forgetting anew his ninety years, and finding not the strength but the daring of youth in his will to conquer, left his infantry at Geksoun, and returned with twelve thousand select cavalry upon Tokat, to annihilate this new germ of insurrection between Persia and Carmania. Followed by a tent of summer linen and a carpet for prayer, his whole baggage, he outstripped the fastest of his cavalry both in the march and in the charge. Overwhelmed at once by age, by indisposition and by weariness, but sustained by his spirit, he was seen at the mid-day halts to have himself dismounted from horseback, like, say the recitals of this campaign, a living corpse, to remain some minutes immovable, reclining on the wayside as if life had been entirely extinct, then to call to him his servants, and make them set him anew on his horse, which he managed with the vigor of a young man.

He at last reached Maïmoun, near Siwas in the defiles of Baïbourd, and after a desperate struggle exterminated him from Carmania. Ten thousand heads arose in pyramids on the site of the battle, where they still whiten the bed of a torrent.

The pasha of Diarbekir, Nassouh, ordered on by Mourad long before, joined him at Baïbourd. This pasha, who was at the same time one of the viziers of the Porte, led a numerous army, magnificently equipped, but rather tardy, to the grand vizier. The latter sat before his summer tent, upon a threadbare old carpet, to see defile before him the army of Nassouh, followed by his horses, by his arms and his parade.

At the sight of the grand vizier, Nassouh dismounted respectfully, knelt, and kissed, according to custom, the foot of the old man. Mourad, although growling internally with

anger, kissed the general on the eyes, arose, took him by the hand, and led him with an ostentation of favor into his tent. He was unwilling by public reproaches to weaken in the army respect for those who exercise command. But when the tent concealed the two viziers from the eyes and ears of the soldiers :

"Why," said Mourad to Nassouh, "dost thou arrive so late? Thy army has, thanks to my care, long since been ready for the field; thou knowest that I had no other soldiers than those I conduct daily to battle against enemies springing up from Tokat to Aleppo, from Aleppo to Broussa. The distance from Diarbekir into Syria was not great: is it through contempt of my white beard that thou art not come to join me? But thy contempt would fall on the padischah rather than upon me. If I had been vanquished, is it thou who could have resisted alone Kalender-Oghli, Yazidji, Maïmoun, Khalil *the Long*? If I were to demand a fetwa of the mufti to decide the punishment deserved by the chief of a Mussulman army stronger in number, and who leaves a weaker to be crushed, what would the fetwa say?"

Nassouh, confounded, drooped the head, comprehending that the fetwa would pronounce death.

"My son," resumed the old man, "the hand of the padischah is long; if he were to send thee one of the six horse tails which thou hast just now planted before my tent, in ordering thee to give up the three tails that follow thee, and to descend to the grade of simple beg, or even if he ordered thy execution as traitor, what wouldst thou have to say in thy vindication?"

The silence of Nassouh-Pasha appeared to mollify the grand vizier; he confined himself to having made him tremble for his head, and feigned to pardon him. Nassouh left the tent arrayed in a caftan of honor, and was reconducted to his troops with an escort worthy of a vizier. "Pardon," said Mourad, on seeing him remount his horse, "is the alms of victory."

V.

His return to Constantinople, across the pacified provinces, obtained him the name of *grand justiciary*, of *sword of the empire*, of restorer of the monarchy. His vengeance were as rapid and as unlooked-for as his victories. All who had

participated in the old rebellions could only appear trembling before him.

Emir-Schah, beg of Begschyri, was strangled in the midst of a festival to which he had been invited to congratulate him on his return to obedience. While the guests were eating pilau—a dish of boiled rice seasoned with butter, which is served at all repasts with the Turks—a page threw a cord around the neck of Emir-Schah, and tugged it with both hands with so much vigor, that the grains of rice leaped from the lips and from the nostrils of the victim upon the table.

Severity cost him tears, he used to say, but he considered it as one of the virtues which heaven enjoined upon viziers.* He used to recite every instant some verses of the Koran which sustained him in his qualms of weakness. Before combating, he came off his horse, extended his arms upon the ground, moistened the dust with his tears, kneaded it in his hands, and spread it as an ointment on his gray hair and on his white beard.

"Do not humble me yet to-day, Lord," he would say aloud to God; "do not abandon me, thy servant, in the combat against the infidels; take pity on my old age; thou knowest my intentions sincere for the safety and the faith of the empire." The blood which he spilled appeared to him a tribute of which heaven would reproach him for having spared a single drop.

One day, as he was getting, according to his custom,† a well dug wherein to pile the bodies of the executed rebels, he perceived a spahi passing on horseback with a young lad on the horse behind him. He called the spahi and questioned the boy. "How," said he to him, "art thou come into the camp of the rebels?"

The child, with the simplicity of his age, replied that his father, having nothing to eat, had been forced by hunger to enroll himself for hire among the rebels. "What was the trade of thy father?" demanded the vizier. "He played the lute," replied the young prisoner. "Ah! ah!" rejoined Mourad with a cruel smile, "he excited, then, the courage of the revolters against the faithful?" and he ordered the chiaoux to kill the son for the trade of the father.

* He was right; nothing less would have kept the Turkish empire together.—*Translator*.

† A proof that this was the true origin, not that the author gives, of his appellative.—*Translator*.

The chiaoux, touched by his years, his countenance, his innocence and his tears, refused to execute the order. "Why should we kill this poor child?" said they. Some Janissaries called for, refused with the same repugnance: "Are we executioners?" said they, "and will we be more barbarous than the executioners themselves, who refuse to stain their hands with the blood of this young boy?"

Mourad turned towards his pages, who all fled with horror, and left the vizier alone with the child. "Very well!" said the implacable old man, whose ninety years of age had not deadened his fanaticism; "I will myself be the executioner of the faith." He seized the child in his tremulous hands, strangled him on the margin of the well, and threw him on the pile of bodies which filled it to the brink.

"Cowardly Mussulmans," cried he to those around him seized with horror, "know that rebels like Kalender-Oghli and Kara-Said, are not come forth from the womb of their mothers with a horse between their legs and a sabre in their hand; they have all been children like this one, brought up like him in crime, and trained to pillage and murder by their fathers; this boy had imbibed with his mother's milk their principles, and though his education were recommenced a thousand times, the natal perversity is such, that it could never be effaced in him; it is thus," added he in pointing to the well where he had thrown his victim, "that we must extirpate the very roots of evil."

Then he recited an Arabic saying of the inhabitants of Yemen, whence he had drawn his fanaticism, and which says: "That once ascended to a great height, and in leaping over abysses from rock to rock in pursuit of the antelope, the hunter cannot avoid slipping but by bleeding his own feet in order to render the rock less slippery beneath his steps."

VI.

His return to Constantinople was triumphal: he entered it preceded by four hundred stands of colors taken from the rebels of Arabia, of Syria and of Asia Minor. Each of these colors bore inscribed on it the name of one of the factious chiefs annihilated by his arms. Thirty thousand heads of their soldiers had been sent to Constantinople during the campaign; thirty thousand others marked with pyramids of skulls the spots where Mourad-Pasha had de-

feated their armies; one hundred thousand rebels were buried in the wells.

The spoils brought off from these executions were deposited by the old warrior at the feet of the Sultan. The defterdar, Baki-Pasha, treasurer of the empire, who had brought off but a million of ducats collected from the rebel populations of Syria, was thrown into the prison of the Seven Towers.

VII.

Achmet I., more confident than ever in his vizier after having so happily tried him as warrior, employed him anew as negotiator in the difficulties which the death of Bocskai, a tributary king of Hungary, had raised again between Austria and the Porte.

According to the treaty of Sitvatorok, Transylvania was to become again an independent kingdom on the death of Bocskai. Upon this event, attributed to a crime, the nobles of Transylvania, provoked secretly by Austria, chose for sovereign Rakoczy, a popular and bustling personage, who was aspiring to the throne. The Austrians hastened to recognize him; the Porte claimed its privilege of investiture, and appointed on its side Homonai, another Transylvanian noble, reigning prince of Transylvania.

After a long negotiation interpretative of the treaty of Sitvatorok, Austria paid a present of two hundred thousand ducats to the Porte. Poland drew closer by a new treaty the ties of friendship and of dependence which attached it to the Ottoman empire. It engaged to cover Moldavia against the allied independent Cossacks of Russia. The Porte, on its side, renewed the promise to protect Poland against the Tartars. The Poles contracted the obligation of paying tribute to the Turks.

The grand vizier, despite his age, meditated vengeance against Schah-Abbas who was humbling for many years back the Ottoman arms. He obtained from the Sultan the authority of taking the armies to the frontiers of Persia; but before leaving, he wished to deliver Asia from an old amnestied chief of the faction of Asia named Yousouf-Pasha.

"Thou art a brave young fellow," he wrote to him, "I know that thou governest with justice thy old companions of war; why, then, is thy name still cited among the doubtful

servants of the empire ? If I were to send an army against thee thou wouldst end with repenting it. Our power has been given by God, and no revolt can prevail against it. Djanboulad, Kalender-Oghli, Kara-Saïd were more formidable than thou ; where are they ? I vow to thee by heaven that thou hast nothing to fear from the padischah ; we are entering on a campaign by his orders against the old red-head the Persian ; come to my camp of Scutari ; thou wilt kiss the hand of the Sultan ; thou wilt receive my instructions to secure, during the war which I am going to make, the fidelity and the peace of Asia. Consult with thy wise men ; thou must know what is best to be done ; reflect well and answer me."

Yousouf, after having consulted his friends, thought that obedience was more safe for him than hesitation ; he set off with an escort to the camp of the vizier at Scutari. The Sultan, to attend at the assembling and the departure of the army, had brought thither his seraglio into his summer kiosk. He was ignorant of the plan of old Mourad, and was astonished at his slowness in departing. Weary of these delays, he wrote a katti-scherif to Mourad to order the immediate departure of the troops. Mourad hastened to the palace and confided at last to Achmet the premeditated murder of Yousouf-Pasha. The Sultan approved the treachery of his vizier.

Yousouf arrived at length in the camp. He pitched his tents not far from those of the grand vizier. Mourad received him as an anxiously awaited guest ; he made him sit on the carpet in front of him, knees against knees, loaded him with presents, as also his escort, and conducted him to the palace of Scutari to kiss the hand of the Sultan.

The object of this reception was to assure completely, respecting the good faith of the grand vizier, another suspected chief of the populations of Asia, friend of Yousouf, named Mouselli-Tschaousch, whom he wished to allure into the same snare.

After having sojourned a month in the camp of Scutari, Yousouf, called into the tent of Mourad-Pasha, received the investiture of the opulent Sandjak of Magnesia. This unexplained favor appeared exorbitant to the divan. "See," said the viziers and the pashas to one another, "see this old man, with his feet already in the grave, ruins the treasury to give a former rebel the meed of the oldest fidelities."

The Sultan himself, beset by the murmurs of the cour-

tiers, ended by believing the failure of the mental faculties of his prime minister. "My lala (my father), he wrote him one day, thou art become old and canst no longer conduct a war, designate to me thyself in this answer whom thou wouldst like for seraskier, or depart thyself within three days."

Mourad-Pasha, instead of answering, came himself to the palace, and conjured the Sultan to allow him time to work out his plan of exterminating, by a single blow, some dangerous chiefs of Asia before quitting the capital. An emissary of the grand vizier, Soulfikar, was gone in his name to meet Mousselli-Tschaousch. Dazzled by the prospects of favor, Mousselli-Tschaousch attended him to Koniah. While he was intoxicated with honors and wine in the delightful gardens of Meram near this city, Soulfikar had him massacred at a festival, and sent, with an escort of ten couriers, his head to Scutari.

"God be praised," cried Mourad on receiving this head and ordering that it be exposed the following day at noon before his tent to the eyes of the camp. He kept the secret until morning, and invited Yousouf to come to take breakfast with him in his tent.

The repast served: "My beloved son," said the old man to his victim, "thou knowest my affection for thee; thou knowest that I cannot take my coffee without thee; let us go seat ourselves at the back of my tent to enjoy ourselves more freely, for to-morrow, if God please, thou wilt take leave of me for ever."

While they were thus making towards the tree in the shade of which was spread the breakfast cloth, the chief of the eunuchs of the grand vizier approached, and bowing before his master: "The beg of Awlona," said he to him, is just arrived in the camp and requests to be admitted to your presence, what am I to answer? "Can I not, then," said the crafty old man, with an apparent impatience, "have a single hour of tranquillity; I will go to receive the beg. An instant," added he addressing himself to his kyayas and his agas, "sit you here, until I return, and keep company with my son Yousouf."

Yousouf sat down to breakfast with the agas and commenced eating in awaiting his host. But the carver presenting him with one hand a dish of sheep's feet, pulled with the other his turban over his eyes; another seized him by the hands, while a third struck off his head with a sabre. His

bleeding head, joined to that of Mouselli, was hoisted on a pike planted before the festive tent. The body, left upon the grass, threw the companions of Yousouf into consternation.*

The vizier however did not yet set out; he wished to leave behind him other impressions of terror in the eyes of the doubtful servants of the monarchy. The same repast was to serve for two murders; the defterdar Etmekdjizadé, of whom the zeal appeared suspicious in Syria, was invited by him to the same honors and the same trap.

In crossing the Bosphorus in a caïque to attend the vizier's invitation, Etmekdjizadé saw an unknown barge pass by so closely as to touch his own; the hand of one of the rowers threw him an anonymous note which warned him of the danger. He made the rowers put about and returned to Constantinople. The note was from the Sultan himself who loved the defterdar, and who had not been able to obtain his head from the inflexibility of his grand vizier.

"My padischah," wrote the alarmed defterdar to the Sultan, "come to my aid! deliver me from the ambushes of Mourad. Give my place to another. I abandon to him my tents, my horses, and my equipages, rather than return to the camp, where I am awaited by death."

Achmet I. tried in fact a second time to rescue the defterdar from the hatred of his minister. He called Mourad to the palace of Scutari. "Be seated, my lala," said he to him kindly, "thou art old and I venerate thy years." "Thy slave will do no such thing," replied Mourad in prostrating himself, "he knows too well his duties." "I have a favor to ask thee," continued Achmet. "Is it then for the padischah to entreat his slave?" replied the old man. "Yes, I entreat thee," resumed the Sultan, "to grant me the life of the defterdar whom thou desirest to put to death; to-morrow he will present himself in thy tent, pardon him, and let him live." "It is the order of my padischah," said the vizier, "it is enough;" and he prostrated himself anew.

The defterdar was pardoned, but four pages of the seraglio, who had been charged with transmitting him the secret notice to which he owed his safety, were strangled in the palace.

* One does not see the meaning of all this management and these manœuvres, which seem moreover still less in character with Mourad than with the usual massacres.—*Translator*.

The campaign of Persia and the departure of the army, which had been but a feint of Mourad, were adjourned to another year. The grand vizier, without leaving Scutari and without fighting, had vanquished. The chief of the black eunuchs daring to murmur before the Sultan against the inertness of the old man who had, said he, wearied the army and wasted the year: "Hold thy tongue, wretch," replied Achmet to him; "how darest thou blaspheme against the most able of viziers? Mourad is old, but he is a valiant combatant for the faith, a minister consummate by genius and by years; his head has served me as efficiently as his arm; he has reconquered Asia from the corner of his tent. His intellect is worth to me an army. Utter not a word more against him; let him go or stay, all is well."

VIII.

Re-entering Constantinople, Mourad-Pasha resumed his habits of diplomat, and deadened the quarrels of the competitors of Transylvania. Full of deference towards the French ambassador M. de Salignac, he permitted five Jesuits protected by France to found schools at Constantinople, and to try for the seventh time the impossible reunion of the Greek and the Latin worships under the head of the Pope.

The Venetians, through their ambassador, opposed as far as they could the progress in Turkey of a religious order which increased the influence of the Popes, their enemies in Italy. Religious agitation followed here, as every where, this able and always militant militia. The Jesuits were not slow, as we shall soon see under other reigns, to incur and to provoke these dissensions and persecutions. Repulsed by the Greeks, they addressed themselves to the Armenians, less sustained by the divan. After having vainly essayed to reattach them to the Roman Church, they accused them, as of a crime, with their fidelity to their faith.

Mourad, little attentive to those subjects of discord between the enemies of Islamism, thought of nothing but of satisfying France and of favoring her protégés, to attach her to the empire. The schism of the Turks and of the Persians gave him more concern than these differences of Christian ecclesiastics.

He set out in spring for the frontier of Persia with the title of sardar. The troops of Roumelia, of Anatolia, of

Caramania, of Siwas, of Damascus, of Aleppo, of Tschilder, of Diarbekir, of Batoun, of Erzeroum, of Kars, of Albania, the Janissaries, the submitted Kurda, the spahis, the feudatory contingent, the topdjis or artillerymen, and all the paid and regimented corps of the empire composed this immense army. The renown of the courage and experience of the vizier surrounded him with a prestige which seemed to attach victory to his life. His ninety-two years of studies, of diplomacy, of battles and of government had not outworn his mind. He saw without fear the approach of death, provided that his life should contribute to the last moment to the consolidation of the power of the Sultan.

One of his most virulent, but most capable, enemies, the vizier Nassouh, having come imprudently into his camp, it was proposed him to take advantage of the occasion to get rid of him. "No, no," said he, "that wretch hates me, but he wields equally well the pen, the tongue and the sabre; his death would be a bad service to the Porte; God preserve me from putting to death men capable of being grand visiers after me."

Death did in fact surprise him a few days after, in his tent, on his march towards Erzeroum, and Nassouh-Pasha, whom he had spared, was appointed provisionally by the generals to take his place as serdar at the head of the troops. Schah-Abbas, intimidated by this slow display of forces, hastened to negotiate with Nassouh to stop the overflow of the Turks upon his frontiers. The army, furloughed, returned to Constantinople to await in its cantonments the issue of the negotiations.

IX.

Nassouh-Pasha became from serdar grand vizier. He had married a daughter of Achmet I. still in the cradle, and who died before coming of age. The harem, since Amurath III., had lost all influence over politics. Achmet had been made to believe by the long sway of the Sultana Safiyé, of the governess of the harem Djanfeda, of the Jewess Kira and of the thousand odalisques of his father, that sorcery made part of the influence and the attraction of women. He dreaded to allow himself to be swayed by the charms which had so agitated the two last reigns. Impetuous, but sober in his amours, he loved but the mother of his two sons. This

woman watched with a ferocious jealousy over the bed of the Sultan.

Achmet having received as a present from one of his sisters a young slave whose beauty appeared to dazzle too much his eyes, the Sultana consort secretly strangled her with her own hands. To conceal the crime from Achmet, she dressed in the clothes of the murdered slave another odalisque and had her introduced in the dark to the apartment of Achmet. Achmet having discovered the imposition and the crime, deplored bitterly the death of the slave whom he had preferred, and striking his guilty wife with the haft of his poniard on the face, he trampled her under foot on the carpet.

A few days after this horrible domestic drama, Achmet, passing on horseback through the Hippodrome, received on the shoulder a blow of a stone launched by a fanatical dervish. The head of the dervish rolled at the feet of the horse of the Sultan.

An ambassadress of Georgia, a country where all politics were in the hands of women, astonished Constantinople by her beauty, her luxury and her eloquence. Ambassadors from Schah-Abbas gave occasion to splendid fêtes, in which Achmet wished to dazzle the Persians. He fought himself on horseback in the lists against the grand vizier, and his djerid, launched by his hand with the vigor of youth, grazed the head of Nassouh. Some memorable hunts in the forests of Macedon and Adrianople piled up before the Sultan's eyes twelve hundred deer and thousands of birds of prey. He returned to pass the summer in his palaces of the Bosphorus, in the midst of devotions and of festivals.

Two years of complete tranquillity, secured by the energy of old Mourad, succeeded to the agitations of so much warfare. The new grand vizier Nassouh ceded to Schah-Abbas, in a treaty of definitive peace, all the disputed provinces which the Turks had usurped from the Persians since the reign of Mahomet II.

X.

The contestations relative to Transylvania were renewed ceaselessly between the Turks and Austria. This province, since the death of Bocskai was torn by the divers pretensions of the Bathorys, kings of Hungary, of the Rokoczys

and of Gabriel Bethlen, by turns elected by the nobles of Transylvania, and seeking support some from the Turks, others from the Germans, these from the Wallachians, those from the Poles. The independent Hungarians, in urging their rights anterior to the treaty of Sitvatorok to this province, augmented farther the confusion and the anarchy. The pashas governing the frontiers of Turkish Hungary protected by turns the rival pretensions of all their ephemeral princes of Transylvania. Gabriel Bethlen, sustained a moment by the nobles of Hungary, had just signed secretly with Nassouh a treaty by which "the nobles and magnates of upper Hungary engaged, in the interest of Bethlen, to be the friends of the friends of the Turks and the enemies of their enemies." Those pretensions and those treaties, discussed and interpreted without end between the negotiators of Vienna and those of the Porte, were agitating the public peace without entirely breaking it, on the side of the Danube.

On the side of Asia, a debarkation of Cossacks came to surprise and sack the maritime town of Sinopé on the Black Sea. The grand vizier Nassouh sent tardily a squadron to retake Sinopé; ashamed of his improvidence, he concealed the disaster from Achmet. The preceptor, the mufti, the chief of the eunuchs, a faction of the seraglio opposed to Nassouh, denounced this reverse and this negligence of the grand vizier to the Sultan. They represented to him with the eloquence of hatred the vile birth of this foreigner, come forth from the forests of Albania where his father was a Christian wood-cutter, to be a hewer of wood (baltadji) in the kitchens of the seraglio, then tschaousch or headsmen of an aga of the Janissaries, then groom, then chamberlain, then governor of a province, then enriched to opulence by his marriage with the only daughter of a chief of the Kurds of Messopotamia, sufficiently rich and sufficiently ambitious to have offered to pay forty thousand gold ducats for the place coveted by him of grand vizier; a factionist in the camp of the aged Mourad, spared by this old man who was to have put him to death, become his successor by the choice of the troops rather than the free selection of the Sultan, betrothed to the daughter of the padischah, reigning an absolute and insolent master over his benefactor,* alienating from him all

* Here is a portrait, and it was a common one in "despotic" Turkey, of the elevation of talent from humility of circumstances, which is rarely reproduced, in even our democratic days, in the most perfect, or at least pretensions of all republics, in this particular.—*Translator*.

hearts by his exactions and his cruelties, peddling shameful peace treaties with the Persians and the Hungarians, permitting insults to the coasts of Caramania and of Morea, by the vessels of Florence, of Genoa and of Malta, letting Sinopé be devastated by a horde of Cossacks, and concealing these disasters from the Sultan to elude himself the just chastisement of his crimes.

Such allegations, falling on the soul already ulcerated of Achmet I., were too conformable with his own resentments to let him hesitate at vengeance. The Sultan distrusted for a long time back his fidelity; a recent and accidental circumstance had disclosed to him a secret manœuvre of his grand vizier with the Tartars of the Crimea, to give them a prince of his own choice. One day as Achmet was falcon-hunting with Nassouh in the marshes of Adrianople, he saw an unknown falcon dart from a bower of alders upon his, and tear from it the prey which it was bringing to the Sultan.

"Who is the insolent," cried he, "who dares with his bird to take off from me the product of my chase?" On galloping to the alder bower, from which the falcon had pounced upon his, he fell into the midst of a group of Circassian cavalry concealed by the trees and covered with resplendent arms. These cavaliers were the escort of a prince of the house of Gheraï, arrived unknown to him some days before at Adrianople, at the secret invitation of the grand vizier, who wished to elevate him to the rank of Khan of the Crimea. The princes of the Tartar family of the Gheraï are the sole legitimate successors by blood of the princes of the imperial house of the Ottomans, if ever this house should become extinct at Constantinople.

This mystery and the insinuations of the enemies of Nassouh persuaded Achmet that his grand vizier was meditating perhaps a change of dynasty, to raise his protégés to the throne and to reign in their name. He did not for a while give vent to his suspicions; but he threw the Tartar prince and his retinue into the prison of the Seven Towers.

XI.

A few days after this event, the Sultan, coming out from the mosque where he had been to attend the prayer of Friday, was apostrophized by an emir (a descendant of the Prophet) who complained with tears of the unpunished

abduction of his wife by a familiar associate of Nassouh : " My padischah, padischah of all the Ottomans," cried the outraged emir, " what means this tyranny by a scum of Albanians and Kurds corrupted by your vizier, and who abuse the favor with which you cover them to humiliate and martyrize your slaves ? "

On the return of Achmet to Constantinople, Nassouh, who felt collecting against him a cloud of hatred, sought to deal his enemies a sudden blow by the hand of the Sultan ; he asked him for the heads of the mufti, of the chief of the black eunuchs, and of his lala or favorite preceptor. Achmet apprised them and refused their life to Nassouh. Indignant at a refusal which presaged him a disgrace, he resolved, with the ferocity natural to his race, to prevent their triumph by their death, and to avoid the chastisement which he would incur, by flight. He ordered his kyaya Beïram, Albanian like himself, to assassinate the khodja, the chief of the eunuchs and the mufti, and posted fifty thousand Albanian cavalry of his guard at the gate of Constantinople to protect, after these three murders, his flight into the mountains of Albania.

Beïram, a friend as faithless as he was a ferocious accomplice, revealed the plot to the chief of the black eunuchs and to the mufti. They convinced Achmet of the infidelity of his minister. The Sultan dissembled until the ensuing divan. There Nassouh demanded more imperiously the heads of his three enemies. " If you do not deliver them to me," said he, " I resign my functions, and will poison myself." The word poison revived in the memory of Achmet the rumors which had formerly been current about the poisoning of old Mourad-Pasha in his camp by his ambitious rival. " Ah ! traitor," cried Achmet, " it is then thou, in reality, who hast poisoned Mourad !

He did not dare nevertheless to either strike or remove him yet, either because he dreaded a sedition of the Albanian Janissaries in his favor, or that he hesitated to shed the blood of his son-in-law. The following day, which was a Friday, a day on which the Sultans come out in state to attend prayers at the mosque, Achmet sent orders to his vizier to accompany him to mosque, as usual ; Nassouh refused, alleging an indisposition. This refusal appeared an outrage to the majesty of the padischah, a prelude of undeniable revolt. Two hundred bostandjis, commanded by

their generals, incorruptible guardians of the seraglio, went up in arms to the palace of the grand vizier, forced open the doors and strangled after having disarmed him.

XII.

Thus died this Albanian, whose good fortune, natural genius, ferocious courage, savage eloquence, insatiable ambition, adventurous intrigue and desperate resolution would have made him a great man, if the impetuosity of his passions and the arrogant levity of his character had not made him an adventurer baleful to his master, to the empire and to himself. His incalculable treasures, composed of bushels of pearls, of tons of ducats, of eighteen hundred gold-hilted sabres, a single one of which cost fifty thousand ducats, of twelve hundred horses of hunting and of war, of heaps of stuffs of gold and carpets of Persia, of twenty thousand camels, of six thousand oxen, of four hundred Arabian mares, of five hundred thousand sheep browsing the pastures of Europe and of Asia, restored to the treasury of the Sultan all that it had lavished on this unworthy favorite.

Mohammed-Pasha, another son-in-law of the Sultan, received the seals of the empire. The mufti Seadeddin did not long enjoy his triumph over Nassouh; the pestilence took him off a few days after the death of his enemy. He was a historian of the Ottomans, as had been his father. His brother Mohammed-Seadeddin succeeded him in the dignity of mufti and in his virtues. Arrived at Constantinople the day of the funeral, it was he who in quality of mufti offered prayer over the coffin of his brother.

XIII.

The grand vizier Mohammed signalized his administration only by rashly rupturing the peace with Schah-Abbas, and by a campaign without glory terminated by a second peace without dignity. Achmet I. appointed, to retrieve the honor of his arms, the capitan-pasha Khalil, grand vizier.

An army of Cossacks had invaded Moldavia, beaten the governor of Silistria, Mustapha *the Drunkard*, and driven from his dominions the prince of Moldavia installed by the Porte, Stephen Tomza. Iskender-Pasha, sent by the grand

vizier into Moldavia, drove back the Cossacks and reinstalled Tomza and his family. Five hundred Cossack prisoners, the mother, the wife and the daughter of the Moldavian prince, crowned during the invasion of the Cossacks, were sent loaded with irons to Constantinople. On the route, the widow of the rebel prince of Moldavia, whom the Moldavians styled the *Domina*, lost the youngest and most beautiful of her daughters, betrothed to a Moldavian nobleman, a prisoner like herself. The Turks and her family offered vainly forty thousand ducats as reward to whoever should find her. Taken off by a Tartar-Khan of the Crimea captivated by her charms, she reappeared but a year after with two twin children whom she was nursing, the fruit of the abduction from which she had escaped too late. Satirical popular ballads on this disappearance and this return amused the Turks and amuse them still with the adventures of the brides of Moldavia.

Russian ambassadors, sent to Constantinople to prevent the irruption of the Turks pursuing the Cossacks into their frontiers, arrived laden with coarse presents, like their industries at that period. These presents consisted in furs, in birds of prey trained for hunting, and in sixty large teeth of fishes.

A treaty with Poland, signed at Boussa the 27th of September, 1617, prevented an approaching conflict between the Turks and the Poles on the Dniester. The Poles obliged themselves to hinder thenceforth the Cossacks from crossing the line of Ocsakow, and renounced all intervention in the quarrels of Wallachia, of Moldavia, of Transylvania.

Some religious conflicts, raised by the manœuvres of the Jesuits protected by France, disturbed the peace between the Catholic powers and the Porte. The Jesuits were thrown into the prisons of the Seven Towers for having bribed the vicar of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople in their favor. This vicar was hanged as their accomplice. The ambassador of France paid thirty thousand ducats for the ransom of his imprisoned coreligionists.

Cardinal Clesel, son of a baker, like the vizier of Turkey, determined the emperor of Austria to send to Constantinople a solemn embassy to resolve the difficulties of Transylvania.

The Sultan Achmet I. died without having seen the end of these negotiations. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

His reign, commenced at fourteen years, had occupied a large space in time, a small one in history. Some fits of energy or rather cruelty in the commencement of his career had ended in the weakness that yields by turns to all counsels. He loved the good, and he wished the just ; it is the praise which is accorded him unanimously by the historians and the ambassadors of his epoch ; but he was neither great nor generous. The throne was too high for his soul.

He left seven sons, Othman, Mourad, Ibrahim, Mohammed, Kasim, Bayezid, Soliman, destined some for the throne, the others for the tomb. But of him history must acknowledge that he had, the first of the Sultans, spared the life of his brother Mustapha in mounting the throne. Such an act in such a time merited him the benedictions of the Ottomans. At his death, his memory was lamented, it was not accused ; the Turks do not ask more of their sovereigns than has been given them by nature.

XIV.

The traditions of the family of Genghis-Khan, which regulate the rights to the throne with the Ottomans, would give the crown to the brother of the deceased padischah rather than to his sons. Age prevailed over blood in these Tartar traditions. It was this default of right to the throne in the direct line that had occasioned so fatally in the imperial family the murder of the brothers of the Sultan ; to spare his brothers was to disinherit his sons. This consideration enhances Achmet I. and the Sultans his successors who have followed his example ; but this time the example became disastrous to the empire.

Mustapha was but the shadow of a prince. Nature had stricken him with an eternal stupor from his birth. If

* This constitutional extenuation should have been stated by the author in his philanthropic declamations against the law of Mahomet II., even at the risk of somewhat damaging the sentiment and eloquence. He should, moreover, have been aware that, in political philosophy, the change denounced marks a transition from barbarism towards civilization. The collateral descent is that befitting an age of warfare, when the great requisite is that the government be kept continually in full-grown hands ; but when society has, like the family, fixed and rooted itself in the soil, the political inheritance, being of a peaceful and persistent nature, can with impunity await the lapse of accidental minorities. The government at this period is passing to *principles from persons* ; it is becoming *institutional* from having been but merely *functional*.—Translator.

the Ottoman laws had stipulated that to become Sultan, one should be a man, Mustapha, respectfully discarded from the throne, would have ceded the Empire to his nephews. But the law was fatal as nature. There was then no hesitation in proclaiming Mustapha I.

The Ottomans on seeing him issue from the gloom of the seraglio, where he was languishing for fourteen years back in the arms of women, between his mother, his nurse, and his odalisques, read upon his countenance the failure of his reign. A head tottering upon a frail body, a long visage that terminated in a pointed chin, the sign of an old childhood, hollow cheeks, petulant and drivelling lips, a complexion which the blood animated with no sort of color, eyes that looked at nothing and seemed permanently dazzled.—Such was the exterior of Mustapha I. His intellect, without being quite extinct, was perpetually asleep; his life was purely mechanical; he had but those instincts of pain or pleasure, unreflecting and often impetuous, which are the passions of the child or the brute; his propensities were spasms and not inclinations; his leisure was employed in looking, from the summit of a terrace bathed by the current of the Bosphorus, at the foaming and subsiding of the everlasting waves, and in throwing pieces of gold to the fishes in his ponds, which the glitter of the metal attracted to the surface.

XV.

Under such a prince, the mother would have been free to reign if she had had the charms of Roxelana or the ambition of Safiyé; but the mother of Mustapha, mastered by the kishlar-aga, chief of the eunuchs and governor of the harem, afforded not even to this ambitious eunuch sufficient consistency of ideas and character to found upon this woman a government of favor. The nurse of the Sultan, married to the grand equerry, rivalled her in influence in the harem; thus a Kurdish woman, who had no other title to authority than having dandled on her knees through a long infancy, an idiot, was about to govern Asia and Europe at the will of her caprices. The eunuch, in order to ruin these two women, hastened to disclose himself to the vizier the absolute incapacity of Mustapha. He conspired with the mother of Othman, eldest son of Achmet I., the overthrow of this

phantom and the elevation of Othman to the throne. No one had any interest in sustaining a shadow of a sovereign, who could not present a basis for any calculation. A unanimous coup d'Etat, concerted between all the leaders of the church, of the law and of the army, and deliberated without passion in a general divan, deposed the 26th February, 1618, Mustapha, and proclaimed Othman II.

XVI.

The deposed Sultan was shut up anew in a retired apartment of the seraglio, with his mother, his nurse and his slaves. He had not even mind enough to know that he had mounted and descended in a few days the steps of coronation and of abdication. He smiled alike at all the scenes of this drama, extending his hand with the same indifference to be kissed by his viziers and to be manacled by his jailers.

Khalil-Pasha commanded during these palace events in quality of grand vizier and of serdar the Turkish army to the frontiers of Persia. Some advantages which he obtained over Schah-Abbas, appeared to him sufficient to justify a truce. Called back to Constantinople, the Sultan took from him the seals, and reinstated him in his office of capitan-pasha. Othman II. thus punished him for having raised his uncle to the throne, having sustained him there for three months, and having thus retarded his own accession. He appointed in his place, Oguz-Pasha, who left no trace in the government, and after some months of indecision, was in turn substituted by Ali the Handsome, son of the governor of Tunis.

Ali the Handsome was of Greek blood, native of the graceful isle of Cos, in the Archipelago. He had the features, the genius, the eloquence and intrigue of his race; he had also the instinct for the sea and the naval aptitude early exercised upon the coasts of Tunis. Elevated from grade to grade to the governorship of the island of Cyprus, he had justified this run of fortune by great sea services rendered the Turks. The spoils and the prizes which he had brought to Constantinople, and with which he had enriched the treasury of the Sultan and the arsenal, had given him a popular renown; his grace, his keenness, his beauty, his adroit flatteries, had enslaved to him the heart of the young prince.

Othman II. accorded to his grand vizier the exile of all

his rivals. The former grand vizier, Oguz-Mohammed, son-in-law of Achmet I., went to languish, despoiled of his property, and to die in Syria ; the chief of the black eunuchs, who had made and unmade emperors, expiated his intrigues by an exile to the recesses of Ethiopia whence he had come ; the khodja, or preceptor of Othman, a companion of whom the vizier felt sometimes trammelled by the credit, was sent off into the deserts of Mecca.

Death delivered also the old seraglio of the domination of the Sultana Safiyé, wife, mother and grandmother of so many princes. She left, after fourteen years of retreat in this asylum, her authority in the seraglio to the Sultana Kœsem, surnamed *the moonfaced*, favorite wife of the Sultan Achmet I. The brothers, still children, of the reigning padischah, Mourad, Soliman, Kasim, Ibrahim, were sons of this Sultana. During her influence over the heart of Achmet, she formed a friendship with her rival, the Sultana Mahfirouz, that is to say, *favorite of the stars of the night*, and mother of Othman. These two women had promised mutually, to continue to love each other and to sustain one another, in the interest of the life of their children, whatever might be after Achmet their destiny.

Mahfirouz, faithful to her promises, authorized her son Othman, to visit in the old seraglio the Sultana Kœsem. This palace and its gardens, a sort of living necropolis of fallen powers and repudiated beauties, were never visited by the sovereigns on the throne. Their mothers and their wives would have viewed with a jealous eye those familiarities between the new and the old harem. Othman II. was the first of the padischahs who violated, in behalf of a favorite of his father, these suspicious scruples of the court. He accepted a domestic fête which was given him by the Sultana Kœsem, and passed four days and four nights in the old seraglio, charmed with the conversation of his step-mother without exciting the jealousy of his mother.

XVII.

An intrigue of the Poles with Gratianf, Prince of Moldavia, gave occasion to hostilities between the Porte and the republic of Poland. Iskender-Pasha encountered the Poles in the plain of Moldavia. Twenty thousand Sarmatians slain in the battle, and ten thousand prisoners put to the

sword as rebels, was the sole and prompt result of this war. The Poles proposed to repass the Dniester, to pay one hundred thousand ducats for the expenses of the war, to double their annual tribute. They sent hostages, and demanded some of Iskender-Pasha, to sanction the security of the negotiations. Iskender-Pasha designated the Tartar Prince, Cantimir, as hostage of the Turks with the Poles. "Are you then become *giaour* (infidel)?" cried the Tartar Cantimir, when Iskender spoke to him of his transmission to the camp of the Poles; "for thirty years back my sabre is steeped in the blood of their fathers and of their sons, and you would give me up to them to be spitted and roasted by a slow fire! With these Poles who keep no promise, we should hold converse but with the sabre;" and he retired, says Naüna, his face red with blood, like a glass full of wine.

All the hostages, to whom Iskender made the same proposition, refused after the example of Cantimir. The Poles retreated in disorder to the Dniester. Arrived at the brink of the river, they revolted, as usual with them, against their general, who wished to establish order in the passage of the river, and to save in the first place the cavalry. Pending the sedition, the Tartars and the Turks got up to the disbanded Poles. Gratiani, Prince of Moldavia, victim of their provocation to revolt, was slain in the rout and his head sent to Constantinople. Kalinowsky drowned by his horse in the Dniester, Zolkiewsky attained upon the bank, crenelated with their heads the gate of the seraglio; Koniecpolsky, alone spared among the chiefs of this brave and turbulent nobility, was cast into the prison of the Seven Towers. Forty thousand Poles piled with their bodies the banks of the river. These triumphs inflamed the pride and the insolence of Ali *the Handsome*: he treated all the Christian envoys as if vanquished.

The father-in-law of Gratiani, named Borissi, agent of the republic of Venice, was strangled for having represented the grievances of his nation; the ambassador of Bohemia and of Hungary, countries subject to Austria and revolted against their Emperor, Ferdinand II., who offered their aid to the Ottomans, was menaced with the bowstring or the bastinado in full divan.

The extortions of the grand vizier filled the coffers of the Sultan. He presented to his mother on the festivals of the Beiram, eighteen Mahometan young women, twenty

Persian horses, and a hundred caftans embroidered in pearls. The defterdar, or treasurer, too moderate in his exactions, was imprisoned in the fortress of the Seven Towers, and two millions in gold of his personal fortune were confiscated. The island of Cyprus was taxed fifty thousand ducats beyond the usual impost. Persia and the Porte exchanged presents of which the list dazzles the imagination of the very Orientals. A thousand vases of porcelain of China, forty velvet carpets, sixty of the down of camel-foals wrested from the womb of their dams, horses, elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, in fine, slave girls of conspicuous beauty, cemented the false and precarious friendship of the two peoples.

A State crime ensanguined these pomps : a brother of the Sultan, Prince Mohammed, son of another woman than Mahfirouz, guilty of giving too much hope to his mother by his precocious intelligence and by his virile character, was strangled the 12th January, 1621, by the mutes. State reason did not pardon the gifts of nature ; stupidity was the condition of being allowed to live. " Othman, Othman," cried the victim, on seeing the mutes advance to tear him from the arms of his mother, " I pray God to abridge thy days and to overthrow thy empire. May thy life be wrested from thee as thou wrestest mine from me ! "

The grand vizier, already sick of the stone, at the moment when he suggested this ferocious prudence to the Sultan, did not survive the crime. A fanatical and stupid Albanian, named Housseïn-Pasha, succeeded him. He proceeded from the bostandjis, whence he slipped into the Janissaries. His sole maxim of government was that the globe belonged to the Sultan, and that each volition of his master was an order from heaven. He was one of those men, absolute in their opinions through ignorance, who carry all authority to its excess, that is to say, its ruin. He hastened to involve the young Sultan, Othman, entered upon his eighteenth year, into a useless war against vanquished Poland.

Upon the route to Adrianople, the Sultan, riding at the head of the army, was approached by four dervishes, issuing of a sudden from the arch of a bridge, to ask him for alms with loud cries. Their moanings, their rags, their gestures, set prancing with astonishment the steed of Othman. His terror rendered him ferocious, and the heads of the four beggars rolled at a gesture upon the ground.

XVIII.

Arrived on the right bank of the Danube, Othman II., while bridges were being constructed for the passage of the troops, showed himself to the army, arrayed in the cuirass of his ancestor, Soliman the Great, of whom he aspired to equal the high deeds. His exploits were confined to shooting arrows at the prisoners, and striking them with as much callousness as if they were a lifeless target. This cold cruelty made indignant his own soldiers.

At Choerzim, the sixty thousand Poles, commanded by their hereditary princes, repelled the onset of the Turks and the Tartars. The grand vizier was displaced in punishment of this reverse. Dilawer, pasha of Diarbekir, surnamed *the Intrepid*, received the seals of the empire. The Poles this time sustained by Austria, Russia, France, the Pope, Hungary, struggled with firmness against the hundred thousand Turks of the Sultan. The losses equal, after a long campaign, led to the making of a peace, wherein neither of the parties either gained or lost but the spilt blood of two hundred thousand men.

Othman II., pressed by love to return to Constantinople, encountered at Adrianople the young favorite slave who had just made him father of his first-born. This odalisque was a Russian, like Roxelana, and exercised a similar ascendancy and fascination over the heart of Othman. Her name was, Miliclia. Born in a cottage, taken off a child by the Tartars, made a present of on account of her beauty to the grand vizier, Mourad, under the reign of Achmet I., she was, on the death of this old man, given to the chief of the black eunuchs, Mustapha. The eunuch became attached to her as a father, had her brought up as his daughter, and gave her her freedom. Othman, having seen her one day on one of his visits to the head of his eunuchs, was dazzled and intoxicated with her charms. He asked the chief of the eunuchs to cede her to him; the eunuch answered with regret that he could not without violating the law, cede a free girl but to a man who would make her his wife. Othman did not hesitate to remove at this cost the scruples of the eunuch. He married Miliclia, and had by her a son. His love, augmented by the joy of being a father, made the Russian slave supreme over all the women of his palace, even as she reigned over his own heart.

He found at Constantinople his old preceptor, the *khodja* Omar-Effendi, returned from his exile to Mecca after the death of his enemy, Ali *the Handsome*. This *khodja* and *kislar-agma*, Soliman, executioner of the fratricide upon the unfortunate Sultan Mohammed, concerted to govern jointly their young master. The Russian Sultana, become mother, and more and more beloved, filled the palace with festivities and plays.

During one of these exhibitions, in which she caused to be represented the military scenes of the war of Poland, a gun burst, and killed the infant son of the Sultana and of Othman. The dread of leaving the empire without an heir determined Othman to marry four legitimate wives. His policy induced him to choose the free daughters of the highest dignitaries of his government. After having espoused a daughter of Pertew-Pasha, he celebrated his nuptials with the daughter of the mufti.

XIX.

It is less dangerous to a despot to violate the laws than the customs of his people; the murmurs of the Janissaries and of the people were raised against this violation of the usages of the Sultans in the choice of their wives. It was feared that the kinship with the families to whom Othman II. thus allied himself, would appear one day to ground a right to the throne in their descendants. Some parsimonies of the ministers in the largesses to the *spahis* in times of war, the reduction of the rate of a gold ducat per head cut off the enemy on the field of battle, in fine, the early and impopular departure of Othman for Syria in the fleet which was going to combat Fakhreddin, emir of the Druzes, changed in a few days the murmur into sedition.

The grand vizier and the mufti opposed to no purpose the departure of the padischah for Syria. The chief of the black eunuchs and the preceptor had concerted to advise this armed pilgrimage to the holy places; their superstitious piety flattered Othman with the saintly glory of having been the first Sultan to visit Mecca. The celebration of his nuptials with the daughter of the mufti did but suspend a few days the expedition.

A dream precipitated it additionally: Othman dreamt the night of his marriage, that the Prophet had approached

his throne with an angry countenance, and had struck him on the face. The preceptor, consulted on the interpretation of this vision, replied that it was a severe warning from the Prophet, irritated by the retardations opposed by the padischah to his pilgrimage to the tomb of Medina. This interpretation appeared to him an oracle. The mufti, his father-in-law, resisted courageously the fanatic faction who urged the Sultan to an impolitic absence from his capital in fermentation. Othman tore with anger the fetwa of the mufti, in which this supreme interpreter of the religious law declared that pilgrimage was not obligatory upon sovereigns. A sacred vertigo was whirling him to his ruin.

He gave orders to plant his tents at Scutari, first halt of the armies departing for Asia. At this order, the Janissaries and the spahis revolted and stoned the chiaoux hastening to repress the sedition in the name of the vizier. Convinced that the departure of the padischah without them was but the result of a project of the favorites of Othman II. of levying foreign Janissaries and spahis in Syria, and infringing thus their privileges and their military monopoly, they assembled tumultuously on the Place of the Hippodrome, and drew up a question of law, put in these terms to the mufti:

"Is it lawfully permitted to slay advisers who urge the Sultan to illegal novelties, and who dilapidate the public property of the true Mussulmans?"

The mufti, without fearing the dangerous caprices of his son-in-law, replied, that such a murder was permitted; this response legitimated the revolt.

The aga of the Janissaries and the officers of the regiments forming the garrison of Constantinople, were chased with stones from the Hippodrome, where the seditious were encamped. The Janissaries, already embarked upon the fleet at anchor in the Sea of Marmora, near the fortress of the Seven Towers, disembarked in spite of their officers and ran to join their comrades on the square of the meat-market. Assembled in a body before the palace of the preceptor, they called him to his window and enjoined him to come down and take word to the padischah from his troops.

The preceptor, instead of acceding to this summons, made his escape by the gardens, in the disguise of a dervish. The palace of the grand vizier, of whom the soldiers did not know the innocence, was defended with fire-arms against their

reckless fury. Without weapons to force the palace, the factionists ran to search them in the gunsmiths' shops adjacent to the bazar; the gunsmiths by their supplications persuaded them to withdraw. Night fell and dispersed them in their barracks.

XX.

The seraglio, shut up, was full of trouble and conflicting counsels. Othman II., having convoked there the oulemas, ordinary and respected organs of public opinion, demanded of them the cause of these agitations. They told him that "his departure for Mecca gave inquietude to the soldiers and fired them with anger against his preceptor and the chief of the eunuchs, reputed the advisers of this project."—"Go," replied to them with obstinacy the Sultan, "and tell the troops that I consent to give up my journey into Asia, but that I will not consent to remove either my khodja or my kishlar-aga."

Darkness and sleep prevented the oulemas from accomplishing their errand before daylight; vague rumors increased the peril during this night. It was told to the Janissaries that the bostandjis, mustered in a body in the gardens of the seraglio, were preparing a crushing sally into the city; it was said to the bostandjis that the Janissaries were debarking the cannons of the fleet to make a breach in the gates and walls of the gardens.

XXI.

The sun of the 19th May, 1622, arose upon Turkey under these auspices. The Janissaries and the spahis, encamped in the vestibules and in the courts of the mosque of Mahomet II., sent a deputation to the oulemas to convoke them to a conference. The oulemas replied that they would not join themselves to a camp of soldiers in insurrection, but that they were going to meet in the Place of the Hippodrome, where there would be an opportunity of attending their deliberations. The revolvers, at these words, said religiously their morning prayer, and after having invoked three times with loud voice the name of God, went in order to the Hippodrome.

The mufti was there awaiting them, surrounded with the

twelve principal sheiks, or preachers of the mosques of the capital. Two secretaries of the troops, Khalil and Feredoun, presented, in the name of the soldiers, a list of six victims, of whom the revolvers demanded the heads, in expiation of their crimes. These six names, devoted to death in the tablet of proscription, were those of Khodja-Omar; of the kislár-aga, or chief of the eunuchs, Suleiman; of the seghban-bashi Nassouh, of the caïmakam Ahmed, of the high treasurer Baki, and in fine, of the grand vizier Dilawer-Pasha (the Intrepid).

The oulemas and the mufti, after having debated upon some of the names, and especially upon that of Dilawer-Pasha, the grand vizier, whom they knew to be opposed like themselves to the journey, went to the palace to present to Othman II. the conditions of the army.

"Take no farther notice of them," replied disdainfully the Sultan; "they are a rabble without chiefs who will soon disperse of themselves through anarchy."

"Padischah," replied the sheiks, "whatever is not granted to revolutioners, they take; your illustrious ancestors, in similar junctures, have always opposed such exigencies by some sacrifices to justice or to necessity."

"Hold your tongues," cried Othman in a peremptory tone, "you talk as if you were yourselves the counsellors of the revolt, and if you say a word more I will have your heads cut off as their accomplices."

The oulemas disconcerted remained silent; their faces expressed their fears, less of the wrath than of the obstinacy of the Sultan. The aged Houssein-Pasha, formerly grand vizier, a man whose age and whose fidelity placed his devotedness above suspicion, threw himself in tears at the feet of Othman:

"My padischah," said he, "what are we in your presence? If the rebels demand also my head, hasten to throw it to them; forget us and think of your own safety." Othman was affected, but inflexible. The oulemas and the mufti were confined as hostages in the gardens of the seraglio, and the sedition was left to growl on outside the walls.

XXII.

The delay of the oulemas in bearing back to the Place of the Hippodrome the answer of the Sultan, led the revolt-

ers to suppose that the seraglio was defended by the bostandjis and by the gunners in force, and that their parley-men were retained prisoners. One of them, to assure himself with his own eyes of the attitude and of the number of the defenders of the seraglio, ascended to the top of one of the minarets of Saint Sophia, and directed from thence his gaze into the interior of the imperial gardens; they were empty. The certainty of not encountering resistance doubled the daring of the rioters; they collected in the first court, filled it with their throng, and mounted upon the crenelated platforms of the walls which separated the first court from the second. The wood-boxes of the court supplied weapons to those who had none; inactive nevertheless in this camp for some hours, they seemed to accord the Sultan time for reflection and the dignity of concessions.

From moment to moment an only cry interrupted this sinister silence; this cry demanded the heads of the khodja, of the eunuch and of the grand vizier. The sole crime of Dilawer-Pasha was to have the day before caused his palace to be defended against the rioters, and to have strewed with the bodies of armed rebels the threshold of his palace.

XXIII.

The gates of the second court swung at last upon their hinges, and it was instantly thronged by the troops. The same waiting, the same silence, the same cry were here repeated. The gates of *Felicity*, guarded by some white eunuchs, were burst open like the former by the assault of the soldiers, armed with logs. They seemed to hesitate, however, through a respect of habit, to enter the portal which they had thrown open. One of the oulemas, seated on a block of stone before the vestibule of the palace, advanced towards the soldiers and said to them in a low voice: "Our words have been of no avail; enter and speak yourselves."

The crowd entered timidly at first, and as if undecided what they were going to will or venture. A single voice became, as always, the unanimous voice of the multitude. "We want the Sultan Mustapha," said this voice, wrung without deliberation from the desperate impatience of a single individual, or perhaps prompted by some eunuchs to an accomplice. "Yes, yes, we want the Sultan Mustapha," re-

peated in an instant the crowd, as if relieved from the oppression of its incertitude.

At this accidental rallying-word of the revoltors, the multitude ingulfed itself in the opened portals of the palace, and inundated the vestibule and the apartments. They ran through them at random and without guidance, going astray in this endless labyrinth of the seraglio and of the gardens which separate the different kiosks, and vociferating still with growing vigor the same cry:

"We want the Sultan Mustapha."

All was desert, silence, mystery, to the revoltors in this city of kiosks, of gardens and of courts. An oulema, more familiar than they were with the places, showed them with the finger the harem. It was surrounded with a thick wall, which was without doors on the side of the gardens. The soldiers, in order to cross it, piled a mass of wood against the wall, to penetrate into the harem by the windows of the cupola.

While they were demolishing the cupola, on calling loudly the name of Mustapha, a voice, remote and timidly articulated, cried from the depths of the harem: "The Sultan Mustapha is here."

This voice, recognized as that of the invisible captive, animated with a desperate ardor the assailants. Despite the arrows shot from below at them by some negroes, eunuchs faithful unto death to their post, three Janissaries descended by ropes from the unroofed cupola into the halls of the harem, and ran, invoking the name of Mustapha, through the rooms and corridors of the sacred palace. They found at last in a back room, the unfortunate Mustapha, half reclined upon an old mattress, and guarded by two mute slaves standing before him.

"My padischah," said to him in falling at his feet the three Janissaries, "the army is waiting outside to crown you."

The idiot, as insensible to the restoration as to the fall, replied to them only with a vacant smile: "I am thirsty." Since the commencement of the sedition, through inadvertence or through cruelty, neither nourishment nor water had been brought to his retreat. The Janissaries on the roof passed down some water in a leathern vessel. One of those who entered by the roof into his prison, went out by the door and ran to the old seraglio, to announce to his mother that her

son had been found alive, and that he was going to be reinstalled upon the throne.

XXIV.

While the mother, who believed her son to have been strangled, passed from despair to the delirium of joy, Mustapha, hoisted on his mattress aloft upon the cupola, was received into the arms of the Janissaries, let down into the court, and carried, to be shown the people, upon the horse of the mufti. But his debility and his emotion disabling him to keep on horseback, even with the assistance of the two slaves who supported him beneath the arms, he was dismounted and exhibited upon a throne in the hall of the palace. Confounded by the acclamations and the prostrations of the crowd, he with a gesture of infantile horror repulsed the aspect of the naked sabres which were dazzling his eyes, enfeebled by his dark confinement.

During this exhibition of Mustapha I. upon the throne, other scenes were agitating the courts on the outside, between the oulemas and the rioters. The barrack proclamation of Mustapha was one of those hazards of revolutions which rashly overstep the end, and which consternate the very agitators by the excess of their own victory. The mufti, father-in-law of Othman II., and the oulemas, enlightened men, who knew the imbecility of the uncle of Othman, were very far from the idea of driving from the throne a prince, ill counselled, to place on it a prince incapable of any counsel at all. They merely wished to substitute themselves for the preceptor and the eunuch. Disconcerted spectators in the court of the proclamation and of the reappearance of the idiot, they regarded this oration but as one of those deliriums of the people, or of a soldiery, which must fall before the reprobation of statesmen. A violent altercation arose between them and the Janissaries, liberators of Mustapha.

They had hastened at the first cries of the multitude in favor of Mustapha I. to advise Othman II., retired into the depths of the harem, to deliver up the khodja and the grand vizier. Othman, who retained near him these two victims in order to sacrifice them at the last necessity, at the ransom of his own head, caused to be opened in silence a secret door of the palace, and threw out his two friends to the fury of the soldiers. Their bodies gratified without defecting the

cruelty of the assassins; the cries of *long live the Sultan Mustapha!* continued to ring around the seraglio.

"Madmen, what more do you want?" said vainly the oulemas to the soldiers; "you have obtained more than you had asked for; leave now the padischah in peace." "We have, in fact, that which we wanted," replied ironically the soldiers and the people; "we have restored our Sultan Mustapha I." "Brothers and companions," resumed the mufti and the sheiks, "the Sultan Othman salutes and congratulates you; he has delivered to you those whom you demanded, and he will deliver you others still if you require it; we certify it to you in his name. But if you replace the Sultan Mustapha on the throne which he cannot occupy, you prepare for yourselves and the Ottomans calamities and repentings; listen to the wise." "You should have told us so before," replied the soldiers; "now it is too late; we have recovered our padischah Mustapha and you must recognize him with us." "No, no, that is not legal, so long as the Sultan Othman shall be upon the throne," continued obstinately the oulemas. "Legal or not," cried the more impatient of the people and of the army; "here is what will compel you to silence or to the proclamation of the sovereign to whom we render what is his due, the empire!"

The sabres, the axes and the sticks of wood lifted over the head of the mufti and of the sheiks, taught them that a sedition is never repressed by those who have themselves excited it. One amongst them died of fear upon the spot, the others saluted with the voice the idiot whom they denounced at heart. The muezzins, mounting by their orders upon the minarets of the mosques, proclaimed through the capital the Sultan Mustapha I., padischah of the Ottomans. He was hoisted upon a chariot with the two slaves companions of his captivity; a mameluke, Dervish-Aga, escorted him on horseback in guise of the grand equerry; the people and the soldiers tackled themselves to the coach-pole and conducted the Sultan with his seditious cortege to the old seraglio, to present him to his mother. The mother and the son embraced each other and congratulated themselves on having escaped the fate of the Sultana Mahfirouz and of her son, immolated some days before by order of Othman II.

XXV.

Meanwhile the invisible Othman still intimidated the revolt. The rumor ran that he had gained Scutari in disguise, and that he was to return with a corps of faithful Janissaries to avenge his outrages, reconquer the seraglio and crush Mustapha I. The revolters, uneasy for the security of their idol, conducted the new Sultan and his mother into the mosque of the Janissaries there to watch over him during the night.

Othman had in fact left the seraglio; flying the violated precincts of his palace, he had slipped in the dark along to the beach, where the bostandjis his rowers kept his barges afloat to transport him to Scutari. But the terror of the invaded seraglio and of the gardens, overrun by the revolters, had put the rowers to flight. There was no seaman to aid Othman to weigh anchor and take the management of one of his caïques. He escaped with Housseïn-Pasha, his former vizier, by a postern gate of the garden, and took refuge in an upper apartment of the mosque of the princes, adjacent to the barracks of the Janissaries to negotiate with them his reconciliation and to implore their support. Housseïn-Pasha walked behind him, bearing purses of gold to tempt the cupidity of the soldiers.

In going along, a servitor of Housseïn-Pasha remarked in a low voice to the old vizier: "Is it quite prudent however to bring the Sultan so near the barrack of his Janissaries, who have just set upon the throne another padischah?"—"The empire and fortune," replied with a religious resignation to fatality the ex-grand vizier, "belong to him to whom they are given; it matters little who will be Sultan while the peace of the world is not interrupted." The world in the language of the Ottoman statesmen was the capital of the empire.

XXVI.

From his unknown retreat in the mosque of the princes, Othman II. sent for the aga of the Janissaries, who deplored secretly the conduct of his soldiers. He charged him to offer fifty ducats to each man, a piece of scarlet cloth for their uniform, and an increase of pay of ten aspers per day if they would return to duty and depose Mustapha I.

The officers, informed of these offers by the general, showed themselves inclined to accede to them. At sunrise, they assembled the Janissaries in the court of their barrack. The general mounted the porch-steps to be heard the farther in haranguing them. But the soldiers, distrustful, suspected some snare. They had got wind of the nocturnal conferences of the aga with the emissaries of Othman. At the first words of their chief recommending an accommodation: "Down! down! with the traitor," cried they from the court to the Janissaries immediately surrounding the general; "strike the traitor, do not let him go on."

A soldier, accomplice of all the others, pushed at these cries the aga off the platform of the porch and precipitated him down the steps; a thousand naked sabres cut him to pieces before the last breath had departed. The lieutenant or kyaya of the general and the tschalousch, chief of his escort, fled into the mosque to announce the murder to Othman, of whom they knew the asylum.

While this prince and his latest friends were deploring the fate of the aga, an omen of the same fate to themselves, a band of Janissaries ran to the old seraglio to salute the Sultana mother of Mustapha, and knowing the imbecility of the son they prayed her to appoint herself a grand vizier capable of seizing and of saving the empire.

"Is there any one amongst you who can write?" demanded this woman, an illiterate slave herself, of the soldiers. A private Janissary, named Kara-Mossab, stepped forth from the ranks; he composed and committed to writing, under the direction of the Sultana, the diplomas of the chief dignities to which she, a woman, and a common soldier were; from the depths of the old seraglio, to appoint in concert the men whose names should first occur to the seditious.

Daoud-Pasha, son-in-law and favorite of Achmet I., was appointed grand vizier unknown to him; Dervish-Aga, he who rode on horseback alongside the grotesque chariot wherein the populace drew Mustapha through the streets, received the office of grand equerry; in fine, Kara-Mossab himself, who held the pen, was raised to the rank of marshal of the palace, in recompense, without doubt, of the daring initiative which he had suggested to the Sultana.

XXVII.

But the Janissaries and the people would already wait no longer, to put in exercise their authority and their anarchical vengeance, the sanction of the grand vizier or of the mufti.* Masters of a phantom sovereign whom they surrounded in their aga's palace, they made him deliver at their pleasure, by a gesture, by a cry, by an entreaty as soon accorded as presented, all the oracles that were thought requisite to their purposes. The murders of Omer the khodja, of Nassouh the ex-grand vizier, of Baké the treasurer, were ratified too late; those of Ahmed the caïmakam and of all the viziers whose name arose to the lips of an enemy or of a malcontent, were proscribed with acclamation. All the measures of police or of discipline taken against the debauchery and license of the taverns in the last days of the reign of Othman II. were abolished.

The soldiers, always prompt to sacrifice the civic liberties, demanded unanimously that the new grand vizier, their creature and work, should govern dictatorially the empire with the absolute despotism of a mess-master. The Sultan, who was incapable of refusing or of consenting, acquiesced with a nod of the head, under the prompting of two black slaves standing behind him, like nurses by the side of an infant.

XXVIII.

Meanwhile those of the Janissaries who had just massacred their general on the steps of the barrack went about, upon the indication of some traitors, in search of Othman II. They were pointed out with the finger the ill-covered refuge of the prince in the kitchens of the poor, appurtenant to the mosque of the tombs. They discovered him crouched underneath some mats, and having on but a shirt or white tunic fitting closely to the body, and for turban a red skull-cap like that of the eunuchs in the interior of the harem.

A soldier, through derision or through pity, coifed him with his own turban. The others, dragging and pushing him brutally into the court of the mosque, which rung with im-

* Thus the people, in the first moment of their power, broke down those checks which the most absolute of despotisms had itself submitted to for centuries.—*Translator.*

precations and abuses, made him mount a lame horse, bare-boned and mangey, which was being taken to the receptacle of dead and useless animals. It was from this itinerant pillory that they exhibited to the people him who, the day before, diffused, according to the Ottoman expression, "his shadow over the world."

The old vizier, Houssein-Pasha, and the chief of the bostandjis, Mahmoud, surprised in the same asylum where they were unwilling to desert their master, were driven by blows of the flat of the sabres at the heels of the horse. Mahmoud was spared by the soldiers because he had, as chief of the police of the taverns, connived at the carousals which his patrols used to observe at night. As to the old vizier Houssein, a veteran dreaded by the troops on account of the severity of his reprimands in the camps, the Janissaries did not pardon him for having led them to the mouth of the cannons in the last war with Poland, and for having answered to those who represented to him his prodigality of the blood of the troops: "What signifies our life! The great object is victory! Does the padischah lack soldiers? When we shall have no more asses, we will mount horses."

Not being able to plunge their sabres into his heart, protected by the coat of mail which he wore underneath his caftan, they cut off the head, which they carried in triumph before the Sultan and threw the body under the feet of the horse. "Alas!" said Othman, forgetting his own misery to lament his old friend, "he, at least, was very innocent; if I had followed his advice, misfortune and ruin would not have befallen me."

These noble complaints did not mollify the soldiers; in a military mob all turns into crime against the victims, not excepting their attitude. It despises them if they are cowardly; it hates them if they prove courageous. Raillery blindfolds pity in the people: "Dear Othman! noble padischah!" cried to him the relentless soldiers who sought for merriment in execution, "young and beautiful prince, of whom the word is the law of the world, are you not pleased to patrol this night the streets of Constantinople attended by your faithful bostandjis to catch the drunkards detained late in the taverns by Greek wine, to chain the Janissaries and the spahis on the galleys of your fleet and to have them thrown into the sea?" The people applauded by bursts of ribald joviality these barrack derisions.

Others, more serious in their fury, demanded of him : " If it was by miserable reviews of *seghbans* that his ancestors had raised the edifice of the empire ; if it was Syrians, Egyptians, *bostandjis* who built the fortresses of the Danube and of the Euphrates."

A Janissary, more dastardly and ferocious than the others, son of a goldsmith of Constantinople and depraved by the ignoble vices of the capital, walked at the side of his horse and pinched the skin of his leg between his two fingers in order to extort from him a cry of pain. " Accursed wretch ! " said the Sultan, weeping in spite of himself, with shame and with rage, " dost thou not remember that I was yesterday thy *padischah*, and that thou didst postrate thyself before him whom thou dost now outrage ? "

Arrived at the barrack in front of the mosque, where Mustapha I. had been conducted by the people, Othman was delivered to the guard and mercy of the chief of the Janissaries. The window of the chamber where the Janissaries watched their victim was visible from the gallery of the mosque. The two princes and the two reigns were thus separated but by the square. The people and the soldiers rioted between the barrack and the temple, the first saluting with their acclamations the new prince, the others abusing and execrating his predecessor.

The tragic grandeur and the pity of so singular a spectacle began however to affect the multitude. The muezzins being mounted at mid-day on the high galleries of the minarets to call the people to prayer, the rumor ran that it was the signal for the execution of Othman. All faces on the square were forthwith turned towards the barrack, where the deed must be expected to take place :

" No, no, no," cried a thousand voices in the crowd, " addressing themselves to the Janissaries of the guard in the mess-room ; no harm ought by any means to be done the deposed Sultan. That the Sultan Mustapha should reign at present over us, we are willing, but let the life of the Sultan Othman be preserved against future casualties."

The grand vizier, Daoud-Pasha, who had just arrived upon the place, went up to the room which served as prison for Othman, and, pushing him with the hand to the window, he showed him to the people to appease their clamors and to attest that he was still alive.

XXIX.

This unexpected emotion of the people in his favor gave something of hope to Othman II. ; he ventured to appeal to the heart and reason of his gaoler : " What do you intend to do with your emperor ? " said he to the soldiers, shaken by the cries of pity of the people. " What ! it is you, Janissaries, the supporters of the empire, who accomplish its ruin and your own ! " Then remembering the old turban that was dishonoring his head, and throwing it with indignation away from him, and imploring with the brow bare, the eyes in tears, the voice broken with sobbings, his guards : " If I have involuntarily offended you," said he to them, " pardon me ; yesterday I was your padischah, to-day I am nothing ; let me be an example to you ! You also may have to experience the vicissitudes of this world, you also may have need of commiseration."

The soldiers were becoming affected, the chief of the chiaoux of the grand vizier who had gone up with Daoud-Pasha to the room, wished to prevent, by stifling his voice, the effect of the supplications of Othman. He threw the cord around his neck to strangle him. But Othman, who spied him with the eye, as the convict feels by presentiment the presence of the executioner, passed his two vigorous hands between the cord and his throat, and, untying the slip-knot, suspended at least a moment his death.

The officers of the Janissaries present cried to the chiaoux to precipitate nothing in such a moment, in such a place and before the people, who would render him responsible for the death of a Sultan whom there appeared a disposition to spare. Daoud-Pasha, anxious to press an execution which would assure the throne to his pupil, influence to the Sultana his stepmother, the government to himself, encouraged with a look the executioners :

" Babarian, what is it then that I have done to thee," said Othman, " that thou comest to beg here my death from my slaves ? Have I not twice rescued thee by a word from the death which the grand vizier wished to inflict on thee ? Have I not replaced thee in spite of the divan in the dignities of which thou hadst been stript ? Whence has sprung thy virulent hatred against me ? "

" He is a serpent," cried from the other side of the place the Sultana mother of Mustapha to the Janissaries, of whom

she saw the indecision, and of whom she heard the tumults; "he is a serpent, do not hearken to him; if he slips from your hands, he will put you all to death."

Daoud-Pasha, who heard the voice of the Sultana, made a sign to the headsmen to tighten the cord; but the officers interfered to obey the murmur of pity in the crowd. Othman II., taking confidence from their intervention, turned towards the mess-master, who was answerable for him to his comrades: "Who has given thee thy employment?" asked he of him, hoping that it was himself, and that gratitude would be awakened by the remembrance of benefaction.—"It is the Sultan Mustapha," responded the commander of the barrack.—"The Sultan Mustapha," rejoined Othman, "is an idiot who does not know even his own name; come, open this window and let me speak to my servants."

The officer, overawed or affected, opened a window of the room that looked upon the peristyle of the mosque, of which an angle touched the barrack of the Janissaries. The instinct of life in a young man who shrunk from death, the energy of character which had not weakened since the day before in a sovereign precipitated from the throne, the hope which the favoring cries restored to his soul, the consciousness of the imbecility of the competitor opposed to him, experience of the fickleness of popular movements, confidence, in fine, in the impression which must be wrought upon the multitude by the aspect of his nakedness and the eloquence of his tears—all this gave to Othman accents as pathetic as the situation. He had disconcerted the soldiers, flooded the grand vizier, he did not doubt of managing the people.

"My agas, my spahis, my Janissaries," cried he to the soldiery who listened to him underneath, "and you my fathers, who have protected me in my cradle, defended me in the camps, instructed me in the divans, guarded me upon the throne, if through ignorance, through youth, through mistaken good intention I have given ear to unfortunate counsels, wherefore humble me in this manner to the debasement of your own sovereignty? If you do not wish me for your padischah, say so at once, and I will know how of myself to descend and to die without degrading either you or me by those indignities that cast dishonor on the Ottoman name." The people mingled among the soldiers shed tears

at these words, and a few voices already cried to pardon repentance, and to reconduct Othman to the seraglio.

XXX.

The Sultana, mother of Mustapha, at the voice of Othman II. and at the noise of those fluctuations of the multitude, had come out upon the gallery of the mosque, then re-entered at the cries of terror of her own son to give him confidence and to suggest him a countenance less infantile. But the poor phantom of a sovereign had no sooner lost sight of his mother than he relapsed into his faintings. At the slightest counter-shock of the external tumults produced by the strife of clamors between the people and the soldiers, he bounded frightened on his divan. Seated on the mihrab of the mosque between his two mute and attentive slaves, he would start up with a jerk at the louder rumblings of the square below, fancying that the satellites of Othman were forcing the doors to immolate him, would rush to the window as if to fly them, and, clinging to the grating which barred the glass outside, would tear his feeble hands with the angles of the iron trellis, in the effort to force it open and give him an issue for escape. His two slaves reseated him with difficulty in his place. The spectators, full at once of terror and of pity, were at a loss whether they ought rather to deplore the lot of such a creature in having been carried against his will to the throne, or the empire in having by and by to support such a master.

"Come, come, be calm, I am here, my lion," his mother used to say, receiving him trembling in her arms. "My lion, my tiger, my son, my padischah, be worthy of thy people and of thy mother; thou seest thy officers kneel respectfully, and that I do not tremble."

Othman on the other side, within a few paces of the mihrab of the mosque, although in the peristyle of another edifice adjacent, was struggling for life with the same intrepidity which animated the Sultana for the life of her son and for the empire. Pale, half-naked, bare headed, his shirt torn off his shoulders, he adjured by turns Daoud, the people, the soldiers to have pity on him and on themselves by reflecting to what a master they were about to give themselves upon the corpse of their legitimate padischah.

The gestures of the Sultana, the cries of Mustapha, the

supplications and the objurgations of Othman, disputed with each other alternately or altogether the attention of the multitude. Daoud-Pasha, still behind his victim with his executioners, availed himself of one of those moments when the heads of the crowd were turned towards the gallery of the mosque, and ordered a third time the chief of the chiaoux to throw the cord around the neck of the Sultan.

The commander of the barrack, who had already prolonged the agony of Othman, by untying the noose and in permitting him to present himself at the window to address the spectators, detached a third time the cord and flung it indignantly to the chiaoux. The Janissaries, whose first fury had had time to evaporate and to change into compassion, applauded the humanity of the barrack-master. Daoud withdrew in adjourning reluctantly the crime, and Othman, confided to the guard of the Janissaries, remained suspended between death and life in the barrack, with a handful of old soldiers.

XXXI.

The grand vizier passed from the barrack into the mosque, and hastened to avail himself of the rest of the day to put Mustapha I. in possession of the seraglio and of the throne. The same uncovered car, drawn by the revolted soldiers and by the populace, which had conducted Mustapha to the palace of his mother, conveyed him also between his two negresses from the mosque to the seraglio. A countless multitude saluted him with pity, with good wishes, with acclamations. The Ottomans, compassionate for his double misfortune, rejoicing at the restoration of liberty to a poor captive, forgot for a moment that they were also giving the throne to a mere shadow.

During this march, half triumphal, half derisory, Daoud-Pasha, for the purpose of removing from their barrack the mass of the Janissaries, of whom the presence intimidated his designs, had them apprised secretly, by his confidants, of the treasures which Houssein-Pasha and Othman II. had deposited the day before in the palace of the aga, from which the fugitive prince had been taken to conduct him to the barracks. At this intelligence, the Janissaries quitted tumultuously their mess-rooms, forgot Othman, and precipitated themselves in a throng upon the aga's palace, to pillage and

divide amongst them the pretended treasures. They found the treasures of Houssein, and the tumultuous partition of this plunder kept them aloof, distracted and drunk in the taverns a part of the night.

Daoud, informed of their negligence to watch their hostage, ran by torchlight with a band of chiaoux and bostandjis to the barrack, under pretext of transferring the deposed sovereign to a prison more worthy of the majesty of the prisoner. This escort, lighted by torches, led through the streets the most tumultuous, the unfortunate Othman to the fortress of the Seven Towers. The people, who followed with different feelings the cortege, withdrew gradually when the fortress doors had been closed upon the prisoner.

The rumor ran in the crowd that the life of Othman would be spared to restore him repentant and corrected to the throne, if his uncle should be found a second time incapable of reigning. The thought of death was neither in the mind nor in the wishes of any Ottoman uninterested in the question of the throne. Those alone, in small number, desired his death, who felt themselves unpardonable through the excess of their outrages, and who could not live in security if they should leave him life: such were Daoud and the Sultana, thenceforth arbiters of the fate of Othman, and whom his life condemned to tremble constantly for their dominion and even their head.

Accordingly, the doors of the fortress of the Seven Towers were scarcely shut upon Othman II., and the silence outside had scarce announced the dispersion of the people from the streets, when Daoud-Pasha, assisted by the chief of the djebedjis and by two robust chiaoux, entered the chamber of the prisoner, bearing the cord of silk in his hands.

Othman, of whom twenty hours of anguish had neither prostrated the energy, nor enervated the vigor, and who had three times already eluded death by retarding it, combated with desperation against his four assassins. The chamber where the scene had taken place, rung a long time with the cries, with the rumblings, with the reactions of a terrible struggle between this young man of eighteen years and those well-practised executioners. It was protracted for a long time in the dark: Othman doubtless hoped, that, by sustaining it till the extinction of his strength, the noise might bring to his relief the guards of the Seven Towers, or that

the people might force the gates at the voice of their Sultan. The guards were accomplices and the people were gone.

The chief of the djebedjis succeeded at last in passing and in pressing the noose of the string around the neck of Othman, while Daoud and the two chiaoux, with their knees upon his breast, tried to tear away his hands from it, and to hold still his legs. Their united efforts were insufficient to hold this lion, when one of those ferocious executioners, named Kalender-Oghli, seized and squeezed with an iron grasp, the sources of virility in the body of Othman. The pain wrung a terrible cry from the young man; he fell into a swoon; he was strangled, already inanimate.

Daoud cut off one of the ears with his own poniard, and wrapped this bleeding cartilage in his silk handkerchief, to carry to the Sultana Validé this certain testimonial of the reality of the death of Othman II. and of the uncontested diadem of her son. It was the first sacrilege of the Ottomans against the majesty of *the shadow of God*.

XXXII.

M. de Hammer, whose erudition often compares race to race, crime to crime, with advantage to human experience, has drawn a parallel between the death of the Greek Emperor, Andronicus, and that of the Turkish Emperor, Othman, which we think worthy of transcription.

"The fate of Andronicus and that of Othman II. present," says he, "remarkable similitudes. When Andronicus was conducted to Chilai (now Bebek) where he had formerly caused to be blinded and thrown into prison Alexis Comenus, the sea, as if it bore a remembrance of the executions with which he had so often stained its waves, rejected him with violence on the shore. Loaded with chains by the archers, he underwent, in presence of his very competitor Isaac, the most ignominious treatment: he was buffeted on the cheeks; he was kicked with the foot; the women, whose husbands he had deprived of sight, tore off his hair and broke in his teeth; a hand was cut off him, an eye was plucked out, and he was thrown into the tower Anemas of the palace of the Blakernes, where he remained without any species of nourishment. A few days after, he was deprived of the remaining eye, and was marched through the city upon a mangy camel, to make him serve for a laughing butt to

the populace. Some of these knocked him on the head with sticks, others emptied upon him vases of urine and stuffed his nostrils with dirt; others still squeezed into his mouth sponges saturated with filth. Then he was hanged upon the Hippodrome, hard by the two columns, between the statues of the she-wolf and of the hyena. In the midst of his sufferings, he cried: "*Lord, have pity on me; break not a reed already broken.*" His ruffianly tormentors tore off his clothes; one of them plunged a pike down his throat into the intestines. Two Latins pierced his sides with their swords, to see which of them had the keenest edge. Then he expired, in the act of raising towards his mouth the bleeding stump of his arm, of which probably he wished to suck the blood to slake his thirst. This execution is the most cruel and the most ignominious of those which have been ever inflicted on a dethroned sovereign, and here the Byzantine barbarity has far surpassed the Turkish."

We will not developé this bloody parallel of the German historian, in aggravation or in excuse of the one or of the other crime. We will only say that Andronicus had merited death, and that Othman II. had merited but pity. But the bare death of a guilty prince is a crime when inflicted without judgment. The people who inflict punishment without right, without judges, and without pity, take in turn the crime upon themselves, and dishonor humanity instead of avenging it.

The reign of Othman II. left behind it no other trace than his dead body to the history of the Ottomans.

XXXIII.

His body was buried clandestinely during the night in the tomb of his fathers. The mufti, of whom Othman II. had espoused in spite of him the only daughter, and who did not pardon the dead Sultan the moral violence which he had endured in not daring to decline this honor, refused to pray upon his tomb; he abdicated voluntarily the pontificate, rather than render religious honors to his son-in-law.

The second reign of Mustapha I. commenced by those oscillations and those reactions which agitate the mind of a people or of a soldiery after the triumph of great seditions. A few days after the installation of Mustapha, while this prince attended with his mother at a family festivity at the

house of the grand vizier, Daoud, the soldiers trooped around the palace of Daoud and constrained him by their vociferations to come down into the court and assign them reason for his crime.

"Why," cried they to him, "hast thou killed against our will the Sultan Othman, whom we had intrusted to thy guard?"

"I have killed him," replied the grand vizier, "by the orders of the master of the world, the Sultan Mustapha, our padischah." This response, which threw on the chimerical will of an idiot the fatality of the crime, silenced and appeared to satisfy for this day the soldiers. The shade of the Sultan imposed upon them still. But the following day they presented themselves in larger numbers on another pretext, demanding with loud cries the heads which had escaped, by favor of the tumult, the day of the catastrophe of Othman. They were those of Omar, the preceptor of Othman, of Ahmed, the caïmakam, of Nassouh-Pasha and some others, advisers, viziers or favorites of Othman. Daoud abandoned to them without difficulty all those heads to save his own. But flight and the inaccessible mountains of Asia saved the victims.

The pages of the seraglio on their side, ashamed to serve a phantom prince, and indignant at the murder of a Sultan of their own years, who flattered their pride and their ambition, assassinated by night their governor, the chief of the white eunuchs, accused by them of having contributed to the deposition and the execution of Othman, their idol. They hung by the legs the body upon the Place of the Hippodrome.

"This eunuch meditated," they said, "to kill likewise, at the instigation of the Sultana Validé, and of Daoud, her son-in-law, the young princes still living, brothers of Othman II., nephews of Mustapha." The spahis and the Janissaries, agitated by the pages, assembled anew to summon Daoud to answer on his head for the life of those youths, reserved perhaps for the throne. The new mufti, named Yahya, convinced the Sultana Validé of the unanimous unpopularity of Daoud, upon whom recoiled perpetually and justly the blood of his victim.

Daoud, attacked by all, even by his accomplices, and ill sustained by his mother-in-law, who saw the empire tottering in his hands, ceded the supreme dignity to Mere-Housseïn,

former cook of the seraglio, become, by the sport of fortune, general of the army of Hungary, and governor of Egypt. The firmness that was expected of him against the incessant seditions, failed, through his complicity in the murder of Othman. One day, as he was distributing the pay to the troops, a soldier rushed upon him, sabre in hand, crying: "What have you done with the Sultan Othman?" It was the cry of remorse of the soldiers and of the people, breaking forth in an individual voice. This remorse was mounting to fury. The avenging soldier struck, slightly and at random with his sabre, Houssein and several of the officers of his retinue, before falling himself beneath the blows of the *chiaoux* and the *muezzins*.

This tumult did but excite another. The grand vizier, to escape from the sedition of the troops, resolved to send them, under pretext of war, to a distance from the capital. He began by removing the *aga* of the Janissaries, Dervish-Pasha, a turbulent man, whom we have seen on the day of the fall of Othman, accompanying the *car* as groom of Mustapha to the old seraglio. The grand vizier, to disguise this exile, made Dervish governor of Caramania. An imperial bark transported him to the port of Moudania on the Asiatic coast of the Propontis.

The Janissaries, uneasy at the disappearance of their *aga*, and pretending that he had been drowned in the passage, rushed tumultuously with arms in hand, into the courts of the seraglio, demanding clamorously the removal and the punishment of the grand vizier. The Sultana Validé, attracted by these cries from the harem, dictated to her terrified son a suppliant *katti-scherif*, addressed by this prince to the soldiers: "Appoint grand vizier Daoud-Pasha, Gourdje Mohammed-Pasha, or Lefkeli Mustapha-Pasha, I care not which; he whom you shall choose will be my choice."

This servile *katti-scherif* augmented the embarrassment and the fury of the troops. They felt incapable of obeying, but still more incapable of governing. Their cries redoubled. The Sultana Validé, who had dictated this *katti-scherif* to her son, tried what her presence could a second time effect upon the mind of the troops. She came forth covered with a transparent veil from the harem, and presented herself as suppliant to the soldiers. The unusual sight of a woman of whom the beauty and the tears were half disclosed through the Indian muslin spread over her features, respect for the

mother of their emperor, the recollection of the energy which she had displayed to save and to crown her son, devoid of reason on the day of the revolution, made the factionists fall at her feet. They tore the katti-scherif whereby the Sultan resigned to them the right of appointing a grand vizier, and cried to her that they would obey him who would be chosen freely by the padischah.

Mustapha-Lefkeli, brother of the nurse of the Sultan, was appointed by the influence of his mother. Scarce had he governed a few days than a new revolt arose against him, under pretext that he had given the highest dignities of the church to a driver of asses and a musician, his friends. A third grand vizier in the space of three months, Gourdji-Mohammed, received the seals.

XXXIV.

The public authority discredited at its source, being no more upheld by respect, could no longer be so by terror. The puerilities of Mustapha I., in spite of the mystery with which the seraglio endeavored to conceal them, became known throughout Constantinople. At one time Mustapha, escaping from his guardians, would run from kiosk to kiosk in the gardens of the palace, invoking, with loud cries Othman to come and rid him of the weight of the government, forgetting, like the emperor Claudian demanding back his wife, that he had signed himself the warrant for the murder of his nephew. At another time he would enter on horseback his barge, and imagine he was thus traversing the sea. Sometimes he thought himself a prophet and favored by celestial revelations, which complaisance and adulation used to verify to gratify him. The credulous multitude, inclined to venerate the weakness of the intellect as a sign of innocence, a favor of heaven, used to admire in these revelations the finger of God upon the inspired idiot.

The sheiks of the mosques availed themselves of this prestige of the pretended inspirations of Mustapha, to edify the faithful and to accredit the idea of his sanctity. "He shuts himself up whole weeks to weep and to pray in his apartments," said they, in the pulpits; "he beholds his nephew, Othman, transfigured into paradise, and crowned with an imperishable diadem. Pray for your saintly padis-

shah, that God may console his sufferings and bless his tears." The people wept and prayed.*

The grand vizier, in order to gratify the sheiks of the mosques, having published a severe interdict against the sale of wine to the troops in the taverns, was dismissed amid the cries of the soldiers. Dervish-Pasha, before appointed and deposed, as has been seen above, was named anew and deposed a second time. A eunuch, named Mohammed, grown old in the high functions of the government, succeeded to Dervish. There were fair hopes of a man broken to the business, and who had never mingled in any of the factions of court or barrack which rent the state. The people of Constantinople, weary of barrack anarchies, were favorable to the eunuch who was determined to repress them. They menaced the favorite of the Janissaries, Dervish-Pasha, with obliging him to give an account of his wealth.

The Janissaries, in their first fermentation against the eunuch, were hooted by the multitude: "You tremble for your *falconer*," said the people to the soldiers, (it was the surname of Dervish, a trainer of falcons before his fortune,) "and you have deserted, like coward mutes, your padischah, Othman, of whom you were eating the bread and the salt, and who had been delivered to you as a sacred deposit in your barrack by us and by the present Sultan, Mustapha." The Janissaries, depopularized by their ingratitude and their sacrilege against Othman, knew not what to answer. Already, under pretext of avenging Othman, governors, generals and pashas, declared themselves absolved from obedience to the Porte, and swore to make the Janissaries atone for the murder of the young Sultan. Of this number were Yousouf-Pasha, Governor of Tripoli in Syria, and Abaza-Pasha, Governor of Erzeroum.

Yousouf was a Turcoman, raised to power by cunning, confirmed in it by crime, to whom the luck of his misdeeds had given the daring to commit greater. He had long since driven the Janissaries from his province, and had enrolled in their stead bands of seghbans, a local and personal militia, a tool, accomplice, and victim by turns of his ferocious executions. Such an enemy, armed with a grievance so real and so national as the murder of a Sultan, was formidable to the Janissaries.

* It seems, then, that the priests and people are the same in Turkey as the world over.—*Translator.*

Abaza, who took his name from his tribe, the Abases of the Black Sea, neighbors of the Circassians, was a prisoner become slave of the old grand vizier, Mourad, vanquisher of the Persians. Remarkd for his courage on the fleet of Khalil, the capitan-pasha, Abaza, rose from grade to grade, and finally to the government of Merasch. An enemy of the Janissaries, like Yousouf, he was of the number of the generals who levied, in Syria and in Mesopotamia, well disciplined militias, and whom Othman II. proposed to join, to deliver himself from the yoke of the Janissaries, when the discovery of this idea cost him his throne and his life.

His declared revolt caused the outbreak in Constantinople of a new sedition against the eunuch Mohammed. The capitan-pasha, Khalil, and the grand vizier murmured: "The Janissaries are the instigators and the secret supporters of the rebel; Houssein has given him his daughter." But these murmurs, which found no echo in the multitude, died away before the impassibility of Mohammed. The shame and the execration of their crime, reproved by all good Mussulmans, began to weigh so heavily upon the spirit of the soldiers, that they sought to discharge themselves of it at any cost. The spahis cast it upon the Janissaries, the Janissaries upon Daoud, son-in-law of the Sultana, Daoud upon Mustapha I.; no one wished to bear any longer the responsibility of this blood which cried for vengeance in every soul.

It is honorable to human nature to see a nation like a great criminal, tormented by the remorse of an unpunished assassination, and demanding, so to say, of divine justice, to accord it either the pardon or the expiation of innocent blood.

XXXV.

The spahis, not being able to tolerate the blame or even the silence of their officers, who reproached them with their complicity in the death of Othman, separated their cause from the Janissaries their companions. They assembled of themselves in the mosque of the Hippodrome, where the drama of the death of the nephew and of the coronation of the idiot was accomplished before their eyes, and had drawn up by their secretary a petition to the Sultan, Mustapha I., conceived in this wise: "If the padischah has really or-

dered the murder of the Sultan Othman, let him say so, and let him purge our honor from the calumnies of the people."

This demand, without an answer for several days, encouraged the people, the sheiks and the oulemas, to demand still louder, not now to stigmatize, but to chastise the revolt against Othman. The spahis, to further exculpate themselves, called with loud clamors for the investigation and the judgment of the murderers. "Deliver us the assassin," said they to the oulemas, "and we will do him justice ourselves."

The Sultan, summoned by the clamoring of the spahis to declare the truth, replied by a laconic katti-scherif, which repudiated the death of his nephew. "I have never said to any one that the Sultan Othman should be put to death," said the Sultan Mustapha in this katti-scherif; "Daoud has lied. If the murderers live still, they must expiate their crime."

This express disavowal of Mustapha, in testifying that he himself was indignant at the murder to which he owed the throne, left to the Janissaries and the spahis, in order to appease the people, but the part of executing vengeance upon their own misdeeds. They affected more zeal and more fury than the people themselves in the investigation and the extermination of the regicides. They diffused themselves sword in hand during the night through the streets, pursuing every where those whose name was at all connected with the murder of Othman.

The chief of the djebedjis, one of the four assassins who had strangled the young prince in the prison of the Seven Towers, was torn from his house, dragged to the border of the same fountain where the unfortunate Othman had asked in vain for some water to drink in marching to death. His head was cut off on the brink of the fountain, as if the blood thus shed was meant to expiate the drop of water refused so cruelly.

XXXVI.

The streets rung for two days with cries of vengeance against Daoud-Pasha, the most guilty, the most powerful, and the most ferocious of the authors of the revolution. He had succeeded in escaping by the gate of his harem, and concealing himself in the suburb of Aïoub, in the humble residence of a spahi grateful for some favors. The pertinacious

search of the soldiers discovered him at last on the third day crouched under the horse's litter in the stable of the trooper. His garments were stript from his body, he was robed in derision with a mass of rags covered with dirt, and hoisted on a dung-cart to be conducted, through the hooting streets, to the prison of the Seven Towers, the scene of his crime, destined to be that of his punishment.

Kalender-Oghli, the third of the assassins of Othman become chief of the police of the capital, under the viziership of his accomplice, Daoud, was dragged with the same ignominy to the Seven Towers. The feigned fury of the troops and the real anger of the people appeared a moment to be satisfied by these expiations; they reflected more than befitted the security of the throne, not upon the innocent Mustapha I. but upon the reigning Sultana, his mother.

The aga of the Janissaries, at the secret instigation of the harem, deeply interested in saving Daoud, assembled his soldiers in the mosque, and feigning to appeal to their military generosity: "Comrades," said he to them, "now you are satisfied; Daoud-Pasha is imprisoned, his fate is in the hands of the padischah, his proper judge and master; promise to utter no more imprecations against Daoud, and no more to agitate the city with cries of death against any body."

The soldiers, deceived by this semblance of magnanimity, made the promise and returned in silence to their barrack.

XXXVII.

During this cessation of the soldiers, the Sultana Validé and her daughter, the Sultana, wife of Daoud, conspired with all the artifices of two women, drawing by handfuls from the public treasury, to save a son-in-law and a husband. They did not disguise from themselves that the punishment of their instrument would be the prologue to their own execution. Their largesses and their promises succeeded in creating during the night a party for Daoud. The executioner himself, won over by their gold, engaged to have the execution conducted with sufficient slowness to give the liberators of Daoud time to muster and to rescue him.

The following day, in fact, at the moment when Daoud, conducted from the Seven Towers before the divan, heard his sentence of death, and was carried by the executioners in his rags of the preceding day to die before the fountain,

bespattered with the blood of the chief of the djebedjis, the executioner left him more time than was accorded to convicts for prayer.

Daoud, kneeling without a turban, the naked sabre of the headsman already brandished over his head, drew all of a sudden from his bosom and read aloud the katti-scherif of Mustapha, which ordered him to murder Othman. This afterward katti-scherif had been doubtless surprised from the Sultan and slipped by trusty hands into those of Daoud, to serve as his justification at the last moment. The Janissaries in the confidence of those two women, affected to declare themselves fully satisfied, covered the reading with acclamations, pushed aside the executioners, tore off Daoud from the fountain, brought him a horse richly caparisoned, and led him in triumph to the mosque, the forum of so many tragic vicissitudes of fortune. The people, as fickle in the Constantinople of the Ottomans as in the Byzantium of the Greeks, saluted with hurrahs this sudden turn in the fate of Daoud, and followed the tumultuous current created by the soldiers.

All pressed around the horse of the ex-vizier, boasting of having contributed to his safety, and asking him to throw them a fragment of the rags he had on, for the purpose of being able to present it to him in the day of his power, and to claim the price of the life which they had rendered him by their sedition. In passing in front of the bakery of the spahis, one of these soldiers gave him his turban, another his caftan, a third his horse and his arms.* On entering the peristyle of the mosque, the Janissaries, still more interested than the spahis in the impunity of their accomplice, stripped him of his chance garments, brought more sumptuous ones, and placed upon his head the golden-fringed turban of the viziers. Daoud, invested tumultuously with this supreme dignity by the vociferations of a handful of rebels, recognized the exigencies of the soldiery, by distributing in advance to the most obsequious, the places of kiaya, or chief of the chiaoux, of viziers, with military fiefs and largesses.

But the hour which he thus employed in confirming his power instead of employing it to assure his safety by flight, was turned already against him. The spahis became indig-

* But he was, according to the author, already on horseback, and a horse "richly caparisoned," to boot.—*Translator*.

nant at the conduct of the Janissaries; the people, at the conduct of both the military factions. The venal popularity, won a moment at the price of gold by the two Sultanas for their favorite, crumbled before the crushing unpopularity of the unpunished and now triumphant assassin of Othman II. The seraglio was surrounded to demand from the grand vizier vengeance upon this mere derision of the laws. The grand chamberlain of the palace, Damadi-Ahmed, offered himself to the eunuch to go with the bostandjis and precipitate Daoud from his insolent triumph. Attended by some thousands of bostandjis and capidjis, he marched without hesitation to the mosque amid the encouragements of the multitude. He scattered, by his mere presence, the Janissaries, the spahis and the populace that escorted Daoud; he wrested from them without resistance their idol, and placing Daoud on the same car in which the latter conducted his victim, Othman, to the Seven Towers, he led him back into his prison and had him beheaded, as also Kalender-Oghli, his accomplice, in the same apartment and on the same spot where these two miscreants had thrown down, strangled and mutilated their padischah.

Thus, the reprisal of the same place, as the reprisal of the same punishment, serves once more to attest that vengeance, intelligent and inevitable, which punishes the murder of the victim by that of the murderer.

Their bodies were dragged by the legs into the sea.

XXXVIII.

The old eunuch, Mahomed, who regarded with a forced passiveness these vengeance of public opinion, accepted them for want of being able to avert them. He was even constrained to employ the authority of Mustapha I. in displacing, in banishing and in executing the chief fomentors of the revolution which had placed Mustapha upon the throne. His rival, Mére-Houssein, secretly urged the people and the troops to demand more bloody reparations of the death of Othman. It was with him a means of getting himself popular in the empire, of vilifying the eunuch and the Sultana Validé, and of remounting on their ruin to the power which he had held but for so few days.

"The empire," he was wont to say aloud to his partisans, making allusions to the age of the eunuch, who was eighty

years, and to the ascendant of the Sultana Validé over the old man, "is governed by two old women and by an idiot. Is it wonderful that every thing is going to ruin?"

An Albanian aga, named Suleïman, an instrument of Mère-Housseïn, undertook to stimulate this fermentation of discontent in the troops, and to push the murmurs to the extreme of sedition. The officers of the Janissaries and of the spahis put their heads together to wrest by force the government from those decrepit hands. Their soldiers, secretly encouraged by them, assailed, the 5th February, at daybreak, the divan, and thus addressed the old vizier: "It is you," said they, "who give up our brethren and our officers to the executioner; we want you no longer; we desire to be governed by vigorous ministers. Retire instantly, lay down voluntarily a power for which your age and your mutilation unfit you; otherwise our sabres will lay you on the steps of the divan, and our hands cast your minced members into the waves where you have thrown Daoud."

XXXIX.

The old man, abandoned by all, and even by the Sultana, gave up the seals into the hands of the rebels, who transferred them to Mère-Housseïn, their instigator. Five hundred sugar-loaves to the soldiers, caftans of honor to the chiefs of the revolt, and two hundred thousand ducats to the Janissaries, recompensed, in the seraglio itself, the insurrection that thus dishonored it. Mère-Housseïn let the eunuch retire in peace into the harem, but he banished all the men who gave him umbrage by their talents and could aspire to the rank of grand vizier.

XL.

Mère did not scruple to attach to him the favor of this soldiery by the same corruptions and the same licenses by which he had purchased it. He had the floor of their mosque covered with rich carpets of new silk; he assembled, on the square of the meat-market, the head cooks of the messes, who formed under this title the staff of each regiment: "Comrades," said he to them, "pray for the direction of the reign of our happy padischah, and keep yourselves in peace; take wherever you please, your meats, your wax

lights, your wood, and all that you find necessary: thank God, the padischah is sufficiently rich to treat liberally his slaves."

The Janissaries cheered the vizier, and carried their insatiable exigencies quite as far as the want of popularity of their accomplice pushed his complaisance towards them. All was indiscipline, haphazard, and pillage of the shops and the treasury of the capital. Public opinion, enslaved but indignant, revealed itself by multiplied conflagrations in Constantinople, anonymous notices, which substituted fire for the voice, and insurrected the people by terror and despair.

XLI.

Abaza-Pasha, revolted at Tripoli, took advantage of these agitations of the capital, to advance securely with his army of avengers of Othman II., into Caramania. Master of Siwas and of Angora, he procured the assassination of Yousouf-Pasha, revolted in the same cause at Merasch, under pretence that this colleague meditated reconciliation with the regicides. At Cesarea, where he entered a victor, the sheiks received him as a liberator: "Fear nothing," said they to him before the people, "fortune is on thy side. Thou art the envoy of God, He gives thee power to deliver the Mussulmans from the oppression of the tyrant Janissaries."

Abaza, at the head of sixty thousand men, confiscated every where the property of the Janissaries to defray the pay of his troops. The enemy and declared executioner of this soldiery, wherever on his march he discovered a Janissary, he had him beheaded after having horseshoes nailed to his heels, in sign of assimilation to brutes. Master of entire Anatolia, he blockaded for three months back the capital city of Broussa.

This unpunished dismemberment of the empire by a rebel foreigner, of a race deemed barbarous, the fires that devoured nightly whole districts of the city, the insolence of the soldiers, the emulation of license between the spahis and the Janissaries, the imbecility of the Sultan, the incapacity of his mother, a woman who had but the energy and the mobility of her passions, but no solidity of judgment, the lurking intrigues of the Sultana Koesim, in the old seraglio, who plotted to substitute her son Mourad to the son of the Validé upon the throne, kept the public in a perpetual anguish.

The oulemas, indignant at the excesses of the military domination, summoned the mufti to preside over their meeting in the mosque of Saint Sophia, to deliberate upon the public danger. The mufti, to augment the popular fermentation, replied, that, "as long as Mére-Houssein was grand vizier, no remedy was applicable to the wounds of the nation; that he was going to see the Sultan to solicit the deposition of this impious minister and corruptor of the troops, and that he would appear no more before them until he had obtained it."

The spahis, apprised of the courageous course of the mufti, assembled at the gates to hinder him, by threats of death, from going to the seraglio. One of them, son of a cutler, cried to his comrades: "Do not let him out, or else you will all be massacred." The mufti braved their threats and their arms; he went up, under the escort of patriot Mussulmans, to the seraglio. Mére-Houssein, dreading this collection of armed men, surrounded himself with bribed troops in the palace of the aga of the Janissaries. From there he ordered the oulemas of Saint-Sophia to disperse. The oulemas, strong in number, in right, in the moral support of all good Mussulmans, received his messengers with imprecations and turned them out of the mosque. Some ventured to go in deputation to the barrack of the Janissaries to make a last appeal of patriotism to the heart of the soldiers: "The Sultan Mustapha," said they, with tears in their eyes, to the soldiers, "is destitute of reason; the government is conducted or rather torn in his name at the caprice of the harem or of the adventurers who sway it; ruin is upon us; let us call legally another prince to the throne; what say you of it?" The soldiers, separated at this moment from their chiefs, interrogate each other with the eye and confess the calamities of the country. "Whatever side," replied they at last, "our masters, the oulemas, take, we will follow them."

XLII.

The oulemas, satisfied with this deference of the soldiers, returned to Saint-Sophia to give their colleagues assurance as to the disposition of the troops, and to pursue their deliberation on the evils of the empire. Mére-Houssein sends them in vain other negotiators to persuade them to retire.

They come out in a body around Saint-Sophia with the turban of Akhschemseddin, one of the martyrs of Islam who was buried in the mosque of Aïoub. They unroll this sacred turban to make it a banner. All the sheiks of the other mosques of Constantinople bring their standards to Saint-Sophia to join with that of Akhschemseddin. The people salute with acclamations the mosque of Saint-Sophia adorned with those thousand streaming standards: but arms are wanting, and night falls without a declaration of the troops reconquered by the liberalities of the grand vizier and the Validé.

Mére-Housseïn launched on Saint-Sophia a scum of Janissaries and of Albanians under the orders of a tschaousch of Caramania. They broke in the doors, massacred some oulemas, and threw their bodies in a sewer to conceal the evidences of their crime. A dervish who had addressed the people in favor of the oulemas was hanged the following day. The civic consternation hid itself before the tyranny of the soldiers; but the oulemas desired in secret the success of Abaza, and called him by their emissaries to deliver Constantinople.

XLIII.

Meanwhile the grand vizier, uneasy at the immobility of the spahis, who were separating their cause from that of the Janissaries, and who had appeared to tamper in the civic insurrection of the oulemas, resolved to exterminate the spahis. His plan, known only to some of his confidants, consisted in assembling them after the fêtes of Beïram in a court of the seraglio under pretext of receiving their pay, and in having them shot down from the windows and the port-holes by his Albanians.

An accident caused the plot to transpire. During the fêtes of the Beïram, the defterdar of the grand vizier came to seat himself upon the bench of one of the shops of the covered bazar, to see defile in front the processions. Some soldiers of the corps of the spahis dared to dispute with him the place. "Are we not," said they to him insolently, "the favorites of the padischah, and thus entitled to take the privileged places wherever we choose?" "Take the place, then," replied bitterly the imprudent defterdar; "but after the festivals you will have justice."

This indiscretion, reported from barrack to barrack, excited with anxiety and with anger the spahis. They ran in arms to the divan of the grand vizier. "You meditate our destruction," cried they to him, "but we on our part want your head." The seraglio, inundated with their cohorts, resounded with their imprecations. The Sultana Validé conjured Méré-Housseïn to yield to necessity and to appease the tumult by retiring. "No, no," said he, "I have received the government from the hands of the Janissaries, and I will give it up into their hands only when the Janissaries shall demand it." He absconded from the seraglio and went to place himself, like Hassan *the Fruiterer*, under the protection of the Janissaries in their barrack. These soldiers, flattered by his confidence in them, and reigning, in fact, through him, received him with cries of fidelity. Méré-Housseïn retired into the mosque.

Meanwhile, in the absence of the aga of the Janissaries, their kyaya or second general represented to the soldiers "the danger of sustaining by arms against the armed spahis a vizier repudiated by the majority of the people and of the troops, and of compromising the domination of the army over the seraglio by setting one moiety of the troops to fight the other, in the single interest of a vizier odious to the nation. Is it not better," said to them the kyaya Beïram, "that you should come to an amicable understanding with your brothers, the spahis, to choose together a vizier impartial between the two corps?"

This advice prevailed. The Janissaries and the spahis, admitted in equal number into a barrack deliberation, deposed in concert Méré-Housseïn. The seals, delivered by this minister into the hands of the mufti, were carried in a silk handkerchief to the Sultan. The troops designated as an impartial vizier an officer named Ali *the Archer*, from the name of his early profession.

Ali the Archer, directed by the mufti and the oulemas, popular in the multitude, all-powerful by the combined election of the Janissaries and the spahis, convoked the same evening the judges of the army, the mufti, the viziers, the generals, the imams, the sheiks of the mosques—the organs religious, legal and military, of the Osmanlis—and set them to deliberate upon the public peril.

The deposition of the Sultan Mustapha I. and the proclamation of prince Mourad or Amurath IV., a child of eleven

years, the eldest of the surviving sons of Achmet I, were voted unanimously in the very precincts of the palace of the Sultan and almost in his presence. The morning was not awaited to take off the new Sultan from the harem of his mother, the Sultana Kaesim, and to salute him on the throne padischah of the Ottomans.

It was one of those pacific revolutions wherein evident necessity justifies unanimous resolution, and where the patriotism of all soars superior without opposition and without crime to the ambitions and the intrigues of a small minority. Nature had deposed Mustapha in creating him. The soldiers themselves acknowledged for the first time with a remnant of shame that the calamities of the country ought not to be to them an opportunity of extorting money, and they renounced the gratifications habitual on the change of sovereign.

Mustapha I., his mother, his wives and his slaves, returned to the old seraglio.

Never did infant prince receive the empire in a more complete degradation of glory, of order, and of force. The Persians had conquered seven provinces and a capital, Bagdad, from the Turks; Abaza possessed entire Asia; the anarchy of the soldiery possessed the rest. The principle of hereditary monarchy had, in three reigns, sapped the very foundations of the monarchy: this principle had given it in thirty years two minors and an imbecile; it was now going to give it a tyrant.*

* It is not properly the principle of inheritance that gave those evils, it was rather the opposite principle of election, usurped by the soldiery. Had the sane brothers of Achmet I. been left, as that principle required, to inherit, or his son Othman not been deposed by the *re-election* of an idiot, both the evils which the author speaks of had been avoided in point of fact. As to the contrast between the two principles, it is but poetry, if not quite puerility. There is no *absolute* preference between these processes of government, unless it be that one is fitter for a more advanced civilization. But then it would be, for this very reason, the more unfit for a less forward people, and then the less preferable relatively. Lamartine does not dream of asking himself whether, with an openly *elective* monarchy, the Ottoman empire could have existed a single decade; he, on the contrary, commends election at the very moment when its *partial* exercise has brought, according to his own narrative, this empire to the verge of ruin!—*Translator.*

BOOK TWENTY-FIFTH.

I.

THE reign of a child could be for a long time but the reign of his mother. The Sultana Koesim, mother of Amurath IV., a woman accustomed to govern under Ahmed I., still young and beautiful, bound by affection or interest to the eminent men of the empire, penetrating in intellect, prudent in understanding, ambitious, if not by nature at least by situation, had the adroitness, from the recesses of the old seraglio, to save the life of her son and to prepare his advent to the throne. The Sultana Validé, mother of Mustapha I., intimidated by the ascendant of the Sultana Koesim, over the divan and the people, had been deterred from the murder, often proposed, of her rival and of Amurath. The murder of Othman II. had excited too much unpopularity and too much horror against her to add to it the murder of other sons of Ahmed. The Ottomans would not have pardoned her for cutting up by the roots, in favor of a precarious and imbecile prince, the imperial dynasty; it was to these scruples that Amurath had owed his life, and that he was come now to owe the throne. The hand of his mother, who had raised him to it, was alone capable of sustaining him.

Amurath IV. was but a child; but he was besides a sickly child. His precocious intelligence, nurtured in the retirement of the old seraglio by an assiduous mother, was not obscured, but eclipsed by a natal infirmity, inherited from his father. Some fits of epilepsy foreboded him a short life and a reign as convulsive as the spasms of his soul. His oval countenance, pale, melancholy, but of a pensive and penetrating expression, recalled the features of the Sultana Koesim, surnamed Mahpetker, or the splendor of the moon; his hair and eyebrows were dark like those of that Persian

slave; his eyes large, well-cut and of a sombre azure, were pleasing to look upon in repose; but the least emotion of the passions stirred up in the depths of his soul, sent to the eyes, says the Venetian narrative, a character of aberration and of menace that betokened premature tyranny. His mother, whom all the annalists of the time represent as possessing a great soul and a great character, had accustomed him from the cradle to domineer and to will with the absolute and quick capriciousness of a woman. Brought up during twelve years between the sceptre and the bow-string, beneath the terror of a death perpetually undecided over his head, uncertain whether he was going to be the victim or the executioner, he became suspicious like the one, ferocious like the other. This education under the dagger seemed admirably contrived to form a sanguinary prince. It had produced its fruits, and this Turkish Agrippina produced her Nero.

II.

The ceremony of his circumcision followed immediately that of his religious investiture with the sword of Othman in the mosque of Aïoub. His mother dictated to him the names of the viziers to whom he was to commit the government until the period when he could exercise it suitably himself. Keman-Kesch Ali-Pasha, the author of the revolution which had just raised her from the recesses of the old seraglio to the side of the throne of her son, was maintained by her in the functions of grand vizier. No man was more interested than Ali-Pasha in upholding the work of his own hands.

Ali, who had been so courageously seconded in this popular movement by the mufti Yahya, made haste to be ungrateful, for fear of being enslaved to the moral authority of his accomplice: he deposed the mufti and exiled him from the capital. He appointed in his place the former mufti Ezaad, grandson of Seadeddin, a man esteemed for his virtues, but whose elevation was only meant to color the injustice done Yahya, and to prepare that dignity for Bostanzadé, the father-in-law of Ali. He caused to be arrested and conducted to the Seven Towers the preceding grand vizier Gourджи-Mohammed and the capitan-pasha Khalil, under the factitious accusation of a state plot against the young Sultan.

Their sole crime was to impede his ambition in the divan. The *kiaya* of the Janissaries, Beiram, who had harangued the soldiers in the barrack against Mére-Houssein and thus prepared the coalition of the Janissaries and the *spahis* in favor of the dethronement of Mustapha I., was appointed *aga* of the former body and received in marriage the sister of the Sultan. The capitan-pasha Redjeb espoused another. Hafiz, governor of Diarbekir and a man of great promise, had already married the eldest of the three sisters.

III.

The accession of Amurath IV. presented a sad coincidence not only with the revolt of Abaza in Anatolia, but also with the fall of Bagdad into the hands of the Persians.

Schah-Abbas, as worthy of the name of Great with the Persians as Soliman II. with the Turks, had continued to negotiate, to reign and to fight from his infancy, until all the provinces of ancient Persia, dismembered under his predecessors, were restored, reconquered and pacified throughout the vast expanse of the empire. Wiser than Genghis Khan and than Timour, instead of wasting the forces of his people on precarious and hazardous invasions of India or Turkey, Schah-Abbas set himself to consolidate the pristine nucleus of Persia, judging with the sagacity of a statesman that posterity does not award enduring glory to adventurers but to founders, and does not measure the fame of a great man by the space he has overrun, but by the empire which he has left organized behind him.

His last wars against the Turks and against the Ouzbeks had been but wars of defence to re-seize Tauris and Bagdad conquered by the Ottomans from his territory. After each campaign or each victory, he had listened to or made himself propositions of truce or of peace. His ambassadors had quite recently again brought to Mustapha I. presents worthy of the sumptuousness of the East. But these ambassadors themselves had been able to take an estimate of the imbecility of the Sultan, the anarchy of the seraglio, the unchecked revolt of Abaza, the decadence of the empire, and the facility of detaching from it a fragment additional. At the same time Schah-Abbas was patient, like men who feel that the tide of things is setting in in the direction of their fortune. He did not declare formal hostilities against a peo-

ple whose calamities were fighting for him more effectually than he could. He had the art of waiting—this divinatory secret of minds who let events mature themselves.

His last victory over the Turks for the recovery of Tauris was well nigh having cost him his life. At nightfall, while his victorious soldiers were leading masses of prisoners Turkish and Kurdish into his camp, he had seated himself to drink sherbet upon a hillock of the field of battle in front of which were passing the captives. He perceived among their number a warrior of colossal stature conducted by a young Persian soldier scarce out of his boyhood. He ordered the prisoner before him, and questioned him as to his nation and family. "I am," replied the chained giant, "of the race of the Kurds and of the tribe of the Moukris."

At this response, Schah-Abbas remembering that he had among his own generals a Kurd refugee from this nation and a deadly enemy of this tribe, ordered to deliver the prisoner of war into the hands of his compatriot named Roustem-beg, to be made by him his slave or his guest according to his pleasure. But Roustem-Beg, who was at this moment seated among the guests of the king, refused nobly the present thus intended him. "My honor, it is true," said he to Schah-Abbas, "would demand that I take vengeance upon this enemy of my house; but I have sworn never to take advantage of the weakness of an enemy disarmed, captive and unfortunate, to satisfy the vengeance of my family."

Schah-Abbas, at this moment fuddled by the wine which he had just drank and with a remnant of the wrath which animated him against the Kurds, forgot his usual magnanimity and made a sign to behead the prisoner. At this gesture, the iron-muscle Kurd snaps by an effort the cords that handcuffed him, snatches a poniard from the cincture of one of the Persian chiefs, and rushes upon the king, with the purpose of dying at least in immolating the enemy of his race. In the confusion of this scuffle, the torches that lit the table fall and are extinguished; the warriors of Abbas start up to aid him; but hands search at random for hands in the dark; swords cross swords; all daggers are uplifted, and none dares strike for fear of reaching the heart of a friend in meaning to sacrifice an enemy. At last Abbas was heard to cry as he struggled in the dust: "I hold his hand, I have wrested from him the poniard; strike without fear of hurting me."

At these words, the servants and the guests had pierced with a hundred dagger wounds the colossal Kurd, lying on the ground upon the body of the king. The torches relit exhibit a commixture of blood and of wine upon the carpet of the tent. Abbas, without losing any thing of his coolness, resumed his seat before the tent and continued throughout the night to drink and to count the heads which his soldiers threw at his feet.

A short time after, he re-captured the island and the opulent port of Ormus from the Portuguese. An English ambassador, Dodmore Cotton, in the name of the East India Company, came with a retinue of gentlemen of his nation to congratulate him on this conquest and to conclude with Persia a treaty of commerce. These envoys relate, in their report to the East India Company, their sumptuous reception at the audience of Abbas the Great.

"Sir Dodmore Cotton and the gentlemen accompanying him remained in an antechamber for some moments before being presented; and instead of coffee, which is offered ordinarily on similar occasions, they found before them a rich repast, served on dishes of gold, with a great abundance of wines that flowed from flasks of massive gold into goblets of the same metal. From this apartment they were conducted across two others which are represented to us as splendidly decorated, full of golden vases enriched with jewels and containing rose-water, flowers and wine. After crossing these apartments, they reached the grand hall of parade; the high officers of the crown were ranged all around, along the wall like so many statues; none of them made the slightest movement, all was profound silence. Beautiful boys, wearing brilliant turbans and embroidered robes, carried cups of wine and handed them to those who wished to drink. Abbas was arrayed with great simplicity in red cloth: he wore no ornament; his sword-hilt alone was gilded. The principal magnates, who were seated at his side, were dressed with as little parade, and it was visible that the king, in the midst of that blaze of wealth and grandeur, affected simplicity. Perhaps his pretensions to the character of pontiff demanded that in public he should show a personal contempt for the riches and vanities of earth.

"The ambassador explained, through an interpreter, the object of his mission: it proposed a league with Persia against the Turks, and to obtain satisfaction for Sir Robert

Shirley, an English gentleman in the service of Schah-Abbas, who had been insulted and pillaged by a Persian nobleman.

"The response of the king," says the recital, "was perfectly gracious. He expressed his contempt for the Turks, promised to compel the sons of the deceased noble to render satisfaction to Shirley, and offered to receive, every year, English cloth in exchange for a thousand bales of silk which he would see delivered by his officers to British agents at Goura. Abbas, it is said, was much amused at the embarrassment of Sir Dodmore Cotton in striving to seat himself cross-legged according to the usage of the country. But wishing to please his guest, he called for a glass and drank to the health of the king of England: at the name of his sovereign, the ambassador rose and took off his hat; Abbas smiled, lifting also his turban to show that he partook of the respect for the king of England.

"The sole thought of this prince, at the height of the glory which he ascended to, was," continue the European ambassadors, "to pacify his dominions. His severity was not his character, but his policy. He knew that a despotic government can never be founded but upon a timid and complete submission to the authority of the monarch. He succeeded to perfection in attaining this end; and the long peace which he secured to Persia should be attributed above all to the wisdom of his government. He labored more assiduously than any preceding sovereign for the amelioration and the well-being of his kingdom. He took the city of Ispahan as the capital of his empire; and the population of this city was nearly doubled during his reign. The grand mosque, the magnificent palace of Chehel-Setoon, the beautiful avenues and palaces called Char-Bagh or the "four gardens," the main bridge over the river Zainderood; and several of the splendid palaces of the city and the suburbs were built by this prince. Much was owed to him also the more important of its works. He had constructed, at immense cost, a causeway which crosses the whole of Mazenderan, and rendered thus this impassable region accessible to armies and travellers in all seasons of the year. He built bridges upon all the rivers of Persia; and it is to the munificence of this prince that the traveller is indebted for finding every where, in this country, spacious and solid caravansaries.

"He had four sons," adds this narrative, "whom he

regarded with delight while they had not yet attained the age of manhood, and shown those great and noble qualities which he should wish them as a father; but when all the wishes of his heart seemed satisfied, he could not bear to see the eyes of his subjects turned upon another than himself. He entertained suspicions of the premature ambition of the eldest of the sons, named Sophi-Mirza."

This prince, endowed with the heroism and the magnanimity of his father, had, it was believed, conspired against the life of Schah-Abbas, through resentment of a punishment which the king had inflicted upon a favorite corruptor of the son. Abbas, like Constantine and Soliman, forgot that he was father, to remember only that he was judge and king. He confided his sorrow and his resolution to punish his son to one of his generals named Karatchy-Khan, vanquisher of the Turks and the most devoted of the supporters of the throne; he besought him to undertake the execution of his son, as he had stricken down his enemies, since that unnatural son was meditating parricide. The aged Khan threw himself at the feet of his master and implored him to take his own life rather than to render it odious by forcing him to be the assassin of so generous a prince.

Abbas did not press him farther; but he soon found in Beh-Bood-Khan an instrument more disposed to serve him. This nobleman, as if in vengeance of a personal injury, slew the prince as he was getting on horseback in the very court of the palace and fled into the stables of the king. The monarch, under pretext of the respect he owed an ancient usage which rendered this asylum sacred, hindered the execution of the assassin. If he allowed it, said he, it would be to prejudice the cause and to cast suspicion upon an incident which needed to be cleared up: it was requisite to suspend prosecution until the son of Sophi-Mirza, who was still an infant, should be of age to demand vengeance for the blood of his father. But even this veil was presently withdrawn; Beh-Bood-Khan came forth from his asylum and was elevated to employments of distinction. Meanwhile, there is satisfaction in learning that this wretch met at last with the due reward of his infamy.

Abbas, as soon as the crime had been committed, became a prey to the most torturing remorse. He sought occasions to put to death all those of his courtiers who had envenomed his soul against the son whom he wept, it was said, sincerely.

But he reserved for Beh-Bood an execution more cruel : he ordered this man so obedient to bring him the head of his own son. The vile slave obeyed. At the moment when he presented to Abbas the head of the young man, that prince, with a bitter smile of contempt, asked him, what were his feelings ? " I am very unhappy, replied Beh-Bood.—" Thou wilt be happy, Beh-Bood," said Abbas, " for thou art ambitious and thy heart is now like to that of thy master."

Soon after the death of Sophi-Mirza, his cruel father, still suspicious, caused the eyes to be torn out of his two other sons. If we may trust a contemporaneous writer and a Frenchman, the fate of one of these princes was attended with most tragic circumstances. This young man, whose name was Khoda-Bendeh, was as distinguished for courage and talent as his eldest brother ; but he was more prudent in avoiding whatsoever might awaken the suspicions and the jealousy of his father. He shunned flatterers and refused the praises justly due to his noble actions. This conduct did but add to the glory which occasioned his danger.

The first symptom which Abbas gave of his suspicions was to put to death a man who was the tutor and intimate friend of his son. Knowing that the only crime of this officer was the too great respect which he bore his master, the young prince presented himself at court. There, giving free vent to his just indignation at what was done by Abbas, he forgot all prudence and thought no more of his safety. It is related that he was irritated to the degree of derangement, and that he dared, in the presence of even his father and his king, to draw his sword. The fatal order of death was given on the spot ; but Abbas consented to deprive him but of sight.

Cut off from the light of the day, the prince fell into deep despair. Nothing could please him more, and his whole life was passed in forming vain projects and fruitless purposes of vengeance against the author of his life and his misfortunes. He had two children ; the elder was an amiable girl named Fatima, who was the idol of her grandfather, and who had obtained over him an extraordinary influence. Abbas appeared unhappy when little Fatima was not by him ; her voice could alone mitigate the violent fits of passion to which he daily became more and more subject. The prince listened with a ferocious joy to what was told him of his daughter's influence and of the need which the king had of her towards his happiness.

One day as she came to play in his arms, he clutched her with the fury of a maniac and instantly strangled her. The mother, stupefied, screamed and said to him that it was his cherished daughter he had killed; instead of hearkening to her, he rushed to seize his son, still an infant, and to satiate likewise upon him his frenzy. The wretched princess succeeded in rescuing from him the child and sending to inform Abbas. The rage and the despair of the monarch on beholding this horror gave to his son a moment of joy. The wretch fed with avidity upon that horrible vengeance, and ended the terrible scene by drinking off a dose of poison which terminated in an instant his unfortunate existence.

This prince expiated, like all the despots of the East, the grandeurs of external power by the anguishes of his domestic life. The dynastic system of the East made of sons and of brothers the presumptive enemies of their own blood. This system forced the kings or the Sultans to outrage nature, and nature avenged herself in torturing their heart.

IV.

Such was the state of Persia, and such the apogee of the grandeur and of the misery of Schah-Abbas at the moment when an epileptic infant was ascending at Constantinople the throne of an idiot uncle. Of all the conquests that Persia had to reclaim from the Turks, Bagdad was the only one which had not yet completed the glory and the ambition of Schah-Abbas.

But Bagdad, although nominally in submission to the Turks, was agitated with an independence which wanted really but the name of revolt. This ancient and splendid capital of Arabia and of the Khalifs was torn between the rebel pashas of the Sultan and the leaders of Arabian factions, who imposed on it by turns the tyranny of their great tribes of the desert. It was by itself alone an empire lost on the confines of Mesopotamia. The intestine revolutions of this province and of this capital presented as much of fickleness, of tragedy and of blood as Ispahan or Constantinople.

A short time before the advent of Amurath IV., the government of Bagdad, half Turkish and half Arab, was effectually divided between the civil governor and the beglerbeg or military governor. The civil governor was Arab,

the military one was Ottoman; hence incessant dissensions of race and of attributions between the two rival authorities.

The civil governor or sub-bashi was Bekir, a tribe chief, of great influence in the city and in the desert. He had at command twelve hundred cavalry (azabs), who counter-balanced upon occasion the military force of the beglerbeg Yousouf-Pasha. Bekir obeyed the Porte but on condition of reigning in his own country.

One day, while Bekir was visiting the tents of his tribe in the country, his son, named Mohammed, pretending himself menaced by the beglerbeg, insurrected the city in the name of his father's popularity and pointed the cannons of the ramparts against the citadel. The father at this intelligence massacred five hundred Turkish soldiers, whom he had taken with him perfidiously from the city, under pretext of assisting him to levy some tributes; then he with his Arabs re-entered Bagdad and continued to blockade Yousouf in the fortress. One of his rivals of popularity in the city, Mohammed-Aga, who had taken part with the beglerbeg Yousouf, seeing the citadel on the verge of succumbing, came forth, and with his two sons advanced to implore the generosity of Bekir. The pitiless Arab caused all three to be thrown in a boat which was filled with kindled sulphur and bitumen, and abandoning them to the current of the Tigris, seated himself on the bank to see the torture and to hear the cries of Mohammed and of his sons.

Yousouf had to capitulate and withdraw from the city.

V.

Bekir reigned there with unshared dominion, in the mock name of the Turks. He interdicted to all the pashas who were sent by the Porte the entrance of Bagdad. The Porte, indignant, at last appointed Hafiz, pasha of Diarbekir, serdar or supreme general of an expedition against Bekir. The governors of the provinces of Marasch, of Mosoul, of Amasia, of Sirvas and of entire Mesopotamia, had orders to join their troops to his army. The Kurds joined him at Mosoul, under command of the beg of Kurdistan.

Obliged to turn back to face Abaza, a revolted pasha of Merasch, who was advancing upon his right flank, he sent the half of his army only before him, to the walls of Bagdad. Bekir came forth, and, without accepting battle, harassed

with his Arabian cavalry the motionless army of the Turks, shut in between the desert and the city. Hafiz, coming up with all his forces, fell upon the Arabs of Bekir, and raised in the desert a pyramid of several thousand heads of rebels, before his tent, after the victory. He crossed the Tigris and besieged the city on the side of the fortress "of the Bird," the main redoubt of Bagdad upon the river.

Pressed by Hafiz, from whom he could expect no manner of mercy, Bekir offered through his emissaries the city to the Persians, if they would only succor him against Hafiz. Schah-Abbas, always watchful for the events which might restore to Persia the most regretted of her provinces and the most splendid of her capitals, advanced thirty thousand men, under the orders of his best general, Sophi-Kouli-Khan.

At the approach of these troops, Bekir, changing his part, proposed to Hafiz to defend with him Bagdad against the Persians, called in by his own intrigues, on condition of being invested by the Porte with the hereditary government of the city. Hafiz replied to this offer but by lifting his poniard upon the throat of the negotiator of Bekir. The following day Bekir declared himself subject of Schah-Abbas, and sent insolently, not now in his own name, but in that of the king of Persia, a summons to Hafiz to evacuate with his army the Persian territory. One of the three hundred Persian nobles who had entered the city of Bagdad was the bearer of the summons.

"We are not upon Persian territory," responded Hafiz; "we are here to chastise a rebel, and our mission cannot break the peace between the two empires."—"The bird that enters the net belongs to the hunter," replied the envoy.—"The bird of which you speak is in our cage," rejoined the serdar, placing his hand upon his scimitar; "if it flies away into your nests, we will not pursue it."—"A truce to vain words!" exclaimed haughtily the Persian; "withdraw from the walls of Bagdad, or Kartschghaïkhan will soon compel you."—"If the peace be violated," replied Hafiz, "the responsibility falls on your head."

VI.

At the moment when these combats, these negotiations and these treacheries were holding in suspense the fate of Bagdad, the grand vizier sent to Bekir the title of pasha, of

hereditary governor of the city and of defender of the "House of Salvation," the religious surname of the capital of the Kalifs. This satisfaction of the ambition of Bekir made of this Arab, before traitor to the Ottomans, a greater traitor to his new master. He ordered to be called before him, one by one, the three hundred Persians whom he introduced into the fortress "of the Bird," massacred them, and had their three hundred bodies suspended from the battlements of the city wall in order to terrify the Persian army. He kept but one of them alive to be the bearer to the general of Schah-Abbas of the news of his treachery. "Long life to the king Schah-Abbas," said he ironically in this message; "he has delivered us by your presence from the oppression of the Turks; we are now free and masters in Bagdad; be the bearer to your sovereign of the thanks of Bekir."

VII.

Hafiz drew off his useless army towards Mosoul, after this shameful transaction of the Porte.

Meanwhile, Schah-Abbas, indignant at the perfidy and the insolence of the new pasha Bekir, appeared, fourteen days after, before the walls of Bagdad, to avenge the outrage done his honor and his soldiers. Bekir implored the succor of Hafiz. This serdar, occupied in driving back the army of Abaza which was marching upon him towards Mosoul, was unable to send but a detachment to Bagdad. This detachment, commanded by Houssein-Pasha could not force the line of the complete blockade of the Persians, and Houssein-Pasha, called by them into a conference, was massacred in reprisal of the massacre of the three hundred Persians victimized by Bekir.

The siege had lasted now three months; the mines had opened sixty breaches in the ramparts; hunger and terror had driven numbers of the inhabitants to desert into the camp of the Persians. The son himself of Bekir, brought up in the father's perversity, did not hesitate to conspire against that father with the besiegers. He was named Mohammed, and commanded the citadel of Bagdad. The promise of being made governor of the city by Schah-Abbas in place of his father, induced him to open the gates, during the night of the 28th of November, 1623, to the besiegers.

Bekir learned on awaking, by the sound of the Persian tymbals and by the chanting of the Persian muezzins upon the minarets, that he was the victim of his son and the prisoner of Abbas. "The city is the Schah's," shouted through all its sections the public criers. "The king of Persia accords a general amnesty to all the inhabitants. Let the markets be re-opened, and let no one molest his neighbor under pretext of difference of religion or of race in the common capital of the descendants of the Khalifs." This amnesty and tolerance of Abbas changed in an instant into security and plenty the terror and scarcity of the capital. Abbas wished, not to destroy cities, but to re-edify a monarchy.

Bekir, brought at noon into the presence of the Schah, found his unworthy son seated along side the vanquisher to judge and to punish him. This unnatural son outraged his father by words and gestures, and reproached him, in the name of the treason which he had just committed, with the treacheries which that father had committed against the Turks and Persians. The paternal treasures were abandoned to him in recompense of his parricide.

VIII.

Meanwhile the amnesty and tolerance of Abbas could not prevail long against the religious animosity of the Persians, followers of Ali, against the inhabitants of Bagdad become, under the Ottomans, followers of Omar. Executions and martyrdoms ensanguined the conquered city. Nouri-Effendi and Omar-Effendi, famous preachers of the two chief mosques of the city, having generously refused to blaspheme the name of Omar and the name of Othman, were hung from a palm-tree with a camel halter which passed through their jaws, and fired at leisurely, as a living target, by the fanatics who coveted a part in their blood.

Bekir, confined beneath the eyes of his miscreant son in an iron cage, was therein tortured for six days and six nights. The seventh day the cage was suspended over a fierce fire which reddened the bars of the grating, to constrain him to disclose the hiding place where he had put his treasures. His son attended at this torture of his father to encourage it. Bekir was at last thrown into a bark becoated with

pitch and sulphur to perish of the same torture by which he had martyred the aga Mohammed.

The entire city contemplated without pity, from the banks of the Tigris, the torments of the traitor, punished by treachery. Abbas, alone shocked at the atrocity of the son of Bekir, to whom he had promised the heritage of his father, exiled him into Khorassan, where the executioners soon after avenged the cause of nature and of heaven.

Thus returned Bagdad into the hands of Persia. Schah-Abbas sojourned there some days to visit the tombs of the saints of Islam. He sent his army to pursue Hafiz as far as the walls of Mosoul.

The fidelity of a dog to its master, according to the historian, Petschewi, saved the city and the army. A Kurd woman, enamored of a Persian, and who had promised to open him a secret gate to the ramparts, got up during the night to accomplish her promise; she was already aiming the hatchet at the head of her sleeping husband, when the dog, witnessing the crime, sprung at the throat of the faithless wife, laid her prostrate, and, awaking by its furious barking the guards of the citadel, saved at once its master, the city and the army. In the trenches of Mosoul is seen the tomb of the dog, of which tradition has preserved the memory.

IX.

Amurath IV. relieved the dejection of the Ottomans, at the news of the fall of Bagdad, but by blood. The grand vizier Ali gave him the example of, and taste for, executions. Suspecting the governor of Egypt, Beber-Mohammed, of being come to Constantinople in the hope of succeeding him in the supreme power, he summoned Beber to the divan. Before the opening of the session, he assembled some bostandjis of the guard and said to them: "The padischah has ordered the death of a great culprit, which of you will offer himself to execute the sentence?"

One of the protégées and most grateful favorites of the governor of Egypt, named Kara-Mahmoud, not knowing who was the victim, presented himself first to obey the Sultan. "Very well," said the grand vizier, "strike then him whom I shall strike."

A moment after, the governor of Egypt was announced.

The grand vizier arose, advanced to the porch of the palace, and, overwhelming with invectives Beber, who was ascending the upper steps, struck him a blow of the fist upon the breast, and threw him backwards to the ground. At this signal, Mahmoud recognized too late that the person whose death he had just promised, was his protector and second father. Turning away the head, he allowed his bostandjis to finish the murder of his benefactor.

The Sultan was thus inured to the spectacle of executions. Two days after, a discontentment of the troops having wrung by force from him the dismissal of the aga of the Janissaries, Beiran, his brother-in-law, he ordered to appear before him, after the concession was accomplished, the aga of the spahis in the divan, and saw from the bottom of a stage which was separated by a grating, the head of this aga roll upon the floor.

At the instance of the Sultana Validé Koesem, protectress of the ex-chief of the black eunuchs of the harem of Ahmet I., the grand vizier recalled from Mecca this exile, to restore him to his place in the seraglio. "Beware of this perfidious eunuch," said his friends to him, "he will ruin you." The eunuch Mustapha, reinstated in fact in his post of confidence, and conspiring with the mufti, was not slow to verify those menaces. He told the Sultan what the grand vizier had hitherto concealed from him, the fall of Bagdad, the progress of the revolt of Abaza-Pasha, the victories of the Persians, the poverty of the treasury, the insubordination of the army, the degradation of the reign under a minister who made the seraglio tremble, but who left the provinces to anarchy.

Amurath IV., says the Venetian narrative, sent secretly for the mufti, and asked if it was true that he desired to resign his place to leave it to the brother-in-law of the grand vizier. The mufti, astonished, declared that he had never given this hope or made such an insinuation to Ali. Amurath, convinced of the ambition and falsehood of his first minister, commanded him to the seraglio and had his head cut off before his eyes. The treasures of Ali, which amounted to seven hundred thousand piasters in money in his coffers, replenished the void of the imperial treasury. Mére-Houssein, the former grand vizier, involved in other intrigues of his own, and guilty of a portion of the calamities of the empire, was also strangled the same day, and his

spoils, valued at fifty thousand ducats, augmented the confiscations which flowed back to their source.

An old Circassian, named Mohammed-Tscherkesse, from the name of his country, a former groom of the Sultan, nurtured in the palace and in the camps, incapable of business, was raised in spite of himself to the rank of grand vizier. After having abused with the rudeness of a barbarian the envoys and the protégés of the Christian powers to make them pay for their religious privileges at Jerusalem or elsewhere, Mohammed-Tscherkesse mustered the army to crush finally the rebellion of Abaza.

X.

Abaza continued, under Amurath IV., his part, thenceforward without a motive, of avenger of Othman II. Amurath upon the throne, was himself the living avenger of his brother; but the rebellion had struck such root into the habits of Caramania, that any pretext served for the unsubdued Turcomans to follow Abaza. His real insurrection was against the Janissaries; he massacred them without mercy and without exception, wherever he met them in the cities which had opened to him their gates.

At Siwas, three officers of the Janissaries having been made prisoners by his lieutenant, Djafar, a rebel more ferocious than himself, they were bound upon the backs of camels and paraded through the streets, stuck over with burning matches, which traversed the flesh of their shoulders and burned them slowly, amid the applauses of the people. "Such is the recompense," shouted before them the public criers, "of soldiers who betray and slay their padischah." The routes were covered with the unburied dead of the Janissaries, of the spahis, of the topdjis or gunners, reputed guilty of the murder of Othman.

The army of Abaza, strong by sixty thousand Turcomans, and by his own fanaticism of fidelity to the blood of his master, advanced anew from triumph to triumph towards Siwas. Encamped in the valley "of Snows," it awaited, in taking exercise, the army of the grand vizier. The commandant of Siwas, Taïar-Pasha, although devoted in appearance to his cause, conspired with another of his lieutenants, Koulaoun-Pasha, to ruin him. Their peace was made with the grand vizier. Taïar-Pasha meanwhile meditated the

destruction at the same time of Abaza by Koulaoun and of Koulaoun by Abaza. He set himself to sow mutual distrust between those two chiefs, having it insinuated to Abaza that he was betrayed by Koulaoun, and persuading Koulaoun that he was menaced by Abaza. Abaza, simple as a barbarian, was entirely governed by a fanatic sheik of Cesarea, who guaranteed him the favor of heaven for his holy cause, and who showed him in the prospect the elevated post of grand vizier, and restorer of the Ottoman monarchy.

The ruin of Abaza commenced by his credulity to the suggestions of Taïar, the governor of Siwas. Convinced that he was sold to the Porte by his perfidious lieutenant, he invited Koulaoun-Pasha to a festival in the camp, before the walls of Siwas, and had him assassinated after the banquet. He addressed, after this execution, a threatening letter to the aga of the Janissaries at Constantinople, to announce imprudently to this soldiery the irreconcilable hatred with which he burned towards them. This ironical letter of Abaza, prompted by his treacherous counsellors, was the brand most sure to kindle against him the anger of the army of the grand vizier. Here it is :

*"To our honored lord and brother, the kiaya
of the Janissaries."*

"Thou excitest thy soldiers to march against the rebel Abaza, under the orders of the grand vizier. It is an affair of honor with the Janissaries, without any doubt; but why forget the begs and the spahis? Courage! continue to merit the bread of the padischah by thy services! Had this noble zeal but seized you earlier, you would not have looked tranquilly upon the murder of your master in open mosque. Unfortunately, your brethren, the spahis, not content with the best places under the cupola of the divan, have possessed themselves of the functions of tax collectors and administrators, and there is nothing left for you: yet, without your fraternal aid, could they, I ask you, have done the deed? But you have had the plunder of the richest palaces of Constantinople. You are the cause of the ruin of Islamism. If the Sultan Othman had taken refuge at the door of the spahis, his fate would have been very different. Have you acted for gold? But the unfortunate padischah would have readily promised you fifty ducats per head. Although the

mother of the Sultan Mustapha be of the family of Abaza and my kinswoman, and that I might have rejoiced at her elevation, the heavens are my witness, that, if I have taken arms, it is solely to avenge the blood unjustly shed. Assemble then all thy warriors round thee. Like Nebuchodonosor, who avenged the innocent blood of the prophet John, by the massacre of sixty-six thousand Israelites, I mean to slay sixty-six thousand Janissaries in vengeance of the murder of the padischah. I will see thee on the day of battle, and we will know then if the spahis shall prove to you of great assistance. These men, who, with your assistance, had not the means of feeding a horse, are now masters of the land and possessors of extensive territories. Madmen! what have you there gained by your treachery? the baleful name of murderers of a Sultan! By my soul! when Khalil-Pasha was aga of the Janissaries, I was his equerry; I know consequently how things passed in the staff; it is the kiaya who gave the word. Or, if you pretend to have had no part in the crime, and affirm that it was committed by Daoud-Pasha, give up the murderers!

"May salvation be upon thee!"

"There is a little man somewhat full of his self-importance," said the kiaya of the Janissaries, on reading aloud to them the missive of Abaza; "if we let him go on, he will massacre more Janissaries than there are existing in the whole empire."—"We were but twenty-five thousand at Choezim against the Poles," cried a private soldier; "the Sultan, who enlarged our number to forty thousand in days of pressure, may well at present raise it to the force of eighty thousand."

Indignation seized the army. The aged Tscherkesse, unfit for the command, yielded the place of grand vizier and the conduct of the war to Hafiz, the vanquisher of the Persians. Hafiz was kinsman and former friend of Abaza; but he washed himself of all treason by the known loyalty of his character. He set out at the head of eighty thousand combatants, infuriated enemies of Abaza, and encamped during twenty-one days in the fertile plain of Koniah. Time, seduction, perfidy, were wasting the forces of the revolt, and augmenting his numbers. Possessing the qualities of the statesman no less than those of the general, he knew that, in the face of anarchy, to wait is to vanquish.

XI.

His soldiers blamed his sloth, of which they did not understand the wisdom. Impatient to encounter in Abaza their personal enemy, they tried several times to march before the order for engagement. The intrepid Hafiz threw himself sabre in hand before the vanguard, to oppose their unreasonable ardor. He gave battle only after assuring himself of the defection of the Turcomans, who composed the principal forces of Abaza. They passed over with Tair-Pasha to the Turks at the first shot.

The Kurds and the Arabs, old companions of Abaza, were not shaken by this defection; but a panic disconcerted those whom the sight of an army could not terrify. The battle horse of Abaza, held in lease by a groom, while its master was offering a prayer before joining the battle, having escaped from the servant, galloped wildly upon the line of the Kurd cavalry. The troops of Abaza, at the sight of their general's horse without a rider, believed Abaza to have fallen by the hands of the Turks, and disbanded at the first shock, as they lost their cause in having lost their chief. Abaza himself, seeing himself without an army before the battle, threw himself upon the fleetest of his horses, which one of his slaves by prudence kept saddled and bridled near his tent, and fled at full speed with the best mounted of the Kurdish cavalry. All his infantry fell into the hands of Hafiz, who extinguished their old rebellion in their blood. Mountains of heads were the monuments of this rout. The wives and children of Abaza, captured in their flight, were sent prisoners to Hafiz, who spared them from the massacre. Abaza himself, arrived at Erzeroum, shut himself up there with the remains of his defenders.

Hafiz, satisfied with having purged and pacified Anatolia, postponed to other times the extermination of the author of the revolt, master still of a fortified city and a mountainous province. He sent him back his family, received his submission to the Sultan, and guaranteed him the title of pasha of Erzeroum. Troubles and disasters in the Crimea called him back to Constantinople to repair around the Black Sea the vanished ascendant of the Turks.

XII

The two brothers, Mohammed-Gheraï and Schahin-Gheraï, had been for a long time proscribed from the throne by the Porte, which had conferred the title of Khan of the Crimea upon another prince of their house, Mohammed-Gheraï, having escaped from the fortress of the Seven Towers, where the Turks had detained him in captivity, and Schahin-Gheraï, fled for refuge into Persia to Abbas the Great, were returned to the Crimea to insurrect and to enroll partisans among the Noghais Tartars. Schahin-Gheraï (*the falcon*) believed himself, upon the faith of a dervish, reported prophet, called to the empire of the East, because this empire was promised, according to the prophecy, to a prince of the house of Gheraï who should bear the name of a bird. The two brothers, coalesced against the Khan appointed by the Porte, had expelled him from the throne of the country. Mohammed had usurped the title of khan; and Schahin, according to the queer constitution of the Crimea, governed under him in title of khalga or successor designated to the throne.

Their tyranny soon raised murmurs and factions in the Crimea. They caused to be massacred on their passage the Russian envoys sent to Constantinople, and pillaged the presents intended for the Sultan. They recruited a numerous army of Tartars under the false pretext of invading Poland, but in reality to march upon Adrianople, during the reign of the imbecile Mustapha I. They proclaimed openly the design of availing themselves of the anarchy of that shadow of a reign, and to substitute by force of arms their dynasty, through right of kindred, for the legitimate line of Othman, on the verge of extinction. Both of them without children, they had just proclaimed a young prince, a bastard of the former khan, Feth-Gheraï, Nouredin, that is to say, heir presumptive to the crown of the Crim Tartars.

The object of this adoption was to rally to their course the partisans of the ancient branch of the family, dispossessed by them of the throne, all in excluding the legitimate heirs of this branch. The birth of this Nouredin, named Ahmed-Gheraï, was surrounded with that prestige of the mysterious and the marvellous which fascinates with particular readiness a shepherd people. The former Khan of the Crimea, according to the popular traditions, having received as present a young Moldavian slave girl of high

birth and of most exquisite beauty, had treated her respectfully, notwithstanding his admiration, and confided her to an old man, his ancient preceptor, named Hadji-Ahmed, until he could send her back securely to the boyard her father.

One night however, at the hour when the Khan dismissed his court to go to sleep, one of his favorites announced to him as a happy piece of news that the young Moldavian slave, reputed virgin, had just given birth to a son, and he added, in smiling and congratulating the Khan, that this child must become one day a great prince. The Khan, offended at being suspected of this dereliction of the hospitality promised to the daughter of a boyard, and rejecting the suspicion of paternity whereupon he was complimented, hurled his slippers in the face of the imprudent informant, and gave orders to slay the old man, the slave and the child. But, whether it was that this order was but a trick of the Khan to hide his frailty under the pretension of anger, or that Kadji-Ahmed, apprised in time, had prevented by flight the execution, the old man, the mother and the son disappeared. This son, brought up in the steppes of the Crimea by shepherds ignorant of his high birth received among them to his adolescence the name of Mustapha.

The two brothers Gheraï, usurpers of the throne of the Khan the father, real or supposititious, of Mustapha, discovered him in the tents of the shepherds, had him brought to their court and proclaimed him Noureddin, to the prejudice of his cousins, heirs direct and legitimate. This preference excited violent quarrels between young Hassan-Gheraï, grand nephew of the deposed Khan, and the Noureddin. Hassan-Gheraï, in one of these boy quarrels, dared to call the Noureddin a Moldavian shepherd and a bastard of a slave. This nickname stuck to the young pretender to the sovereignty of the Tartars.

XIII.

The Porte was offended that tributary princes and relatives of its dynasty should dishonor their blood by the adoption of a bastard, and should set up pretensions to even the throne of Constantinople. The divan deposed Mohammed and restored the former Khan.

Mohammed and his brother resisted this order. "What!" replied they to the capitan-pasha come to reduce them to

submission, "is it justice and policy to condemn us to expatriation, at the moment when we have assembled a hundred thousand Tartars to defend you against your enemies of Poland and of Asia? All the inhabitants of our steppes have already harnessed the wagons and are waiting but the order for departure. Is it the moment to send us back shamefully to our *yourds*, into the depths of the desert? When we shall have abandoned the Crimea, when it shall have fallen into the hands of the infidel Russians, do you think of remaining masters of Caffa and of your citadels?"

XIV.

The capitan-pasha, deaf to these remonstrances, gave battle to the hundred thousand Tartars and to the myriads of Cossacks their allies. The Turks, vanquished and crushed by numbers, remained dead or prisoners on the field of battle. The price of a Turk in the tents of the Tartars was so reduced by the crowd of the captives, that an Ottoman slave was purchasable for a glass of *bouza* (a Crimea beer extracted immemorially from fermented barley among the Tartars).

Caffa, deprived of its defenders, was occupied by Mohammed-Gherai. The capitan-pasha, to recover this citadel of the maritime Crimea, was obliged to recognize shamefully the sovereignty of the two brothers and of the bastard Nouredin. He re-embarked with the wrecks of his army, of his artillery, and of his fleet. This triumph exalted the pride of the two tyrants of the Crimea. They sacrificed to their security all the mirzas, princes or tribe chiefs, suspected of fidelity or merely remembrance of the legitimate branch. The pregnant wife of prince Cantamir, their enemy, chief of the Tartar faction opposed to that of the brothers, was burned in a slow fire before their eyes. They pursued himself into Wallachia. But Cantamir at the head of thirty thousand Tartars, Moldavians and Wallachians of his partisans, threw their army into the Danube, red, says the historian, with the torrents of blood poured forth upon its banks.

It was during this campaign of the Tartar princes of the Crimea against Cantamir and the Turks, that the Cossack Tartars, nomads, cavaliers and pirates, ravaging equally land and sea, appeared for the first time since the occupation of the Bosphorus by the Turks, in view of Constantinople.

They equipped one hundred and fifty double-prowed two-helmed barks, fit to manœuvre in all directions without veering. Each of these barks carried twenty rowers and twenty combatants. The Russians, pirates of the same rivers and the same seas before them, had taught them this construction of vessels fit to run into the narrow inlets and the mouths of shallow streams. Seven times within historic memory, these incursions of the Scythians, of the Russians and of the Cossacks their imitators, had spread terror through the ports of the Euxine and of the Bosphorus.

After having pillaged the shores of the Black Sea, the Cossacks, allies on this occasion to the Tartars of the Crimea, burned the delightful village of Bouyoukdéré, the seat of pleasure and of luxury of the Ottomans as of the Greeks during summer. The flames of Bouyoukdéré brought forth six hundred sail from the port of Constantinople to drive back those savages beyond the Bosphorus. Ten thousand Janissaries, spread along the two banks of the strait, marched in line with the fleet to shut both land and sea to those incendiaries. The Cossacks formed their squadron into a crescent in the middle of the broad basin that forms the Bosphorus between Bouyoukdéré and the coast of Asia, and awaited proudly the setting of the sun and the land breeze, which rises with the fall of night, to re-enter the Black Sea. They burned in retiring the beacon of the strait, where their ancestors, some seven centuries before, debarked to diffuse terror among the Greeks.

The Turks, to prevent their return, hung from one bank of the strait to the other, at the entrance to the Black Sea, the famous iron chain which used to shut up before Mahomet II. the entrance of the Golden Horn to Constantinople.

XV.

Hafiz, after having restored some confidence to the capital, set out with twenty thousand Janissaries for Diarbekir. The army which had under him vanquished Abaza, reinforced by those new troops and served by a revolt of the Georgians who had just massacred thirty thousand Persians in the Sicilian vespers of Georgia, advanced to reconquer Bagdad. "I have the keys of Bagdad at my girdle," sung on his rout the presumptuous Hafiz.

The siege, prolonged during six months for want of suffi-

cient artillery, gave to Schah-Abbas the time to come to the relief of his besieged capital. The garrison of Bagdad saluted him during three days and three nights with salvos repeated from the height of the ramparts. The battle accepted the following day by Hafiz was more bloody than decisive. The sacred band of Schah-Abbas, composed of ten thousand chosen cavalry, bound by oath to victory or death, beat back every where the Ottomans. The aga of the spahis himself, flying before the irresistible cloud of Persian cavalry, sought a refuge in the ranks of the Janissaries. These ferocious soldiers cut off his legs in rallying him upon his cowardice, in order to punish the limbs that served him to save his head from the sword of the Persians. Hafiz, snatching himself a lance from a foot soldier and rushing in, chanting a war-song, to the front rank of the Janissaries, saved the honor of the army : he annihilated to the last man the sacred band of the Persians.

XVI.

This victory, followed by vain negotiations between Abbas and Hafiz, wearied with impatience the Janissaries. "We have no longer either horses or asses," said they, what can we do a day more before those walls?" The mutinous soldiers struck down the tent of the grand vizier upon his head. Hafiz, deposed tumultuously by his army, was imprisoned in a fortress of the banks of the Tigris, called the Castle of Iman. One of his lieutenants, favorable to the wishes of the soldiers, Mourad-Pasha, was proclaimed grand vizier. Othman, the standard-bearer of the banner of Hafiz, refused to give this symbol of the viziership to the rebels.

"Who are you," said he to them, "to arrogate the right of deposing and appointing a grand vizier? This tent is that of the Sultan our master; as long as I am left a hand to defend it the sacred standard will not leave it." The intrepid soldier let his two arms be cut and hacked to pieces in clinging to the standard. His courage inspired remorse in the mutineers; they raised up the tent, replaced the colors before the door, and brought back Hafiz, promising to him obedience.

"Where are now, then," said he to them, "those brave soldiers who made oath to me to conquer or to die before the walls of Bagdad?" He asked them two days' patience; he

was answered but by clamorous orders to make a prompt retreat. "If thou hast a sabre long enough," repeated to him the soldiers, "take Bagdad to-day; if not, take refuge among the Red-Heads," a nickname of the Persians.

Meanwhile Hafiz, obtaining the delay, implored to see the effect of a mine which was to carry off by its explosion a flank of the ramparts. The mine went off by imprudence or by treachery before having been conducted as far as the foundations. At the sight of the walls intact, the entire army revolted with augmented fury against its general. The tents of the vizier, the treasury, the baggage, the provisions were pillaged; the artillery dismounted and transported to the fortress of Iman on the way to Mosoul. The grand vizier and the Janissaries sought here themselves an asylum against the anarchy of the camp.

Schah-Abbas, informed of these discouragements and these revolts, broke off all negotiation, saying that "it was not the usage to treat with an army in flight." The cannon of Soliman, brought from Constantinople and hidden by the artillerymen in the sand, fell into his hands and went to decorate the palace of Ispahan. Hafiz turned round, however, to drive back the Persians hanging upon his rear-guard to harass him, and vanquished them at two marches from Bagdad. The evening of this victory he was able with impunity to behead the seditious tribune of the army, Mourad-Pasha, the instigator of the disorders and the retreat. This victory and this execution allowed him to shelter the army in Mosoul.

The Sultan wrote him to canton the army and pass the winter at Aleppo in awaiting the reinforcements that were being levied in the empire. This young prince, who cultivated poetry, as did Hafiz himself, exchanged during the winter several letters in verse with his grand vizier. The Sultana Koesem, his mother, sustained the vanquisher of Abaza in the mind of her son against the intrigues of the seraglio. She discovered hitherto in him alone the heroism which retrieved the reign abroad, and the literary tastes that decorated it at home.

The letters in verse of the young Sultan, upon political and sacred subjects were signed by Amurath IV., but inspired and dictated by her. Serious business, if we trust the historiographers of the times, was intermingled in them with the amusement of leisure. The game of chess, familiar to the Turks as to the Persians, supplied them allu-

sions of a double meaning to the Sultan and to his minister. "Is the queen no longer upon the board to bring me back my knights?" wrote Hafiz. "Have you no knights then to take the king?" responded Amurath to his general. The title of son-in-law of the Sultana Validé and brother-in-law of Amurath, authorized these literary familiarities between the imperial family and the grand vizier.

XVII.

But the habits of sedition in the army and revolutions in the capital prevailed still over the ability of the Sultana mother and over the devotedness of Hafiz. The army of Aleppo refused to march anew upon Bagdad, and the troops of Constantinople, pretended constantly new grievances against the divan, to extort concessions or heads from the young monarch, whom they had crowned in order to rule him, not to obey.

The caïmakam, Gourdji-Mohammed, who held the place of grand vizier during the campaign of Persia, and whose experience and fidelity were the strength and guide of the Sultan, became an object of hatred to the Janissaries. After having vainly demanded his head from the Sultana, who preferred courageously to expose her own and that of her son to such base ingratitude, the soldiers beset and massacred him on the steps of his palace. He had held, under eight Sultans, the highest functions of the divan and the army; he died at eighty years, protecting the infancy of his master.

Scarce was his blood grown cold when a new inconstancy of the Janissaries demanded the heads of those who slew the caïmakam; they killed and cast into the sea the assassins of Gourdji-Mohammed. Some demanded imperiously of the mufti a decision authorizing the murder of the Sultan Mustapha I.; others wished to keep him still alive as the pledge of a third revolution. One time they gave their popularity to those who had concurred in the overthrow of the prince; anon they executed them without trial, as they had executed Daoud. The tschaousch, more lettered than his fellows, who had served as secretary to Mustapha I. for the composition of the katti-sherifs at the old seraglio in the day of the dethronement of Othman II., was immolated and left unburied in the Hippodrome.

Émeutes had no other means of repression than new

emeutes; those of the army responded to those of the capital. Abaza, who had been left the government of Erzeroum and the nucleus of his rebellion, availed himself of this annihilation of all discipline, to recruit in the depths of Anatolia fresh forces to his party. Hafiz, removed by the divan to please the factions, returned without honors to Constantinople. Khalil-Pasha, grown old in the post of capitan-pasha, was appointed in his place on account of the ascendant which he was supposed to have over the chief of the rebels, Abaza, who had been his slave and who retained gratitude for his benefactions.

XVIII.

Khalil, after having settled the difference between the Poles and the khans of the Crimea, went to plant his tent at Scutari, the first halt of the viziers, on their expeditions into Asia. Before entering on the campaign, he made a visit to the old sheik, Mahmoud of Scutari, venerated as an oracle of God by all parties, and whose call had often been a refuge to the proscribed of all revolutions. Khalil, at the period of his first viziership, had owed his life to the hospitality of the sheik Mahmoud. He had retained for him the gratitude and piety of a disciple.

"There you are then once more at the summit of affairs," said with an accent of contempt for human grandeurs the man of God. Khalil interrogated him in vain upon the issue of the war; the prophet wrapped himself in a silence which appeared of ill omen to the superstitious Janissaries.

The contingents of all Anatolia joined Khalil at Aleppo. By an imperious letter, he summoned thither Abaza. The suspicious attitude of this former rebel-chief at Erzeroum left the army in doubt whether to view him as an auxiliary or as an enemy. "The soldiers do not like thee as *seraskier*," said Khalil to him in the letter; "make haste then to come to my camp as volunteer, and to merit by thy services the mercy of the padischah."

The army of the faithful pashas who joined Khalil encamped before the walls of Erzeroum. Abaza, undecided, dared neither to open nor to close the city. "What then is this slave, this faction-leader," cried the pashas, "who traffics his fidelity and the concurrence of his *lewends* (personal militia of the pashas) with the Sultan? We will be sure to

bring him to his duty with the same sabre which has often prostrated khans and the sons of kings."

Abaza, informed of those rumors and those menaces, feigned great zeal for the service of the Sultan, inspired confidence in the pashas, and, falling upon their camp in the dead of a dark night, massacred six thousand Janissaries surprised in their sleep. One of the seraskiers, the brave Dishleng-Pasha, was surprised half-naked in his tent, where he was drying his clothes saturated with the rains of the day. He leaped in his shirt on horseback, having but his sabre to defend himself. The kiaya of Abaza transpierced his neck with the blade of his lance.

Abaza, dismounting and lifting the head of the dying Dishleng, addressed him these words of regret and of friendship: "Noble pasha, my old brother in arms, open thine eyes; thy son is still alive." Dishleng responded but by a sigh. Abaza himself placed the body upon his horse, and brought it to Erzeroum to give it sepulture. These pities, these treacheries, these generousities, these massacres, habitual to the same man, in these barbarous and heroic races of the Caucasus, recalled the tears and the frenzies of the heroes of Homer.

While Abaza was tenderly burying the general of his enemies, he was having massacred in the city, without exception, all the pashas and all the Janissaries made captive by his *lewends*. The drawers of the Janissaries, scolloped at the knee, so as to leave the joint free when they should kneel to take aim, served to betray them in the disguises which they assumed to escape the massacre. One alone out of ten thousand succeeded in softening his executioners and escaping, to be the bearer to Constantinople of the news of this slaughter of a whole army.

Khalil hastened with troops to Aleppo to avenge the blood of the seraskiers and of the Janissaries. Abaza, his ancient slave, was deaf to his voice and shut the gates against him. The snows forced the grand vizier to raise the siege, and to seek a shelter for the army in Tokat. A third of this army perished of cold and of hunger in the snowy defiles of those mountains. Entire battalions were engulfed under avalanches. Those reverses raised against the grand vizier the cry of the empire. Khalil, deposed and followed by the shadow of the army, destroyed without having combated, expired of grief at Scutari without having dared to enter

Constantinople. His virtues, always called in too late had never brought but signal misfortunes to his country.

XIX.

The Sultan replaced him by Khosrew, pasha of Diarbekir, who then commanded at Tokat the wrecks of the army lost at Erzeroum. He was a ferocious Bosniac, of whom sanguinary inflexibility was the sole policy. He commenced by striking terror into all the chiefs of the army-service, by executions, over which he presided himself, seated upon an elevated stage before his tent. Tokat, where he was reconstructing the army, saw fall in this way the heads of the defterdar, of the treasurer, of the beg of Magnesia, of the judge of the camp and of Hadji-Pasha, son of a Sultana, whom the imperial blood did not preserve from death.

The Sultana Koesem sent a million of piasters to Khosrew to pay the troops. The pay discharged and the negligences punished with death brought in a few weeks to Tokat an affluence of all the begs and the provincial contingents from Egypt to Georgia. A march of fifty leagues in three days brought the army and artillery before Erzeroum. Abaza, surprised by this promptitude, took refuge in the citadel. The counsellor of Abaza, the sheik of Cesarea, convinced that a capitulation was the sole salvation of Erzeroum, presented himself in a shroud with a rope round his neck, before his master, to conjure him to yield to his fate. Abaza capitulated on condition of keeping with him his troops, withdrew from the city, and went to encamp in the valley of Erzeroum at a small distance from Khosrew.

Khosrew, faithful to the capitulation agreed upon, brought with him Abaza to Constantinople, presented him to the Sultan, obtained his pardon, and appointed him, to change his country, governor of Bosnia. The ignorance of the barbarian was such, that he had to inquire if Bosnia was in Asia or in Europe, and that he took Austria and Bohemia for being two fortresses of Hungary. But his address at managing a horse, and his vigor in launching a djerred gave delight to the young Sultan, who used to take pleasure in witnessing his equestrian exercises from the height of a gallery of the Hippodrome.

XX.

The repression of the Persians on the frontiers, the reconstitution of the army, the energetic re-establishment of subordination in the troops and the divan, in fine, the extinction of the rebellion and the removal of Abaza, had made Khosrew the absolute dictator of the nation; he not merely governed, but reigned in the divan. The secretary of the Janissaries, Malkodj, favorite of the Sultan and of the Validé, dared alone to resist sometimes the absolute orders of the Bosnian. Having one day hesitated to write an order which was dictated to him by the grand vizier in opposition to the will of the Sultan: "Write, slave!" said Khosrew to him; "am I not the all powerful interpreter of the will of the padischah, the highest in the empire? Write, I tell thee, what I order thee!"—"Merciful vizier," replied the secretary, kissing the skirt of Khosrew's mantle, "the head is responsible for what the hand writes; take back my place and give it to a slave; I will accept as a favor my dismissal." A creature of Khosrew was elevated to the functions repudiated at this cost by the proud Malkodj. The Sultan pardoned all to him who had been able to subdue the troops.

Schahin-Gheraï, one of the two usurpers of the Crimea, overturned by the legitimate khan and by prince Cantemir, his general, had taken refuge in Poland. The Porte demanded in vain his extradition. The Poles justified their conduct in aiding him.

The religious quarrels between the Catholics and the Greeks, revived by the protégées of France, agitated anew the Christian diplomacy at Constantinople. The Greek printing-house, established in that city, was assailed and sacked. The Jesuits, expelled as the instigators of these troubles, sought to establish themselves at Naxos, to possess themselves of the religious administration of the Archipelago and of Jerusalem. The agitation sown in these islands by their presence occasioned their imprisonment at Chio, and finally their expulsion from the Ottoman empire, despite the urgency of France and Spain in favor of this monastic order.

The tributary prince of Transylvania, Bethlem-Gabor, ambitious of the throne of Hungary, of Moldavia and Wallachia, under the title of the kingdom of the Daci, who had agitated so long Vienna and Constantinople with his intrigues and his double-faced policy, delivered by his death the divan

and the court of Vienna of a perpetual ferment of discord. This death permitted Austria and the Porte to sign a new treaty of peace at Szoen in the palatinate of Comorn, on the consolidated basis of the treaty of Sitvatorok.

XXI.

Amurath IV., arrived at this period at his seventeenth year, and matured by the lessons of Hafiz, suffered impatiently the prolonged yoke of his mother and of the chief of the black eunuchs, Mustapha, secret counsellor of the policy of the harem. Offended that his mother had given, despite his repugnance, one of her daughters to the capitan-pasha, Hassan, his present favorite, the Sultan had his sister carried off by force from the harem of Hassan, to whom she had been delivered. Some days after, he caused to be strangled in his harem, between the arms of another of his sisters, another of his brothers-in-law, Kara-Mustapha.

These sudden executions struck terror into his mother. She tried to deaden his ferocity by festivities, by caresses, and by presents of female slaves, of Persian horses, and of purses containing ten thousand ducats in gold. The clever Sultana by these complacencies regained her influence over her son.

XXII.

The news of the death of Schah-Abbas restored to the divan the audacity and the hope of reconquering Bagdad. Khosrew marched with one hundred and fifty thousand men upon Aleppo. His route was marked by his severities and executions. Tourmisch-Beg, governor of Koniah, born like him in Albania, and grown old in the service of the Sultans without having tampered for a day in the factions of the capital or of the camps, was summoned by Khosrew to deliver up his supposed treasures.

"Give up thy wealth," exclaimed the vizier, "or thy head will be the forfeit."—"If my hour is not come," replied coolly the old beg, "it is in vain that you menace my life; if you sully your hands with my innocent blood, mine will weave you a collar for the last judgment. I am over eighty years, and can show as many wounds received for the faith and for the empire; but under a tyrant steeped in blood like

you, it is better to die than to live." Without justice to his virtues and without pity for his white hairs, Khosrew interrupted his reproaches by the order of death.

At two marches further on the defterdar of the army, Aboubekre, was murdered and his property confiscated to the army treasury. At Serabad, the chief of the Kurds, Mir-Mohammed, called before the divan of the vizier, and foreseeing the trap, put on a coat of mail under his clothes. Khosrew, after having abused him, called the executioner. The Kurd, resolved to sell and not to surrender his life, drew his sabre to plunge it in the breast of the grand vizier. The kiaya precipitated himself between Mir-Mohammed and the assassin. The sabre of the Kurd cut by the same blow the hand off the kiaya and half the wooden post of the tent behind which Khosrew took shelter. At the outcry and the tumult, the officers of the vizier entered and pierced with twenty poinard blows the Kurd, at length felled. His suite, who armed themselves to defend him, fell by the sabres of the chiaoux. Seven bodies decapitated and piled before the door of the tents, attested the ferocity of Khosrew and the fidelity of the Kurds to their emir.

XXIII.

The Persians, fallen from their heroism on the death of their hero, the great Abbas, let the hundred and fifty thousand Turks advance at leisure through their richest provinces. The magnificent palace of Hassan-Abbas was converted into a heap of ruins. Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatan, the capital of the first dynasties, the rival of Babylon and of Suza, celebrated under Islamism for its mosque styled the mosque of "the Thousand and one columns," and for the tomb of the poet Hafiz, the Solomon by wisdom, the Anacreon by the voluptuousness of his verses, of the Persians, was burned by the grand vizier. The sacred domes of the mosques, the palaces, the walls of Ecbatan, crumbled beneath the flame, the axe or the hammer of the Ottomans. They spared not even the trees which used to cover with the shade and the fruits of a perpetual spring the borders of the rivulets of that delicious plain. A cloud of smoke and ashes floating in the air for several days above the Temple of Persia, announced to the adjacent provinces that the ferocity of Khosrew spared not even nature herself. This passage of the vizier is still called

in the Persian traditions the "visit of the pitiless man." Alexander, Genghis and Timour had not left a trace more baleful on the soil and in the memory of Persia.

Retrograding thence, by order of the Sultana Koesem, towards Bagdad, Khosrew and his army crossed the fabulous mountain of Baghistan, scene of the immortal loves of Ferhad and the beautiful Schirin, the Heloise of the Persians and of the Turks. Respect for the fabulous monuments of poetry prevails in the Ottomans over respect for the real ones of history. They contemplate with awe the immense cliff cut to a precipice by the amorous Ferhad to cut a canal which was to convey a flood of milk (the foam of the cascades) to the feet of his lover. They revere the old pomegranate-trees, sprung, according to the poetic fable, from the blood of Ferhad.

The Persian army was annihilated in trying to defend this garden of Persia and those tombs of the kings of its dynasties. The remnants of it fled for refuge within the walls of Bagdad. The best generals of Khosrew and more than half his army perished in assaulting them. Bagdad once again saved Persia.

Khosrew, humbled, repassed the Tigris, cutting the bridges behind him, and regained, like Hafiz, Mosoul, after a month's march, harassed through the desert. His fury, on reaching Mosoul, wreaked itself upon the seraskiers and the begs accustomed to disturb the army, whom he accused of his disasters. He invited them to a banquet, and had them slaughtered in a body by the headsmen duly posted in the hall. To repair the losses of the army, he sent for forty thousand Crim Tartars, and passed the winter at Mardin awaiting them.

XXIV.

This series of reverses and of atrocities, did not interrupt at Constantinople either the fêtes or the intrigues of the seraglio. The divan was occupied diplomatically with the affairs of Transylvania, of Moldavia and of Wallachia, brought up again by the election of the Hungarian magnate, Rakoczy, to the tributary throne of Transylvania. Rakoczy, after the example of his predecessor, Bethlen-Gabor, aspired to the royalty of the three provinces united under the name of the kingdom of the Daci. His alternate negotiations

with Turkey and with Austria, made him at one time the client, at another the suspicious ally, and at another the enemy of these two courts.

The Tartars of the Crimea, at war a moment with the Poles and Russians, received orders from the divan to return into their steppes and take their troops into Persia, to the assistance of Khosrew. This army, slowly formed, and vainly waited by the grand vizier at Mardin, caused the second campaign of Persia to be postponed to the year 1631. Khosrew returned discredited by his inaction to Aleppo.

Hassan, the favorite of the Sultan and of the Validé, obtained the dismissal of Khosrew and the appointment of Hafiz-Pasha, former grand vizier. Khosrew, whom his barrack ferocity and his caresses of the soldiers had made popular in the camps, feigned to obey with resignation the orders of the Sultan, but fomented secretly an insurrection of the troops in his favor. The revolt broke out at Diarbekir and at Aleppo. It was propagated across Anatolia to the barracks of Constantinople. The rebels raised of themselves their camp, and forced their generals to lead them to the capital. Khosrew had proceeded there before them, attended only by his nephew and a handful of his partisans.

At their instigation, the spahis and the Janissaries, thronging without chiefs upon the square of the Hippodrome, demanded during three days and three nights the heads of the traitors. They designated by name, as being such, the grand vizier Hafiz, the mufti Yahya, the defterdar Mustapha, the favorite Hassan, appointed recently aga of the Janissaries, Mousa-Tchelebi, another favorite, all reputed accomplices of the intrigues of the harem against Khosrew, and guilty of the reverses of the late Persian campaign.

The harem trembled at their cries. The fourth day, the doors of the court of the seraglio, forced by the rioters, delivered the palace itself to their tumult and vociferations. They kept in wait for Hafiz, whom his duties were to bring at noon to the divan, to immolate him on the steps of the palace. Some friends warned Hafiz not to expose himself to his enemies. He was already on horseback to visit his post. "No," said he, "I have seen last night my destiny in a dream; I do not fear to die for my duty."

The crowd opened and shut presently behind him. The soldiers hurled him from his horse with blows of stones, tore

his garments, took off his turban, trampled him under their feet, and were going to despatch him, when his servants wrested him half-naked and bleeding from their hands, to take him to the infirmary of the seraglio. He wiped the blood and dust from his face, borrowed a turban of the *bostandjis*, and appeared before the Sultan to counsel him to yield to the storm and to take back the seal of the empire.

"Go, my aga," said the Sultan to him, "and may God protect thee! For my part, I can no longer protect any one!"

Hafiz left the palace by a postern door upon the gardens, gained the beach of the sea, and crossed to take refuge at Scutari.

XXV.

The Sultan himself, called upon by the rioters, appeared at their cries, on the threshold of the divan door. His viziers and servants pressed closely around him. A dialogue interrupted by confused clamors was established between the nearest of the soldiers and the Sultan. "What do you want from your padischah?" said he to them.—"Seventeen heads of your viziers and your favorites," responded the rioters; "deliver them instantly, or think of yourself!"—"You are incapable of hearing me," rejoined *Amurath*, stunned with clamors, menaced with gestures; "of what use was it to call me, if not to listen to and to discuss with me?" He turned off with a gesture of despair and indignation to avert his eyes from such a spectacle. His pages threw themselves between him and the soldiers and succeeded in shutting the outer door of the seraglio.

"The seventeen heads! the heads! the heads!" cried with redoubled fury the soldiers, "or descend from the throne like *Othman II*!"

The councils in the interior of the seraglio participated in the trouble and in the terror of the outside. The enemies of Hafiz had slipped among the viziers. *Redjeb-Pasha*, the most accredited of them, declared to the Sultan, with a feigned grief, that from time immemorial, the law, the policy, and the majesty, that supreme policy of the Sultans, had been to sacrifice the lives of their servants to save the world, and that he must imitate his ancestors or expose the padischah himself to the fate of *Othman II*.

Amurath IV., hoping still to obtain the pardon of the most cherished of his favorites by his apparent condescension to the anger of the day, sent the chief of the bostandjis to Scutari to bring back Hafiz to the palace. Hafiz, scarce escaped, did not hesitate anew to imperil himself for his master. He got into a boat and crossed the channel, urging himself the rowers. Arrived at the seraglio by a secret inlet, he held himself ready to live or to die at the caprice of the fickle rage or the pity of his enemies.

The Sultan thought, from the silence of expectation of the multitude, that its anger slackened or had wearied itself in the courts. He ascended his throne in the chamber of the peristyle, had the doors thrown open, and ordered some of those who appeared to be the tribunes of the sedition to approach him in order to hear and report his words to their comrades.

The emotion of the moment, fear for his mother and for himself, compassion for Hafiz, who listened concealed behind the drapery of the canopy, his paleness, his gesture, his accent, his tears, would have given persuasion to his discourse if hatred could ever let itself be persuaded. He adjured the troops, he represented to them the remembrances and the remorse of the murder of Othman, the dishonor to the empire, recoiling upon the throne, upon the army itself, from these violences done the free volition of the representative of the khalifs, the inutility of the vengeance which they demanded, since he had acceded of himself to the wishes of the army and the people, by removing his grand vizier and disgracing his favorites; the cowardice, in fine, of striking when down the disarmed vanquished, who had but their enemies for judges and their enemy's pity for safety. He besought them, in the name of his youth and of his future renown, not to constrain him to give them innocent blood as the price of a reign thus stained with ingratitude and injustice in the eyes of posterity.

A murmur now favorable, anon sinister, ran at these words through the hall and the courts; the most contiguous to him were affected, the most remote redoubled their impatience and imprecations at these delays. Amurath was going to continue his vain endeavors; Hafiz, who judged by the voice and the countenances, the inutility and the danger of resistance, had just ended in silence the ablutions and prayers for the dead; he lifted with the hand the curtain that concealed

him from the eyes of the crowd. His white beard made him known instantly to the soldiers, despite the turban of the bostandji. He prostrated himself at the foot of the throne, then rising with the elasticity of a man who had formed a great resolve:

"Great padischah," said he to the Sultan with a firm voice, "let a thousand slaves like Hafiz perish rather than a hair of thy head or a golden nail of thy throne! I only implore thee for the sake of thine innocence and thy glory, not to strike me thyself or by the hand of any of the servants, so that I may die a martyr and not a criminal, and that my blood may recoil upon their heads! I ask for sole favor, that my body be buried at Scutari." Then kissing the earth which was going to cover his corpse against the outrages of his assassins; "In the name," added he, "of the almighty and all-merciful God, there is no other power, no other mercy than that of God. We are come from God, we return to him."

After this supreme profession of faith, he rose and presented himself with an erect air and a disdainful countenance to the blows of the spahis. The sobs of the Sultan, the tears of the pages, the downcast head and dismayed physiognomy of the viziers, attested the constraint and the shame of this accepted sacrifice. Although disarmed, Hafiz laid prostrate at his feet, with a blow of the fist dealt upon the head, the first of the soldiers who dared to lay a hand upon his old general; the others lifting up at once their sabres pierced his body with seventeen wounds. A Janissary knelt upon the corpse and cut off the head, which he hoisted as the trophy of the day to the eyes of the multitude. The pages spread a shroud of green silk upon the body to wrap it on the bark which was to carry it to the tomb that had been promised it at Scutari.

"Infamous and cowardly assassins! who fear neither God, nor Prophet, nor padischah!" cried Amurath IV., returning in desperation to his apartments, "you will experience soon or late the just vengeance that awaits you."

Hassan, aga of the Janissaries, the second victim claimed by the rioters, owed his life to the fidelity of a handful of Janissaries who defended their general against the assassins. The defterdar escaped under favor of the tumult. The dismissal of the mufti sufficed the rancor of the intriguers, who

had included him in the proscription, in the hope of rising upon his ruins.

XXVI.

All appeared to be appeased by the blood of the grand vizier and by the appointment to the highest dignities of the favorites and the instigators of the sedition. Redjeb-Pasha, the adviser of the sanguinary concession, was come to the summit of his ambition; he abandoned or prosecuted his accomplices.

Khosrew, the principal author or the pretext of all those troubles, and who awaited the result at Koniah, was the first delivered by Redjeb to the resentment of the harem. Mourteza-Pasha received orders to take, with a corps of the army, the government of Diarbekir, and to execute, in passing by Koniah, the just vengeance of the Sultan: "I want but his head," said the Sultan; "his immense treasures are thine."

Meanwhile, Redjeb had in secret informed Khosrew of the danger. Khosrew, shut up in his house at Koniah, surrounded himself with the band of troops whom he brought in his train. Mourteza, having verified to the judges of the city the order of death of the faction-leader, commenced to demolish his residence by artillery. Khosrew, sick or feigning sickness, sent his kiaya, Ali, the Hungarian, to submit in his name to the orders of the Sultan, and pray Mourteza to come with confidence and communicate them to himself. The chiaoux, concealed behind the wall of the court, was to rush upon Mourteza, wrest the firman from his hands and massacre him.

The executor of the vengeance of Amurath IV. foresaw the snare. He remained at the head of his troops, and sent the firman of the Sultan by Soulfiker, his lieutenant. Khosrew, abandoned by the people of Koniah, to whom Mourteza had promised in the name of the Sultan a part of his spoils, resolved to die with the resignation of defeated crime and fanaticism.

"Our lives are the padischah's," said he to Soulfiker, after having read the firman; "but since the pasha of Diarbekir had a firman of death against me, why did he not present it forthwith? What was the need of bombarding my house and making me pass for a rebel? God forbid that I should be such! God is all-powerful; I do not murmur at his decrees; but, please God, vengeance is not distant and many a head is still to fall."

Having thus spoken, he said a prayer, implored with tears the mercy of God and not of men, and held forth his neck to the rope. His immense riches and sumptuous equipages, amounting to over a hundred thousand ducats in gold, were confiscated. Mourteza-Pasha refused, despite the grant of the Sultan, to appropriate an asper of them. All was sent by him to the Sultan. Amurath IV., in recompense, gave him in marriage the widow of Hafiz.

XXVII.

The execution of Khosrew and the arrival of his treasures and of his horses at Constantinople, became the signal of a new explosion of the troops. The grand vizier, Redjeb, fearing for himself, had it insinuated to the soldiers that the vengeance of the harem was constantly suspended over the head of Hafiz's murderers, so long as Moussa the favorite, Hassan the aga of the Janissaries, and Mustapha the former treasurer, retained the secret favor of the Sultan. At these insinuations the shops were closed, the people and the soldiers diffused themselves through the streets demanding this supplement of heads. The masses of snow that fell upon Constantinople the evening of the first day, served to disperse these assemblages. The following day, the rioters, collected in larger number, inundated the court of the seraglio, demanding with fierce cries the three heads alluded to, and under pretext of inquietude for the princes, brothers of Amurath IV., whose life, said they, was menaced by the favorites of the Sultan.

Amurath, drawn, as at the former time, by these outcries, from the shade of the seraglio, was forced to present himself and to supplicate the multitude. He swore that he was ignorant of the retreat where Hassan and the defterdar had concealed themselves since the execution of Hafiz. He ordered up the four princes, Bayezid, Suleiman, Kajim, Ibrahim, and showed them to the people, to confound, by their presence, the calumny which accused him of having immolated them.

"What do you want of us?" said to the chiefs of the sedition the eldest of the captives thus forced by their importunate protectors from the peace of their kiosks and the anxious tenderness of their mother. "Leave us in peace to our retirement; beware of pronouncing our names, for you

would thus bring suspicion upon our innocent heads. Have you then no fear of God, no respect for the padischah your master? Heaven will protect us sufficiently without you."

These reproaches touched the people; the four youths were taken back to their kiosks. The sedition appeared allayed; but the grand vizier, Redjeb, was playing the double part of counsellor within doors, and inciter outside. He persuaded Amurath IV. to dismiss publicly from the seraglio, and under his own guard, the young favorite, Moussa, in order, said he, that this mark of condescension and of confidence given to the troops might convince them of his sincerity and make them give up demanding the heads of Hassan and the defterdar. He made oath to his master that he would answer on his head for the life of Moussa and the generosity of the people.

Amurath refused long to expose by this measure the life of a friend whom he loved with a passion entertained for a brother. The advice of the capitan-pasha, son of the hero Djanboulad, decided him. He had more confidence in the capitan-pasha than in the vizier. "I consent," said he at last, in tears; "but remember that you are hostages for my friend, and that if a hair should fall from the head of Moussa, your heads will answer for it." Moussa was delivered on the faith of these promises to the grand vizier, who conducted him to his palace.

Scarce had he arrived there, than a band of Janissaries, of spahis and of populace assembled before the gates of the grand vizier, demanding by their vociferations that the favorite should be given up to them. The perfidious Redjeb appealing then to Moussa by him: "My child," said he with apparent compassion for his innocence and for his years, "a thousand lives like thine and mine are nothing in order to save that of the Sultan. However let us not despair; I am going to see what we can obtain from the rebels."

Then taking along with him the unfortunate youth, as if to the end of parleying with the multitude, he ordered in a low voice his servants to push him violently by the shoulders and precipitate him down the steps of the piazza. The young man was received at the bottom on the points of a thousand, daggers, which lacerated him to pieces, while the astute vizier, affecting a concerted horror, cried to the assassins: "Stop! don't you know that I have guaranteed his life to his friend?"

Hassan, discovered the same day in the chapel of his magnificent villa of Rebek, was conducted on a horse untackled from a Bulgarian wagon, in the midst of jeers, upon the place of the Hippodrome, strangled and hung by the legs to the branches of a plane-tree, which served as gallows for the execution of vulgar criminals, and left during several days a sport to children and the populace. The defterdar too, discovered some days after by the proscribers, was decapitated on the order of Redjeb by the headsman, and hung upon the same plane-tree where swung the body of Hassan.

Such crimes, tolerated or favored by the grand vizier, could be but preludes to the deposition of Amurath IV. and perhaps to his execution. Redjeb had too much offended, not to hate him; he allowed it to be openly proposed to substitute him by one of his brothers, who should owe him the throne and whose gratitude would ensure his power.

He purchased his popularity at the cost of the toleration of all the excesses of the multitude and of the troops; the massacre of the generals by the soldiers was become a pastime of the barracks. The spahis mocked the djebedjis, an inferior regiment who spoke also of strangling and hanging their aga on a plane-tree. "Although your aga be an officer of importance in the empire," said the Janissaries and the spahis to their worthy rivals in assassination, "he is by no means of sufficient dignity to be hung from the same branch as Moussa, Hassan and Mustapha."—"Do you think then," replied the humiliated djebedjis, "that we also are not men, and that we are so far despised that it will not be permitted us to massacre our aga and become, in turn, imposing rebels?"

The Janissaries having challenged the djebedjis to this crime, too lofty, they said, for them, the djebedjis replied to the challenge by running to their barrack and massacring, through pure rivalry of atrocity, their aga, the brave and virtuous Sahib. The populace, imitating the soldiers, filled the city with orgies and tumults. The emulation of anarchy raised and prostrated daily, during two months, new tribunes of the multitude. The excess of criminality restored remorse to the people, and vengeance for the murder of his favorite gave the energy of despair to the Sultan.

His mother, the Sultana Koesem, a Greek by birth and character, kept up, from the depth of her harem, secret

relations with two viziers of her nation who possessed and betrayed the confidence of Redjeb. These two Greeks, elevated by the rebels to the highest dignities of the Porte, were the vizier Roum-Mohammed and the new aga of the Janissaries Koesé-Mohammed. The one and the other, with the prudence of an ambition which knows how to bound, in order to consolidate its fortune, saw more security in the gratitude of the Sultana and of her son, saved by their means, than in the fluctuating favor of the multitude. Elevated by sedition, they wished to confirm themselves by loyalty; an instinctive tactic of intriguers who, after mounting, dread to redescend. They kept up a secret correspondence with the Sultana Koesem, watching attentively for the hour when the disgust of the people and the lassitude of the troops should permit the Sultan to strike the anarchy on the head, in his grand vizier.

This hour at length arrived, the Sultana notified her son. Amurath IV., animated by vengeance, dissembled to make the blow more sure. Redjeb, unexpectedly called to the seraglio on the evening of the 18th of May, 1632, after the divan, hastened to the orders of his master. Arrived in the second antechamber of the palace, the eunuchs opened him a low door which gave access into a cabinet where the Sultan awaited, he was told, to confer with him alone.

On entering he saw before him but eunuchs and mutes, whose physiognomies and silence made him totter on his gouty legs. The curtain separating this apartment from that where the Sultan was awaiting rose. Amurath was standing at the other extremity of the room; his resolute countenance and his attitude revealed the man who had uttered at the age of fifteen this expression, which remains a proverb of hatred among the Turks: "Vengeance may be adjourned, but does not grow old."

He recalled, in a collective grievance, from the recesses of his implacable memory, all that the perfidious popularity of his minister had imposed on him of terror and of outrage since his infancy. "Come forward, perfidious cripple," cried he with a voice of thunder to the grand vizier, whom the gout and consternation were fixing stirless to the chamber threshold.

Redjeb stammered excuses and protestations of innocence.

"Hold thy tongue and prepare to die, giaour!" rejoined

the Sultan; and turning towards the white eunuchs : " Let the traitor," said he to them, " be instantly beheaded." The executioners were not apprised, for fear of revealing by some indiscretion the design of the murder. The white eunuchs substituted them, cut off the head of the grand vizier and threw the body at the door of the seraglio to the numerous retinue of servants, of clients and of accomplices who were waiting his exit from the palace.

The audacity of the vengeance disconcerted his partisans; the head stricken, they feared for the members. They dispersed in consternation, fancying that they felt already on their own necks the cold steel which had dissevered that of Redjeb. The Sultan, determined this time to reign or to die, left no breathing-time to the rebels. Sure of himself, of public opinion, of the support of Roum-Mohammed in the divan, and of the aga of the Janissaries in the barracks, he gave the seals of the empire to an intrepid Albanian, devoted to the Sultana Koesem, named Tabinfassi, a man of hand of whom the Sultana was the head. He boldly convened the troops to a general review on the place of the Hippodrome, mounted upon a throne erected under the peristyle of the mosque, surrounded himself with viziers, with pashas, with agas, with judges, with imans, with oulemas of influence over the soldiers and over the people, and studying from the outset to separate the cause of the Janissaries from that of the spahis, the most discredited of the rebels, he courted verbally the former and scolded harshly the latter. Then after having caused to be read by the grand vizier a decree of reform which restored to the oulemas the places and the emoluments of which the spahis had possessed themselves against the laws : " If my spahis are docile and repentant," said he, " they will send me some of their irreproachable veterans to bear me their excuses and to implore my mercy."

Addressing himself next to the Janissaries, and affecting to consider them the inflexible columns of the throne, he commented to them a passage of the Koran which commands Mussulmans to obey God, the Prophet and the Sovereign. " The padischah," said he to them, " were he an Ethiopian slave, is the shadow of God and the centre of the Divinity upon earth; cease then to transact with rebels and to tolerate sedition, so that your padischah may remedy freely the calamities of the empire, and that you may, like your fathers, vaunt of having well merited of the throne and of the people."

Amurath IV. was no less an orator than he was a poet; he sometimes lacked energy, but never dignity nor resolution. His words altered the mind of the Janissaries, eager to wash themselves before the people of all complicity with rebels, and all share in the calamities which public murmur began to impute to them. "The enemies of the padischah will henceforth be our enemies," cried they with one voice; "we swear to protect no longer the rebels." They sealed individually this military oath by an oath more sacred made to the mufti upon the Koran.

The veterans of the spahis, who were called around the Sultan to present him the excuses of their corps, feared that he would command their execution. Amurath contented himself with their terror. "You other spahis," said he to them with a smile of disdain, "are a queer body whom it is difficult to get to listen to reason and to practise justice; you are forty thousand in the entire empire, and all of you claim some grade, while the number of places to be given is only five hundred. Your exigencies and extortions have disturbed and impoverished the kingdom. The lure of office has increased amongst you the number of bad men, who, refusing to hear the words of the sage and senior of the troops like you, pass their time in oppressing the people, or plundering the pious establishments and in making themselves a sad character of tyranny and rebellion."

The spahis responded: "We do not take the name of rebels, we are friends of thy friends and enemies of thy enemies. We do not approve the license which despises the orders of the padischah, but we find ourselves unable to check it."

"You are right," continued the Sultan; "you are not powerful enough against the number of the wicked. But if you be sincere in your words, expel them from your ranks, cease to demand offices, and swear it on the holy Koran, like your brothers the Janissaries."

The spahis, crushed by the number of loyal Mussulmans who seceded from them, and confounded by the words of Amurath IV., swore as their comrades had sworn.

The judges of the army and of the provinces then arose with a concerted indignation to draw a picture of the disorders, the violences and the depredations of the rebels in the capital and in the provinces, where the oppression of the soldiers took off all authority from justice.

An Arab, judge of one of the provinces of Asia, raised from his seat by the portraiture and his resentment of those military tyrannies, exclaimed, that he himself had had his house forced open and his furniture pillaged, for having made a decision according to his conscience and not according to the barrack despotism. "My padischah!" cried he, drawing his sword from the sheath, notwithstanding the presence of the sovereign; "believe me, the sole remedy for all that, is the sword."

The Sultan, without gainsaying or blaming him, made a sign to him to be calm and to be seated.

This *divan on foot* confirmed the coup d'Etat of Amurath and gave back its nerve to the empire.

XXVIII.

The day following, Amurath IV., encouraged by this success, called to the divan Ahmed-Aga, chief of the spahis, and ordered him to designate and deliver up to him the most culpable of the soldiers for an exemplary punishment. Ahmed, having bargained in stammering obedience, was beheaded at a gesture of Amurath in open divan.

One of the most popular tribunes of the revolt, Saka-Mohammed, called to the palace of the grand vizier, presented himself with a retinue of rioters of whom he was the soul, and full of confidence in his popularity, wished to discuss before the crowd with the vizier. "Stop his mouth with the sabre," exclaimed the vizier as reply.

His head rolled with that of another of the barrack demagogues named Djanin. Their bodies were immediately dragged without honors to the sea. The other chiefs of the revolt and of the party, concealed themselves, fled or were hanged without a murmur from the people. Nothing is more ungrateful than a sedition when struck with terror; * after having adored its chiefs as idols, it turns to hate them as corruptors. *The death of the ass is the fête of the dogs*, says the Turkish proverb. The rebels of the provinces hastened to convert themselves into informers and executioners of their accomplices. They sent to the divan the heads and limbs of their leaders in order to save their own. Despotism found them as base as anarchy had found them insolent.

* That is to say, less courtly, that nothing is baser than the multitude.—*Translator.*

One of the most potent of the rebel chiefs, **Elias-Pasha**, vanquished at **Magnesia** and besieged in **Pergamus**, capitulated, on condition of preserving his life, his titles and his honors, with the generals of **Amurath**. He dared to come to **Constantinople** on the faith of this amnesty. **Amurath** awaited him in his pleasure palace of **Istawros** on the banks of the **Bosphorus**.

"**Giaour**," said he on perceiving him, "why hast thou not obeyed me when I sent thee orders to evacuate **Pergamus**, and go serve me at **Damascus**?"—"I was sick," stammered **Elias**, in excuse.—"Detestable liar," exclaimed the Sultan, "thou wast not sick to sack **Magnesia**, the imperial residence of my ancestors. Let the head be cut off this traitor!"

A **bostandji** precipitated himself on the defenceless pasha and sawed off his head with his knife.

Every day of this year was named after the name of an illustrious victim. **Mahmoud-Oghli**, murderer of **Hafiz**, was strangled and thrown into the sea; **Mustapha**, the defterdar appointed by the rebels, hanged before the door of the bakery of the seraglio; the **Pole**, **Bernawski**, who was proclaimed King of the **Moldavians**, and who disputed this title with the Greek, **Elias**, protected by the Turks, imprisoned in the **Seven Towers**, then beheaded and thrown into the **Bosphorus**. The rapid current of the **Sea of Marmora** towards the **Black Sea**, in laving the beaches of **Constantinople**, threw up nightly the dead bodies of **Janissaries** and **spahis**, in whom were recognized with shuddering the fomenters celebrated or obscure, of recent or of former revolts. During the silence of the laws, the treasured vengeance of the Sultan had noted the names, the men and the misdeeds; nothing was forgotten, nothing pardoned. He took pleasure in confounding his justice, his policy and his anger.

The sole vice with which the Ottomans reproached **Amurath IV.**, a vice punished by them in his favorite **Moussa**, that Antinous of the Ottomans, was a suspicious friendship for the young Greek pages of the court. His mother feared less, for her influence in the seraglio, from these favorites than from a female rival.

A tradition, accredited by incontestable historical testimonies, attributes to the fatal example and to the witty repartee of one of the companions of his youth, the change which perverted of a sudden at this period the religious sobriety of **Amurath**, and the transformation of his absti-

nence from wine into a taste and a habit of drunkenness. Here is the tradition such as it is reported, from Ottoman sources, by the French historian, de Salaberry.

Mustapha Bekri, grandson of the divine poet of that name, was a young courtier, celebrated for his debaucheries and witticisms. One day, Amurath, in disguise, perceived a man lying in the mud; he took him for a madman; he was told he was only drunk. At the same moment Mustapha, Mustapha the drunkard, rose and ordered the Sultan to lie down by his side. The arm of Amurath, which was uplifted, fell with surprise at this excess of insolence.

"How darest thou," said he, "to utter me an order, me, who am the Sultan Amurath?"—"And I," replied the drunkard "I am Mustapha-Bekri; if thou art willing to sell thy city, I will be Sultan in my turn, and thou wilt be Mustapha-Bekri."

Amurath demanded where he would find money enough to pay for Constantinople.

"Let not that trouble you," rejoined Mustapha, "I will even do more: I will also buy the son of a slave, I will buy thee." And thereupon he turned over and went to sleep.

Amurath had him taken up all covered with mud and carried to the seraglio. The fumes of the wine being dissipated at the end of some hours, Mustapha was astonished to find himself in gilt apartments.

"Is it a dream?" said he to those around him; "where am I? in the paradise of the Prophet?"—"Nothing of the kind," he was answered; "but you have made a bargain with the Sultan."

Mustapha, seized with terror, feigned illness, and said that he was going to die if he was not brought some wine to revive his spirits. Mustapha concealed the cup of wine beneath his robe, when Amurath had him called and summoned him to pay several millions as the price of the city.

"Sublime emperor," said the drunkard jovially, in holding up the pot of wine, "behold what had yesterday the power of purchasing Constantinople; believe me, if you only possessed such a treasure, you would find it preferable to the empire of the Universe."—"How so?" asked Amurath,— "By drinking," said Mustapha, "this liquor."

The Sultan was persuaded, tried the beverage, and drank of it copiously. He soon found himself too straitened by the limits of the globe; he spoke no more but of great en-

terprises, and experienced a gaiety which seemed to have more charms than the diadem. In fine, he fell asleep; but on awaking some hours after with a violent headache, he ordered in his anger to have Mustapha called before him.

"Here is a remedy for your illness," said the latter with a smile, and presenting him a cup full of wine. Amurath drank it off. The ache vanished, the gaiety returned, Bekri-Mustapha became a favorite. What is more astonishing is, that he was not found unworthy of the dignities wherewith he was invested.

XXIX.

The severities of the Sultan excited the anonymous reprisals and the satirical pamphlets of the voluptuous partisans of tobacco, of coffee and of wine. "Dismiss the eunuchs," said one of these epigrams, "who give us sleepless nights, in parading the streets sword in hand and shutting our houses to innocent enjoyments, before proscribing the *negro* (it is thus they styled the grain of the coffee), and before proscribing the harmless smoke which ascends to heaven, and dissipates, O tyrant, the acridity of the blood which thou dost daily cause to mount from hearts oppressed by thy executioners." *

The imans and the sheiks of the mosques, more daring still in their reproaches, scarce disguised them in the very presence of the Sultan under flimsy allegories. To scandalize the people by the contrast between the partial tolerance of great vices and the bloody repression of small ones, they recited in the pulpit a fable of Nasireddin, the Pilpay, the Esop, and the La Fontaine of the Turks.

"A man," said the Indian fable, "that masked satire of despotism, was one day tilling his field by the aid of two oxen, the one large and strong, the other small and weak, harnessed to the same plough; the small one not being able to co-operate, the laborer whipped the large.—"Why do you strike the ox that draws," said a passer by, "and spare that which refuses to draw?"—"Because the small one," replied the husbandman, "would never be inclined to draw, if it had

* It is curious to mark this coincidence between the sumptuary legislation of an Asiatic despotism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and that of several of the states of our "model republic" in the nineteenth.
—Translator.

not along side it the example of the obedience and of the efforts of the large one." Strike then the great whom you spare, and the people will follow your precepts—such was the moral of this apologue.

This dumb murmur was exasperated by the unjust execution of a judge of Nicomedia, whom the Sultan hanged before his eyes, on the gate of the city, in his magisterial pelisse and turban, because Amurath IV., in going to Broussa, had found the road to be ill repaired. The oulemas, offended in the person of their colleague, spoke of revolt and of deposition in the capital. "Quicken your return," wrote to her son the Sultana Koesem, who, from the depths of the seraglio espied the public rumors; "there is talk of deposition."

This message encountered Amurath as he was deer-hunting in the forests of Mount Olympus. Without returning to Broussa, he galloped as far as the banks of the Sea of Marmora, threw himself into a fishing-boat, despite the tempest which endangered large vessels, and traversed the Propontis in a night. Arrived next day without attendance at his palace at Scutari, in front of the seraglio, Amurath retempered his despotic power in blood, and reconquered his liberty in vengeance.

He seemed to respire a new life. His martial activity, his address on horseback, his vigor at the djereed, his presence in all places, his indulgence towards the soldiers, his inflexibility towards the officers, his eloquence at the council board, his courage in repressing with his own hand the first symptoms of murmur or sedition, his fatalism in defying the dagger of the assassins in the tumultuous throngings of the soldiers or of the people, contrasted happily with his passive indolence in the harem. The boy had disappeared, the man was born; but the man, depraved by the oppression which he had undergone, and the precocity of despotism which he had been constrained to exercise. Defiance and vengeance by turns governed and supplied the laws; gratitude itself imposed no check upon his passions.

Roum-Mahommed, who had opposed the despotism of the throne under Redjeb, having affected at Aintab some indications of independence, Amurath had him besieged and massacred by Yousouf-Deli, pasha of Damascus, a former rebel eager to evince his honest zeal against new rebels. Yousouf, called soon after to serve at Constantinople, received in recompense the death which he had just given to Roum-Mohammed.

Insurrected Arabia was brought back to submission by Koer-Mahmoud, one of those men who had done the most towards the destruction of anarchy. Twenty thousand houses of Constantinople burned in three days and three nights by a conflagration having agitated the capital with a first tremor of discontent, Amurath ordered the closing of the cafés, those sources and echoes of sedition. He traversed himself on horseback during the night the streets of the city, attended by a cohort of executioners to punish on the spot all infractions of this order.

No sovereign had hitherto repressed more rigidly the use of wine. He sent for the chief of the bostandjis and gave him the order, impious according to the Ottomans, to command the mufti, the judges of Constantinople and certain of the factious leaders, to quit the capital under pain of death and go in exile to Cyprus. He added a secret order for their decapitation, if the next morning with the dawn they had not quitted the city. He recollected that the mufti had been with the perfidious Redjeb one of the guarantees for the life of his favorite Moussa, and although the mufti was innocent of the disloyalty of the vizier, Amurath was glad to sacrifice two victims for the crime of one culprit.

The night over, he wished to assure himself personally of the execution of his order. He crossed the channel of Scutari, mounted horse, followed the sea beach along to the fortress of the Seven Towers, and encountered on the strand the mufti, whom adverse winds had hindered from embarking on the vessel which awaited him to take him to Cyprus. He affected to see in this obstacle a disobedience to his will, had the mufti seized by the bostandjis, thrown into a wagon of straw bound for the next village, and executed under his eyes in the house of a Janissary of Aga-Stefano.

The first interpreter of the religious and of the civil law, the chief of the oulemas and of the sheiks, was buried in the sand of the beach. The magnificent tomb which he had built for himself at Constantinople awaited in vain his remains; the tomb deceives like life. Thus perished the sage Akizadé, guilty of having wrested one day from his sovereign the object of a licentious favor, and above all of having been the chief of the law in times when law had no longer an existence. This promptitude in action and this obstinacy in vengeance scandalized the public conscience, but quelled the public murmurs.

XXX.

Amurath prepared himself to conduct in person, after the example of Soliman the Great, three hundred thousand men into Persia to reconquer Bagdad. The grand vizier was already at Aleppo, the base of operations against the Persians.

Seditions over which he triumphed disturbed this first assemblage at Aleppo, a city no less turbulent than Damascus. The aga of the Janissaries was deposed by the emeute, and the grand vizier himself assailed with stones in his palace. His guards with difficulty saved his life from the first fury of the revolt. The revolt was, however, extinguished in the blood of the guilty; but the chief of the chiaoux, who had signalized himself for courage against them, perished himself by his fidelity. Accused by the grand vizier of an excessive zeal, which displeased the army, he was sent back to Constantinople. A chamberlain of Amurath awaited him on the route with a firman of death. The aga, on sight of the firman, succeeded in softening the executioner by demonstrating to him the error of the padischah; he obtained postponement of the execution until he could have manifested his innocence to the Sultan himself.

Amurath was as ungrateful and as pitiless as his grand vizier. "Infamous liar," said he on listening to the justification and contemplating the tears of the ill-requited servant, "it is you who prompted the sedition which you afterwards fought to quell; and now you would wish to float uppermost, like oil, upon the waves of tumult. Let him be beheaded."

Before departing for the army, Amurath IV. resolved to purge the capital, the provinces and the different army corps of all those who had given, during the times of agitation of his minority and of his weakness, the least symptoms of turbulence, of popularity or of connivance at the ill-extinguished factions. He wished to leave terror and silence to reign in his absence around his mother.

The Sultan, served in his researches by the zeal of the proscribers, did not disdain to pursue himself the victims who escaped his spies. The chief of the emirs, Allamé, who had been the host of the mufti decapitated on the day when the mufti and the oulemas, his guests, had murmured too loudly, in the freedom of the festival, trembled through

fear of inclusion, although innocent, in the proscription list. Allamé heard himself called one night from the street by his name; and recognizing the voice of the Sultan, he came down, half-naked and resigned to death, at the order of the tyrant. The Sultan, on horseback, ordered him, in walking on, to relate him the most secret circumstances and discourses of that fatal banquet. Allamé related to him that it was but a private and accidental meeting of which the object was to reconcile the mufti with the chief of the emirs.

During this protracted questioning, Allamé, out of breath, kept up with difficulty in talking, to the rapid pace of the horse. Amurath IV. seemed to enjoy the trepidation of the old emir running alongside of his horse, and brandished his sabre above his head. At last, he dismissed Allamé, granting him his life, and recommending to him more care in future in his conversations with his guests.

"I am the invisible guest of all my slaves," said he to him; "return in peace to thy residence."

During these executions in Constantinople, the grand vizier completed the annihilation in Syria of the domination of Fakhreddin, the heroic chief of the Druses and Maronites, whose independent empire, created by his genius, extended from Tripoli to the confines of Egypt and over the two flanks of Mount Lebanon. The agitators of the empire had given time to Fakhreddin to enlarge and to consolidate his sovereignty.

Five warlike and industrial races, the Druses, the Moronites, the Metuolis, the Hebrews, the Arabs of Judea, united into one body beneath his hand, equalled at least the force of Albania. The bravery of Fakhreddin, his organizing genius, his journeys to Florence to ask the alliance and the aid of the Medici, his marine, his commerce, the inaccessible sites of his fortresses in the valley of Baalbeck and the gorges of Lebanon, his policy, by turns obsequious and menacing to the Ottomans between Egypt, Bagdad, Damascus and Mount Taurus, made him, although frequently surrounded by the Turkish armies, the arbiter of Syria and the rival of the Sultans. Tripoli, Latakîé, Beyrout and the ancient Sidon, the modern Ptolemais upon the sea, Baalbeck, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Safad, Tiberias, Daïrol-Camar or the "convent of the moon," in the inland districts, furnished him ports, cities, fortresses, warlike villages, marines for his navy, recruits for his army, subsidies for his treasury, skilled workmen for his manufactories of silk and of arms,

Undecided in religion like all the sovereigns of Lebanon, obliged to govern several races with the same sword; Christian with the Christians, Catholic with the Tuscans, Drusian with the Druses, Mahometan with the Turks, statesman with all, his multiple toleration kept in pacific community those populations antipathic in faith. He created in Syria that patriotism of the mountains of Lebanon, which sometimes rends itself by factions, but which always reunites under the great emirs of this country for the common independence.

The emir Fakhreddin had raised Syria, during a twenty-five years reign, to the level of the most flourishing civilizations of Europe. Tuscany, his model, and the Medici, his allies, did not offer in the plains of Florence, of Pisa and of Lucca, the image of a more prosperous agriculture or of an elegance of manners more refined. The plain of Beyrout and the valley of Bkaa, overlooked by the acropolis of Baalbeck converted to a fortress by Fakhreddin, were the gardens of Asia Minor. We still admire there the ruins, at once Moorish and Italian, of the palaces, the villas, the fountains, the aqueducts, the roads and the monuments of this great heir of the khalifs and of the crusaders, represented by the same man.

On the appearance of the vanguard of the three hundred thousand Turks whom the grand vizier had assembled under pretext of a Persian war at Aleppo, Fakhreddin, foreseeing that he would be first to be swept away by this torrent of men, had insurrected Syria and massacred twenty thousand spahis cantoned between Tripoli and Aleppo. Attacked in reprisal of this extermination by the army of the grand vizier, he had conquered at Mizereb; but beaten in his turn in the valley of Bkaa, his son was left dead upon the field of battle, and he himself, disbanding his Syrian levies in a body, fled with the élite of his troops into the gorges of Upper Lebanon. Pursued as far as those caverns by thirty thousand Ottomans ready to bar up his asylum, he surrendered himself with two of his sons to Ahmed-Pasha, general of the army of Syria.

They were sent on to Constantinople, where he died without his fame having suffered an eclipse from his misfortune. His two sons were brought up among the pages of the Sultan, to perpetuate in the high dignities of the empire a name which was the glory of four distinct people. His defeat left Syria without its soul, and the route of Mesopotamia open to Amurath IV.

At the moment when fortune gave him up this illustrious rebel, the resentment of the Janissaries against another ancient rebel, the celebrated Abaza, was avenging him for the terrors which this man inspired him with in his infancy. Abaza, as we have seen, had been consoled for his loss of Erzeroum by the government of Bosnia. The Janissaries of his province, of whom he did not disguise his obstinate hatred, conspired his ruin with a powerful family of Bosnia, the Loboghliis. They fell one day upon him at a hunt and wounded him with several blows of a sabre. The intrepid and vigorous Abaza defended himself like a lion against this pack of assailants, called up his escort, slew with his own hand the chief of the Janissaries, Othman, and put the rest to flight.

The murder en masse of the family of the Loboghliis, and an impolitic attack at this moment of the Venetian city of Zara discontented the Sultan. Abaza was removed to the command of Widdin, whither he took with him his troops of Bosnia. It was the moment when the Czar of Russia solicited the Turks to have the Poles attacked by Abaza, while the Emperor of Germany, occupied by the revolts of the empire, was unable to succor Poland against the Russians and Turks united. The Khan of the Tartars with Abaza in fact inundated the plains of Kaminiac.

Abaza, after this dubious expedition, was recalled to Constantinople. He was on horseback in the train of Amurath, the day this prince directed the execution of the mufti on the brink of the sea.

Amurath IV., despite the protestations of the Poles, fomenters of the perpetual incursions of the Cossacks of the Don, set out himself with the Circassian chieftain and forty thousand men for Adrianople. The war, confided anew to Abaza, was short and followed by a precarious peace. There was no fixed or regular policy in that republic of Poland, governed by the constant oscillations of its equestrian aristocracy and its military demagogues. The ambition of the magnates and the turbulence of the camps threw it, ten times in the same century, into the alliance of the Turks, of the Hungarians, of Germany, of the Tartars, of the Swedes, of the Cossacks or the Russians—equally fickle in war and incapable of peace.

Amurath, remaining at Adrianople to supervise more closely his generals, pursued there the course of his tragic

executions. A young and beautiful Bosniac, son of a Greek merchant of that province, named Mustapha, had succeeded to Moussa in the heart of the prince. This favorite had been in the service of Hassan, pasha of Bosnia, before having fascinated the eyes of Amurath. He wished to efface in the blood of his former master the humiliating reminiscences of his primary servitude. Hassan-Pasha, calumniated by him, was condemned to death by a secret order. Suleiman-Pasha, invested with the government of this province in the place of Hassan, was charged at the same time with the execution of his predecessor.

Suleiman set out from Adrianople with forty horsemen to fulfil this order. A friend whom Hassan entertained at court, named Schaban, learned a day before the departure of Suleiman the object of his journey. He mounted horse and gained some hours upon the new pasha. On his arrival at Seraï, residence of the governor of Bosnia, he found Hassan attending night-prayer in the mosque. He stooped to his ear and said to him that his successor and his murderer was at the gates of the city, and that he had not a moment to lose if he would escape death. Hassan, issuing hastily from the mosque and disappearing under favor of the night, slipped into the house of his sister and concealed himself in female apparel in the harem.

Escaped thus from the searches of Suleiman, he took refuge in a cavern of Mount Arighan in Wallachia. Betrayed by a Wallachian shepherd, who used to bring him bread and milk, and perceiving from a distance the soldiers to whom the shepherd had shown the cavern, Hassan slew him with an arrow and disappeared in the forest, whence he succeeded in reaching Constantinople; he there escaped the more easily that he was there less suspected, and there he awaited the return of better times.

Thirty dervishes of Adrianople had posted themselves in a defile, through which the Sultan was to pass on his return from a chase, with the intention of demanding alms for their convent. Their sudden and savage aspect scared his horse; the animal in prancing threw the rider. He punished this accident as a crime, and the heads of the thirty dervishes rolled at the instant upon the ground.

With him death did not await conviction; suspicion was punished before being tried. One of his servants was empaled because a diamond, recovered afterwards, had been mislaid in the palace. One of his pages was strangled, because

in playing with the Sultan the equestrian game of the djereed, the young man had inclined his body to elude the blow and thus baffled the address of his master. The poet Nefi, the Turkish Juvenal, formerly guest and protegee of Amurath, adventured to write some satirical verses against the caïmakam, Beïram-Pasha, the Sejanus of this Tiberius; Beïram demanded vengeance of Amurath.

"I give thee his head, if the oulemas sanction it," said Amurath. The oulemas, consulted and being often sufferers themselves from the shafts of the poet, ratified the condemnation. Nefi was sent to execution. He had so inveterate a habit of raillery that his last expression was still an epigram. The aga of the chiaoux, ordered to lead him to the sea shore, the place of execution, had the barbarity to say to him on the way: "Follow me, Nefi, we are going to a place where thou canst pick up wood to make thy shafts.—" Cursed clown," replied the poet smiling, "dost thou also then dabble in satire?"

Abaza, on his return from the war of Poland, did not escape the envy with which the long favor of that former rebel, become the most elegant of courtiers, had inspired the caïmakam Beïram and the favorite Mustapha. Abaza, of whom the rebellion had been but a glorious fidelity to the throne of Othman, found with Amurath the excuse of his crime in the motive of the crime itself. The Sultan could not hate a man who had agitated for ten years the empire, and massacred forty thousand Janissaries to avenge the murder of a Sultan.

The renown, the riches, the chivalrous bravery, the grace, the natural eloquence, the adroit adulation, the cultured mind of this Circassian, rendered him the Alcibiades of the Ottomans. The Sultan never went out on horseback without being attended by Abaza. His horses, his arms, his equipage, his costume served as models for the youth of the armies. The rumor ran that Abaza would receive the command of the army of Persia, and that he promised to conquer Iran in one campaign.

So much presumption and so much favor hastened his fall. The favorite did not forgive him his severities in Bosnia against his family, of whom Abaza had coveted the wealth. He was besides accused of having received large presents from the Armenians, for getting these Christians the exclusive possession of the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem.

Abaza, familiarly questioned as to the sum of the present by Amurath, dissembled as to the amount. Amurath did not pardon him the lie. It was suggested to him that Abaza thus dissembled the enormous treasure which he had accumulated in his palace of the Bosphorus, but to defray a second rebellion against him. These suspicions worked to frenzy the mind of the Sultan. He rode out before dawn, attended by the chief of the bostandjis, to exhale his anger. In following the narrow beach of the sea, which serves as road in front of the village of Beschiktasch, now the palace of the Sultans, he found the way blocked up with an ox-wagon, driven by a Bulgarian peasant. Amurath pierced him with an arrow; the wounded peasant fell beneath the blow.

"Go cut off his head," said Amurath to the bostandji. The aga, more humane than his master, ran towards the prostrate peasant, and feigning to believe him dead in order to save his life, he returned without having drawn his sabre, towards the Sultan. "Long life to Your Majesty," said he to him, "the insolent soul had fled the body as soon as your arrow had touched it."

Amurath came back more thoughtful to the porch of Saint-Sophia. There, without dismounting, he sent the aga of the bostandjis, Djoudjé, to order secretly the caïmakam Beïram, who was holding the divan in this portico, to have massacred all the Armenian corruptors of Abaza, who were on that day to present themselves at his audience.

Djoudjé, in order not to be recognized by the Armenians who were already besieging the gates, took off his costume of aga of the bostandjis in an adjacent guard-room, and entered the portico in the garb of a private soldier of the army of Roumelia. The caïmakam recognized him in the disguise and made him a sign to approach: "What is there new?" asked he by gesture in the language of the mutes, known in the seraglio—"Great anger of the master," replied in the same language the bostandji. Then he communicated the order of death against the Armenians. The caïmakam and the judges of the divan shuddered, but obeyed. The heads of the principal Armenians were sent to the seraglio.

Abaza arrived there at this moment by order of the Sultan, to accompany him, as usual, in his rides. Amurath ordered that he be shut up in the coop of the seraglio. He next wrote a firman of death and sent it by Djoudjé to his

old favorite. Abaza, in gazing on the firman, bowed the head. "It is the will of my padischah," said he, and he knelt to say a prayer. His head fell without a murmur at the last verse of the *soura* of the dead. The hand of a Sultan punished him for all the blood which he had spilt for the supremacy of the throne.

XXXI.

Immediately after this execution, Amurath IV., of whom the tents were already dressed at Scutari in the midst of two hundred thousand men, set out for Persia.

The terror of Constantinople had passed with him into the army; its discipline, cemented momentarily and in all the grades by blood, strewed dead bodies on the route of the army. The slightest fault was mortal. The executioners entered before him every city to purge it of the last sediments of the old revolts spared by Khosrew or by the grand vizier. Amurath, mute, would order before him the chiefs of the cities or of the tribes, and his two fingers of the right hand lifted or shut indicated without words to the executioners the life or the death of the suspected. Outside the gates of the city were ranged the corpses of the executed, an avenue of terror along which he marched the troops.

All offences and crimes were equal before the sabre. At the prairie of Trumpets, Gourdji-Othman, chief of a numerous cavalry brought to the Sultan, was murdered for having formerly partaken in the murder of Othman; a feudatory tschaousch, Djeaherizadé, for having smoked a handful of tobacco leaves; at Cesarea, the town judge, for a slight neglect in the supplying of provisions.

The bodily strength and savage energy of the young Sultan recalled their ancestors to the Turcomans of Caramania, who witnessed his march through their natal valley. At Dewli-Kara-Hissar, a wild goat of colossal stature having rushed upon the horses of his travelling-carriage, Amurath leaped from the vehicle upon his horse, encountered the savage animal and prostrated him with a blow of his club. "The hand of God is with you," cried the army, astonished at this athletic exploit.

Encountering a little after Mustapha-Pasha, the giant of the army, he lifted him out of the saddle on his outstretched

arm, and held him a moment suspended like a plaything in his iron hand.

The grand vizier, Mohammed-Pasha, came forth to meet him at Sinorowa and preceded him to Erzeroum. His entry into this frontier capital recalled the marches of Timour or of Alexander. Three hundred thousand men, cavalry or infantry, bordered the road on each side for the space of six leagues before the gate of the city. The following day, he received with great pomp the presents of all the chiefs of the army, of all the pashas and all the tributaries jealous of surpassing one another in devotedness by the prodigality of their tributes in men of arms, in slaves, in horses and in coined gold.

A few marches brought this multitude before the walls of Erivan, the nearest fortress of the Persians. A cloud of dust, raised by those myriads of men and horses and kept up by the wind, concealed from them the ramparts of Erivan. The artillery of the city cleft of a sudden this cloud, and the bullets ploughed the earth at the feet of the horse of Amurath. "What do you fear," said he to his viziers; "can a man die before the day appointed him by destiny?" A trite but just expression of Napoleon to his soldiers, of Cæsar to his rowers, and of all the fatalists.

He disposed his troops, and harangued them chief by chief. "Thou," said he to Ahmed-Pasha, governor of Erzeroum, "it is nothing to have captured Elias the rebel, and forced Fakhreddin in his caverns of Lebanon; here is the day to show what thou art!"

"Thou," said he to the son of Djanboulad, "thou, son of him who was justly styled the heart of steel, show to-day that thy soul is of the metal of thy father's, so as to consummate thy title to the viziership."

"Thou," aga of my Janissaries, "listen attentively: The condemnations in the capital, the chastisements inflicted upon drunkards and tobacco-smokers are not exploits of heroes; here is the moment, here the ground, whereon to show another courage than that required in police punishments. I mean myself to show mine, and to see in the midst of the conflict how my agas make my Janissaries fight."

"And you, my wolves," said he to the soldiers, "take care not to retreat; do not weary of striking, of killing, of cutting off heads, and of picking up balls to be sent back to

the Persians ; unfold your pinions, whet your talons, my falcons, my eagles ! and fetch me your prey ; here are heaps of purses of gold to pay you for the heads you shall cast at my feet."

Eight days of siege exhausted the courage, the provisions and the munitions of Erivan. The soul of Schah-Abbas had departed from Persia. The actual ruler was his grandson, Sam-Schah, son of that mirza, whom Schah-Abbas had formerly sacrificed to his suspicions, and to whom, in dying, this father, tortured by remorse, had desired, against the wishes of the magnates, to restore the throne.

Sam-Schah, still a youth, had distinguished himself thus far but by the murder of his favorite Sultana, of his mother, and of those of his viziers who reproached him with his vices. His generals trembled to conquer as much as to be conquered, not knowing if victory would less endanger their life than defeat. All that was not servility was discouragement and treason in the kingdom. The Khan Emirgoune, formerly mirza and military favorite of the great Abbas, was ashamed to serve so infamous a master. He meditated abandoning him to his fate, and providing an independent fortune for himself. He did enough for the honor of arms, not enough for the safety of Persia. The eighth day he appeared, after having given and received hostages, in the camp of Amurath, to treat for his defection. His generals, who accompanied him, carried their sabres suspended around the neck. Amurath arrayed him with three castans of honor.

"Why, for three moons back that I tread with my soldiers the soil of your king, does he keep himself concealed like a woman ?"—"My padischah," replied Emirgoune, "it is because your sword has the blade of death and that your courser is of noble blood." Emirgoune, recompensed for these flatteries and for his defection, received the title of pasha and the government of Aleppo. The Persian army, which left Erivan under the faith of a capitulation and an amnesty, was annihilated some days after by the pashas of Damascus and of Caramania.

The joy of this victory gave to Amurath the audacity of a crime which he as yet had not dared to execute upon the son of his father. Two of his favorites, bearing secret firmans, set off for Constantinople with the order to strangle the two princes Bayezid and Suleiman. The horror of this crime was mingled in Constantinople with the festivities of

victory, and threw them into consternation. The victims were the hope of a milder reign.

XXXII.

The courage of Amurath IV. seemed to equal his cruelty. He was the first to plunge into the Araxes on the passage of this river, and his horse almost submerged by the waves attained the opposite bank but through the devotedness of some soldiers who swam to hold its head above the water. He broke in himself by axe-blows the gates of Djewres, constructed of a wood so thick and so hard that the catapult was deadened upon it. Tauris, thus without defence, opened before him and became a heap of ruins.

Winter brought back to Constantinople Amurath, impatient to triumph in the eyes of his subjects. This triumph was but a series of executions. Blood stifled each day the murmur excited by bloodshed. The interpreter of the ambassador of France was executed, for having fomented the pretensions of France against Austria for the exclusive protection of the Holy Places. The Greek patriarch was taken off from his church and martyred by night in the fortress of the Seven Towers, for having corresponded with the Russians, and for having exposed the intrigues of the Jesuits, who were favored by Spain and by France. A partisan of the Jesuits, named Carfila, purchased for fifty thousand piasters the office of patriarch.

The caïmakam Beïram, in recompense for the murder of the two princes strangled in the seraglio, was appointed grand vizier. Amurath wished no longer for servants but for accomplices. Before departing again for Persia, he caused to be sacrificed to his security, the seventh of his brothers, the young Sultan Kazim, guilty of having given, as he grew up, the hopes of a better future to the people, and left alive but one of the children of his father, the last and fragile germ of the dynasty.

Tranquil as to what he was leaving behind him, he joined the 23d February, 1638, the innumerable army encamped at Scutari. He issued from the seraglio and entered Scutari in the costume of an Arab warrior of the times of fable, anterior to Mahomet. His horse was mailed with iron; he wore a helmet of polished steel, enwreathed with a red shawl,

rolled turban-wise, and with the two ends floating over his shoulders.

A month after, the army advanced by a hundred and ten marches upon Bagdad. The whole empire in arms seemed to follow the Sultan. His executioners ensanguined all the stations of the army, as in the former campaign. Innocence did not save from the capricious cruelty of the Sultan. At Nicomedia a courier from Constantinople overtook him, to announce the birth of a child of which his favorite slave was just delivered. The courier, who was ignorant of the sex of the infant, having had the temerity to say that it was a son, and having been belied by another letter, was empaled for this obliging error.

At Synada, of which the speckled marble passed for having been colored by drops of the blood of Atys, he put to death the judge of the city. At Akschyr, the country of the fabulist Nasireddin, he wrote some verses on the wall of a cloister, on the brink of a fountain of which the murmur used to inspire the Turcoman Esop. At Ilgoun, he ordered to be flayed alive a dervish reputed invulnerable by his followers, and who had formerly raised a faction in those mountains. "Don't be in a hurry," said the dervish martyr to the executioner who was striving to shorten his sufferings.

At Koniah, having gone out at night, according to his usage, in disguise to observe the order or the disorder of the camp, he recognized in the chief of the police Khosrew, a former porter of the factious vizier Redjeb. The Sultan had not seen his face since the seditions that oppressed his infancy. The remembrance awakened his vengeance; he threw involuntarily a mortal look at Khosrew. This person perceived it, and confided his terror to a page, the son of Fakhreddin, who was talking with him at this moment. A few hours after the encounter, he received, in fact, an order to present himself in the tent of the chief of the chiaoux. He went there with arms under his clothes. On entering the tent, the chiaoux upon guard did not return his salute: this sinister symptom confirmed the presages of death which he had conceived. At the moment when the aga of the chiaoux was ordering his execution, he stabbed him with a poniard, cleft with his sabre the cloth of the tent, and escaped amid the darkness of the night.

The emir of the Druses, who had succeeded Fakhreddin, was decapitated as he stooped to kiss the feet of the padis-

chah. At Aleppo, the governor of Kara-Hissar, who had taken off from the salihdar a young Greek of famous beauty, expiated by his life this rivalry with a favorite of the Sultan. At Nizibe, the same salihdar, having maliciously accused the famous physician of Amurath, Emir-Tchelebi, of preparing opium for his patients, and of making use himself of that intoxicating preparation to excite his imagination, the Sultan asked of a sudden his physician to show him the packet of pills which he carried between his clothes and his skin. "What is that?" said he to him in pointing to the packet. "An innocent preparation of opium," replied Tchelebi. "Very well, if it be innocent, take it off in my presence," rejoined Amurath.

Emir-Tchelebi swallowed a few of the pills and shut the packet, saying to the Sultan that what was harmless and even useful taken in a small dose became deadly poison in large quantities. But the tyrant, equally facetious and cruel, ordered his physician to swallow all, and to hinder him from neutralizing the venom by an antidote, he proposed to him a game of chess, and observed with a ferocious attention the progress of the poison upon the countenance and in the intellect of his victim. At the third game of chess, Emir-Tchelebi, succumbing to the lethargy, was taken off dying to his residence. His attendants proposed to him in vain the proper restoratives. "No," said he; "under a master like ours, and with enemies such as the salihdar, it is better to die once than to live threatened with a daily death." He had an iced sherbet brought to him of which the cold made the opium mortal, and expired.

At Biradjik, the Sultan crossed the Euphrates on bridges of boats, and had the army followed by a flotilla of eight hundred barks laden with siege artillery and with provisions. He there ordered to be crushed with mallet blows the hands and the feet of some Arabs found smoking tobacco.

At Mosoul, an Indian ambassador brought to Amurath the felicitations and the presents of his sovereign. Among the presents was admired a cincture of precious stones, of the value of fifty thousand gold ducats, and a buckler reputed impenetrable to the arrow and the sabre. It was formed of the ears of elephants and of the hide of the rhinoceros. Amurath, to test his own force and that of the armor, struck the buckler with the edge of his battle-axe and cleft it with

the blow. He sent it back contemptuously to the sovereign of the Indias.

The hundred and ninety-seventh day after its departure from Constantinople, the army descried the ninety-seven towers of one of the sides of Bagdad and the walls of ten thousand paces or of five leagues in circumference which surrounded the city of the Khalifs. Amurath's tent was planted in front of the great Iman, a saintly tomb upon a hill on the banks of the Tigris. The dust that rose the following day from the excavation of entrenchments by three hundred thousand men obscured the air. Each of the viziers and of the pashas received orders to attack one of the gates of the fortifications of the besieged city. The emulation of glory and of reward doubled the ardor of the troops. The Schah of Persia, Sam-Schah, approached to relieve the place. The first shock on the banks of the Tigris was terrible to the Turks. Amurath scolded the grand vizier for his slowness in filling up the trenches and giving general assault. "Would to God," replied Taïar-Pasha, "it was as possible for you to take Bagdad as it is for me to die to serve you!"

He ordered the assault for the following day. Three hundred thousand men preparing for victory or death filled the night air with the murmur of prayers arising from the camp. At the dawn of day, the cry of *Allah kerim!* God is great! gave the signal for escalading at all the breaches. The army mounted like a tide from the trenches upon the walls.

The grand vizier, with death before him on the ramparts and death behind him in the tent of Amurath, was fighting, sword in hand, in the broadest breach, when a ball passed through his head from the forehead to the nape, and laid him lifeless in the arms of his soldiers. His body was reclined upon the edge of the trench to preside still, although dead, over the battle which he had engaged in. "The bird of his soul," says the Turkish historian Naïma, translated by Hammer, "flew off from its terrestrial cage into the rosy bowers of paradise; he had been happy in life, a martyr in death, this supreme happiness when it obtains us paradise!"

"Ah! Taïar," cried the Sultan, on learning the death of his grand vizier, "thy life was more precious to me than a thousand towers like those of Bagdad." Then turning towards the capitan-pasha Mustapha, and delivering him the seal of the empire with the command of the assault: "Come," said he, "show thyself worthy of my confidence,

and devote for me thy life; it is thou who art to conquer me Bagdad."

The army, a moment suspended in its onset by the death of the vizier, rushed upon the steps of his successor with the unanimous cry of fatality: "Who knows the day of death?" Before the smoke of the ramparts had been dispelled by the wind which follows at noon the current of the Tigris, the two hundred towers of Bagdad, breached by the cannon of the Turks, were evacuated by the Persians descended into the city.

An honorable capitulation was signed between the khan who commanded in Bagdad and the Sultan. "Let every one retire at his will from the city," said Amurath, in receiving the keys on a salver of gold. But the soldiers, animated to take vengeance for the large number of their dead, did not ratify this magnanimity of their padischah. Under pretext that the Persians had themselves recommenced the combat in the city, they massacred, pillaged and burned for the rest of the day the inhabitants and the prisoners. Deaf to the voice of the viziers and of the pashas, they did not listen even to the reiterated orders of the Sultan.

The *melée* was so confused and the massacre so furious, that Amurath, to get intelligence of what was passing in the city, was obliged to send on horseback a Tartar boy from among his pages, at the risk of his life, into the midst of the tumult. The youth reported to him that the Persians, huddled up in a confused multitude within the tower and towards the gate "of Darkness," were defending themselves desperately, and that the *salihdar* and several pashas fell dead or wounded by their hands. The Sultan sent the heavy artillery which had been cast at Biredjik; the tower of the gate "of Darkness" fell before those enormous bullets.

Thirty thousand Persians, remains of the eighty thousand which had formed the garrison of Bagdad, escaped by this gate, crossed the river, scattered themselves some among the reeds of the *Diala*, others in the caverns of the rocks of *Scherban*, where they perished by the sabre of the Egyptians sent in pursuit of them. The fortress, which contained the magazine of Bagdad, was engulfed in the explosion of the powder. Eight hundred buffaloes of the army which pastured on the *glacis*, strewn with their mangled limbs the roofs and the streets of the city.

Amurath was pleased to see a treachery in this accident.

He ordered, under pain of death, all the inhabitants of Bagdad who lodged a Persian in their houses to massacre their guest. He himself, mounted on a throne on the brink of the Tigris, had brought before him one thousand Persians discovered in the city, accompanied each by a tschaousch appointed for his executioner. At a motion of the Sultan, the thousand heads rolled off together beneath the thousand sabres on the bank. Forty thousand other heads of Persians, immolated by the fanaticism of religion, of race and of vengeance, strewed the route of Amurath on his departure from Bagdad. He left there a Turkish garrison of ten thousand men, under command of Hassan the Little, aga of the Janissaries. No battle ever cost the Persians so much blood as this shameful capitulation of Bagdad. Courage spares nations more blood than does cowardice.

Amurath, on quitting Bagdad, addressed an insulting challenge to the Schah of Persia by way of farewell. "If thou art a man, show thyself," said he to him; "it does not become those who arrogate the throne to remain hidden behind their walls; he who fears the horse ought not to mount him; he who is dazzled by the glare of steel ought not to gird on the sabre; what has been written from all eternity always ends with being accomplished."

XXXIII.

The return of Amurath IV. to Constantinople recalled the entry of Mahomet II. into that capital. He brought back to the Ottomans pride, vengeance and the keys of the second holy city, the rampart of the faith and of the empire. His mother, the Sultana Koesem, who had accompanied him as his guardian genius through the whole campaign, preceded him in a grated vehicle of which the wheels were silver, followed by eleven other wagons bearing the harem. The viziers and the oulemas, mounted on horses of parade, preceded and followed the Sultana. Amurath, surrounded by fifty khans of Persia, chained at his side to his stirrup, came after, clad in Persian armor and his shoulders covered by the skin of a leopard, such as Alexander is represented after the conquest of Babylon, that Bagdad of antiquity.

He was bringing back not only conquest, but peace signed by the grand vizier Mustapha. The Porte in this wise treaty had retroceded Erivan in exchange for the renuncia-

tion by Persia of her rights to Bagdad. The caïmakam Mohammed, who had governed with so much probity and honor the capital during the absence of the Sultan, was strangled for recompense. The pretext for his death was his removal of Mathias Bessaraba, waywode of Wallachia.

XXXIV.

Glory and peace gave back Amurath IV. to the vices that sullied his youth before the heroic epoch of his life. The Persian, Emirgoune, had succeeded in his favor to Abaza. The refinements of luxury and of sensuality of the palace of Emirgoune made Amurath a frequent visitor. The vile debaucheries, the frequent drunkennesses enervated in a few months the strength which the fatigues of two campaigns had not impaired. A deadly languor assailed him at the age of thirty-one. In the fits of his last fever, he sent the order to strangle Ibrahim, the last of his brothers, preserved hitherto from his jealousy by the Sultana Koesem. The Sultana directed to answer that the order was executed, but Amurath demanded to see the corpse.

As obedience was eluded under various pretexts to this order of a dying man who would drag his successor along with him into the grave, Amurath sat up in the bed to go himself and make sure of the execution of his father's child. His strength failed him rather than his cruelty, and he sunk back exhausted in the arms of the salihdar. His last word was the impotent order of a crime; he died in the belief that it was accomplished.

XXXV.

If he had not been a tyrant, he would have been a great man. The hero and the hangman were mingled in his nature. His cruelties were provoked by the anarchy of the Janissaries and the spahis, who had tyrannized his infancy, dishonored and oppressed the nation. It is the usual misfortune of military dominations which have to call in one tyrant to exterminate a thousand.

His physiognomy towards the close of his life had contracted the ferocity of his reign. The Persian poets of his times portray him under the lineaments of an antique wrestler with short legs, burly bust and limbs knotted by

colossal articulations. "His hair," say they, "and beard were black and thick, his eyebrows threw a sinister shade upon the eyes, which glared with a fickle flame; two deep wrinkles between the eyes seemed to brood upon thoughts constantly strained, like a bowstring about to propel the arrow of death; thousands of heads rolled at his word upon the dust; his robust arm hurled darts as far as a musket does the ball; the djereed, hurled by his hand, transpierced planks of two fingers in thickness; his pleasures were savage and cruel like his character; he hunted with thirty thousand bush-beaters, who started deer, wild goats and wild boars before his horse.

"As at the approach of the storm the birds are silent and hide under the foliage, so every thing stood mute upon his terrible appearance. The necessity of using no other expression than signs in his presence," add the Ottoman historians, describing a symptom of tyranny which Tacitus might have envied, "carried under his reign the language of mutes to its perfection. The winking of the eyes, the imperceptible movement of the lips, the clatter of the teeth or of the fingers became substitutes for speech; all was reserve, in sentiments and impressions, lest the secret of terror or of horror should escape the soul."

The "Old Man of the Mountain" was not served with more devotedness and promptitude. One day as he had dropped from the balcony of the seraglio a paper which slipped from his hands, and as his pages were rushing emulously down the stairs to rescue the leaf from the wind, one of them, to arrive first, leaped into the court and broke a leg, but brought back the paper. This zeal unto death won him the attention of Amurath, and elevation to the first dignities of the empire.

His severity, at first just and politic, had ended by degenerating into frenzy. Some women whom he encountered dancing and singing to amuse themselves in the meadow of "Fresh Waters," one day that he was melancholy, were drowned to punish them for their joy when the Sultan was sad. The son of one of his pashas, whom he chanced to perceive from the windows of one of his kiosks passing on horseback too near the walls of the seraglio, was killed by an arrow from his hand. A boat, laden with women, which sailed before the gardens, was sunk by a cannon shot, for some offence of the rowers. A favorite musician was strangled for having chanted Persian music.

One of his Italian contemporaries, who resided at Constantinople, asserts that Amurath read assiduously Machiavel, to perfect himself in the theory of tyranny. His favorite axiom, "Vengeance may grow gray, but does not grow old," was a spontaneous inspiration anterior to his knowledge of the theories of the Florentine statesman. The tyrant like the poet is born; nature is followed and not learned. Amurath IV. had no need of a teacher to hate and to avenge. His entire reign was but one vengeance; he found his policy in his resentments.*

XXXVI.

The luxury of the empire under his reign equalled the Persian ostentation of the Greek monarchs of the Lower Empire. His stables, of which the mangers were of massive silver, and the halters chains of the same metal, contained no fewer than nine hundred saddle-horses for his use. Each of these hunters, coursers and war-horses, had his history and his genealogy; race is the nobility of animals. Eight hundred dray horses carried the baggage of the emperor on his campaigns or in his journeys to Adrianople. Five thousand camels were kept always ready to transport his court equipage. Six hundred were laden with the cash treasury that followed the army. Eight hundred mules carried his slaves and his tents. Each of the pages of his seraglio had thirty riding horses for his sole use.

The Persian monarchs of the heroic ages did not dazzle Asia with a larger army of domestics, of courtiers and musicians. The sages of the empire foresaw in these things its decline. Amurath IV. himself permitted that this luxury should be reproved in every other than the sovereign. A philosophic statesman of his divan, Gourdjali, the Montesquieu of the East, wrote under his eyes, and dedicated to himself a book remaining monumental on the Decadence of the Ottomans. The counsels which he gives in this book to the Sultan, are confined in general to carrying back the State to its ancient manners, and to presenting as the "perfection of reason," the old vices of the Turcoman usages. Few men

* So did also, the author should have added, the Turkish Empire find in them its rescue from anarchy and dissolution. For such is the true *moral* of this, like other tyrannies.—*Translator*.

are sufficiently free from the prejudices of their country to escape the narrow horizon of their time and of their race.

The two only useful advices which Gourdjali gave to Amurath in his treatise on the Decadence, and which were adopted by the Sultan, was the necessity of reforming the too abusive independence of the pashas in the administration of their provinces, the augmentation of standing armies well disciplined and paid, carried under this reign to two hundred thousand men, and the creation of model troops chosen from among the Janissaries to afford a type and pattern to the army. These two institutions of Amurath IV. retarded the effects of the decline; but this violent restoration of the authority of the Sultan by terror and not by virtue,* was cemented only by blood.

* Poetry! nonsense! Virtue among wolves! Moderation with barbarians! Reason with the rabble!—*Translator.* •

BOOK TWENTY-SIXTH.

I.

Two women, and a prince in his adolescence affrighted to stupor, inherited this empire, of which the springs just strained to tyranny were going to be relaxed to licentiousness by the death of the tyrant.

The first of these women was the Sultana Koesem or Validé, widow of Achmet I., mother of Amurath IV., Greek by race, an imperial nature of whom beauty, fecundity, genius, ambition justified by talent, had made the veritable empress of two reigns, and who alone was capable of governing the third under the name of the feeble Ibrahim. The second was the Sultana Tarkan, Greek also by birth, brought up with predilection by the Sultana Koesem, to be the favorite of her son, given as only wife to Amurath by his mother; mistress for some time of the heart of this prince, neglected afterwards, always honored, unfavored by nature with either the greatness of mind or the superiority of character of her mother-in-law, enslaved by policy and by filial habit to the will of this able woman, and disposed to let her continue under the new reign the omnipotence which she had wielded over the preceding. She was the mother of an infant scarce out of the cradle, named Mohammed.

II.

Ibrahim, last son of the Validé, to whom reverted the throne by the death of Amurath IV., and who owed, as we have seen, his life to the protection and daring artifice of his mother, was but a pliant plaything in the hands of this Sultana. Brought up in the solitude of the harem, aspiring but to be forgotten, witness of the successive murders of his idiot uncle, Mustapha I., and of four of his brothers, immo-

lated in proportion as their ages drew too near to the years of ambition, certain of being sacrificed soon or late in turn to the umbrages of the tyrant, apprised a few days before, by the terror of the harem, of the order of death issued against him by Amurath, preserved by a precarious subterfuge, and taking refuge with some eunuchs in the most remote apartment of the Sultana mother, this young prince imagined hearing in each rumor of the palace the footsteps of the mutes or of Amurath himself, coming to discover his asylum and fulfil the order for his execution. His hand on the bolt of the kiosk where the Sultana had concealed him, he fancied having but that door between him and death.

The noise and the cries of *Long live the Sultan Ibrahim*, by the viziers, the pages, the bostandjis who thronged to salute the new emperor, appeared to him an artifice of his assassins to allure him out from his place of refuge and to strangle him upon the threshold. He refused to believe the death of Amurath IV. and to open the door to those who were presenting him the empire, until the Sultana his mother should have attested it. She hastened to do so; but the word of even his mother did not appear to him as yet a testimony sufficiently conclusive of his security; it was found necessary to bring from the seraglio the body of Amurath, and to show it to him through the window of the kiosk, to decide him to open. He did not believe himself living but on seeing his brother dead. At this sight he drew the bolt, and the viziers fell at his feet.

After having received their congratulations and the embraces of his mother, he himself assisted in carrying back the body covered with a shroud to the palace. He committed to her to whom he twice owed his life the charge of reigning in his stead. She left the grand vizier Kara-Mustapha, her creature, at the post to which her influence had elevated him in the last years of the reign of Amurath. He was a Hungarian by birth, whom his courage, his integrity and his services had elevated, grade after grade, from the rank of private Janissary, to the highest functions of the State. He deserved it by his virtues; but accustomed to receive from a despotic hand the impulsion of a will superior to his own, he was more fit to be the hand than the head of a reign.

Ibrahim, entirely annihilated by the habit of subordinating every impulse of his soul to his mother's, contented himself with living without desiring to govern. He was ener-

vated by the premature pleasures of the harem, which the usages of the seraglio left for the only diversion of their captivity to the incarcerated princes. His mother and his viziers presented him every Friday—the day consecrated by the Mussulmans to conjugal union—fresh slaves, the tribute of the Archipelago, of Greece, of Persia and of Circassia. Exciting perfumes ended with vanquishing the infirmity of Ibrahim, and two male children were born the first year of his reign.

III.

An expedition of reprisal against Azof, principal city of the Cossacks of the Don, stormed and burned the capital of that population, now Tartar, anon Russian, then Polish, according to the capricious genius of those pirates of the land. Mohammed Gheraï, Khan of the Tartars, lent the Turks a hundred thousand Tartar auxiliaries for this expedition. The pasha Sultanzadê, commander of the Ottoman army, rebuilt Azof and fortified it to make it a barrier against the Cossacks and the Russians, their ordinary allies. The grand vizier availed himself of the authority accruing from this happy expedition to punish the former salihdar, the all-powerful favorite of Amurath IV., for his tyrannies and depredations. Forty chiaoux despatched upon his trace to Adrianople, got up with and executed him upon the way. The Sultana Validé, who designed giving in marriage to this opulent salihdar one of her daughters, was indignant at the murder, and prepared for its chastisement. The occasion soon offered of itself.

Nassouh-Pasha, appointed governor of Aleppo by the grand vizier, was informed on the route that his appointment was a snare, and that an order of death transmitted to his predecessor awaited him in Syria. He turned back immediately with his troops, announcing loudly the intention of being revenged of the government and of revolutionizing the capital. His approach and these rumors revived in Constantinople the former ferments of sedition ill suppressed by the late tyranny. The grand vizier marched out to the encounter of Nassouh all the Janissaries and the spahis which he had in the city. They were repulsed in the plain of Nicomedia. Nassouh, victorious, planted his tents of rebellion at Scutari, in view of the gardens of the seraglio ;

he there awaited the title of grand vizier which his accomplices flattered him with being each day about to receive from the weakness and terror of Ibrahim.

Deceived by his friends and betrayed by his kiaya, who drew him into the snare, he dared at last to cross the Bosphorus with a handful of his friends to receive from the grand vizier his pardon and the general command of the army of Roumelia. Surrounded, at his debarkation on the beach of the seraglio, by the guards of the grand vizier, he escaped from their sabres but by flying, with an escort of cavalry, into the mountains of Bulgaria. His son, aged sixteen years, not being able to follow him in his flight, was left behind him in one of his farms adjacent to the Bosphorus. Overtaken himself a few days after, as he was posting to Routschuk to pass from thence into the camp of the Tartars, he was brought back loaded with chains to Constantinople, and executed like a vile criminal on the place of the Hippodrome. His head ensanguined the following day the gate of the seraglio which he had menaced. His brother Ali was strangled in the bark that bore him into exile; his son, incorporated among the pages of Ibrahim, retrieved the honor of his house, and became one of the most authentic and impartial historians of the empire. He relates without astonishment and without murmur the execution of his own father, so much does reverence for fatality exclude in the Ottomans the idea of vengeance.

Soulfikar-Pasha, accomplice and lieutenant of Nassouh, fell a victim to the same dissimulation of the divan. Appointed governor of Cyprus, the admiral who commanded at that station had the order to allure him, under pretext of a festival, on board the admiral's vessel, and presented him at the close of the banquet the order of death. These executions, reminiscences of the reign of Amurath IV., were the policy of the harem and not that of the grand vizier Mustapha. The latter submitted to rather than ordered these atrocities.

IV.

A triumvirate of favorites, the secret council of the Sultana Validé, governed under her, and was indignant at not governing in partnership. This triumvirate was composed of a man of agreeable but light character, Sultanzadé-

Pasha; of Yousouf, the equerry of Ibrahim, and of Djindji, his khodja or preceptor. Those khodjas of the Sultans had in the seraglio nearly the same functions as the spiritual directors of conscience of Catholic sovereigns used to fill at the Escuriel, in Spain: influences without attributions, but dominating all others. The reputation of the present khodja of being versed in magic and in medicine, the secret which he pretended to possess of composing philters which would restore the youth and vigor of his pupil, had sustained him in the highest rank of favor.

The Sultana Koesem, since the murder of the salihdar, committed without her consent, served the hatred of these three men against the grand vizier. This hatred was envenomed daily by the animosity of a woman of importance in the harem, the Kiaya Khatoun, governess of the odalisques, mistress of the Sultan's pleasures. He did not cease to complain of the stinginess of the grand vizier in the administration of the harem. Her accusations appeared worse than crimes to a prince dominated by women. The Kiaya Khatoun, in concert with the Sultana Validé, and with the triumvirate inimical to Kara-Mustapha, complained bitterly to Ibrahim of the negligences of the grand vizier, who left her, she said, in want of wood to burn in the apartments of the harem. Ibrahim, indignant, sent to interrupt the divan which the grand vizier was presiding over at that moment in the palace to reproach him with this wrong to his women.

"Why," said he with a severe tone on perceiving him, "have the five hundred loads of wood asked by the Kiaya Khatoun for the harem not been delivered?" The grand vizier excused himself, threw the blame upon the importance of affairs of State which had diverted his attention from these details. Then permitting himself to give an imprudent lesson to his young master at a moment when his enemies sought an occasion to compromise him: "My padischah," said he, "was I then to suspend the divan, and to interrupt the discussion of the highest affairs of State, I who am thy representative and thy shadow, to occupy myself with these miserable five hundred loads of wood which were not worth all together five hundred aspers? Wherefore do you question me about these wagons of wood instead of questioning me upon the situation of your empire, upon the happiness of your people and the security of your frontiers?"

This liberty of speech, interpreted into a lecture and an outrage by the enemies of Kara-Mustapha, made his friends tremble for his safety. They represented to him his imprudence: "Is it not through affection for him," replied he, "that I told him the truth? Am I to flatter instead of serving him? It is better to die honest and free than to live an adulator and a slave."

Meanwhile, to counterplot his enemies, he conspired himself the ruin of the most dangerous of them, which was Yousouf, the aga of the Janissaries. Emissaries of the grand vizier, sent with gold into the barracks, suggested to the soldiers to refuse to touch the plates of rice which would be served them in the court of the seraglio—a sign of discontent that presaged a revolt, and of which the responsibility devolved upon the aga. These manoeuvres, disclosed to Yousouf by his informers in the barracks, armed the triumvirs with a real grievance against their enemy. Ibrahim, informed and convinced by them of this intrigue of his vizier, sent for one of the most accredited casuists of the oulemas.

"If I were to put to death my lala (my father)," a familiar title of the grand vizier, asked he, "would my subjects be dissatisfied with me?" "God forbid," replied the oulema, "the necks of your subjects, my padischah, are not strong enough to support the weight of your anger; they are all more slender in your presence than the edge of your sabre suspended over them. The death of your grand vizier would fill them with joy."

Ibrahim, reassured, attended as usual at the council of the viziers in the seraglio, and made two or three knocks of impatience upon the trellis of gilt wood that concealed him from the eyes of the divan. At this signal the council was silent and dispersed; the grand vizier remaining alone in the seraglio, presented himself, according to etiquette, at the door of the apartment of the Sultan to converse with him confidentially upon State business. The mutes interdicted his entry; he withdrew uneasy to his palace, took under his clothes a Koran to read in case of need the death prayers, and returned through the iron gate to the seraglio. The Sultan was walking gloomy and irresolute in his saloons; the presence of the grand vizier, not authorized by usage to this familiarity, irritated him.

"My lala," cried he, with anger in his looks and his voice,

"I must admire your coming to my house as to your father's, uninvited!" Then, without letting him finish his justification about the fermentations of the Janissaries, which he attributed to the fact that the padischah no longer sustained with sufficient frankness his minister; "Thou liest, traitor," said Ibrahim to him; "it is thou who hast fomented this rebellion; I will find some one more worthy than thou to hold the seals of the empire. Take him," pursued he, turning towards the chief of the bostandjis and pointing with his hand to the grand vizier.

The bostandji, uncertain if the padischah intended by the pronoun the State seal which was carried by the vizier or the vizier himself, interpreted the word in the less terrible sense, and received the seal from the hands of Kara-Mustapha. By favor of this mistake, the deposed grand vizier got back to his house, trembling with the fear of having the headsman at his heels, disguised himself, and escaped through the roof of his harem. He descended upon a deserted spot, before the little mosque of Naali, adjoining his harem, where hay and straw were sold, and hid himself, without being seen, under a hay-cock, to await the night.

Meanwhile, when the bostandji-baschi took back to the Sultan the seal from the grand vizier. "Blockhead," said to him furiously the padischah, "it is not the seal, but the man himself that I demanded of thee. Go, and bring me instantly the head of the traitor."

Five hundred bostandjis surrounded, at this order, the house of the grand vizier, broke in the doors, penetrated even to the apartments of his women, without finding their victim. But one of them having got upon the roof of the harem, and observing from this elevation the environs, thought he perceived under the hay the movement of a breast respiring, ran thither with his companions, rummaged the hay-cock with the point of his sabre, and discovered the fugitive.

Kara-Mustapha defended himself to no purpose with his drawn sword, and succumbed to the force of numbers. Gagged and transported to the place of the Khodja-Pasha, he was strangled on the brink of the fountain of Kara-Ali. His body was taken to the Sultan before committing it to the sepulchre which he was careful to prepare himself in his day of fortune.

V.

The favorite Sultanzadé inherited the position of him of whom he had contrived the ruin. A fresh favorite, Scheker-bouli, a woman of Persian birth, began to rival in the heart of Ibrahim the ascendant of the Validé. This favorite, to alienate the Sultan from his mother, concerted with the Khodja-Djendji to entice him to Adrianople. The grand vizier and the Sultana Validé, uneasy at this removal, brought him back to Constantinople by feigned symptoms of sedition. Two sons, Selim and Othman, were born to the Sultan during this excursion of pleasure to Adrianople.

The Khan of the Crimea, Mohammed-Gheraï, was deposed, and his son, Islam-Gheraï, invested with the sovereignty. When he presented himself at the seraglio to give thanks to Ibrahim for his investiture, he found the Sultan without pelisse or turban, respiring the coolness of the morning air on the brink of a basin of the garden. "Listen, Islam," said the Sultan, "I have made thee Khan. Be henceforth like thy fathers, the friend of my friends, and the enemy of my enemies. What is thy age?" pursued the Sultan. "I am forty," replied Islam, "and through the misfortune of my captivity, I mount to-day for the first time a horse; but I hope, however, to manage sufficiently well my charger to repay you in services for the honor you have conferred on me. Between the Russian and Polish infidels and me there will be but the edge of the sabre."

The Czar of the Russians, Alexis Michailowitz, sent ambassadors to Ibrahim to congratulate him on his accession and to renew his assurances of friendship. "You must," replied the Sultan to the Czar, "restrain the Cossacks upon the seaboard of the Black Sea, and continue to pay the Khan of the Crimea the tribute which the Czars of Moscow have always paid to my Tartars."

The Porte, in order to remain faithful to the stipulations of the peace of Szoen with Austria, refused to the ambitious Rakoczi, vassal prince of Transylvania, to sustain his pretensions to upper Hungary, Wallachia and Moldavia. Baron de Czernin, ambassador of Austria, brought to Constantinople the presents of the Emperor. He claimed in vain for the Roman empire the keys of the Holy-Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Sultan replied that the possession of the holy places had been conferred immemorially by a treaty of Mahomet himself

on the Greek Christians, and that on any condition he would not derogate from the engagements of this treaty.

VI.

The harem continued to occupy him more than the empire. Women, perfumes, and furs, were the three delights of his terrestrial paradise. His mother, his viziers, his pashas, his favorites no longer sufficed to search and furnish him the fairest slaves of Georgia, of Persia, of Poland, of Italy, those native lands of female beauty. The censors of the seraglio, in which was constantly kept burning the exciting perfumes of Arabia, had raised the Asiatic price of amber. The price of sable-skins, for apparel and carpeting the harem, arose tenfold above the ordinary value. His passion for odorous flowers was so frantic that, instead of heron plumes mounted upon knots of precious stones—the imperial decoration of the turban of his ancestors—he intertwined in the folds of his turban, in his hair and around his ears, whole garlands of flowers. This effeminate decoration scandalized the soldiers and the people. He invented a loose gown, all formed of sable fur, of which the contact caressed all over the skin, and which had no fold and no cincture to chafe his delicacy. Each of the buttons of this voluptuous winding-sheet was made of a single precious stone of the value of ten thousand gold ducats.

His prodigality on dresses for the countless women of his harem, led him to send out to sea to meet the vessels of Genoa and Venice upholsterers charged to forestall the shawls, the muslins, the velvets, which the activity of commerce did not suffice to bring to Constantinople. He diverted himself from one pleasure but with another. He left the women of his harem but for flute and tambourine-players, musicians, singers, dancers, and buffoons—diversions necessary to the melancholy consequent on his debauches. Like Nero, Caligula, or Sardanapalus in his excesses, he degraded the first offices of the empire or of the army to the degree of making them the reward of his coarsest orgies. It is thus that he appointed aga of the Janissaries a Bohemian named Ahmed, who used to amuse him by grotesque trivialities, and that he rewarded with the place of capitan-pasha a Greek pyrotechnist who represented in lines of fire, in an illumination of the seraglio, the vessels, the masts and sails of the fleet.

These two favorites of a caprice had sense of shame enough to decline what the prince had felt no shame, in his extravagance, to offer them.

He formed his habitual society from men devoted to pleasure, as if pleasure was the only serious business of the State. He ran at night with them on horseback from the new to the old seraglio, usually inaccessible to the reigning Sultans, searching among the women sequestered in this depot of princesses, of favorites and of slaves, the remains of celebrated beauties. Already father of seven sons, he had raised to the rank of Sultana Khasseki (Sultana consort) seven women of his harem. Each of these had her palace in the seraglio, her court, her grand officers, her dower on the treasury, called *slipper money*, her pleasure boats, her curricles, her eunuchs, her slaves. Seven other favorites in title, but not yet mothers, had for *slipper money* the revenue of so many provinces. He gave beside to each the salable disposal of certain great offices of the State, so that accident or overbidding used to designate, from the depths of the harem, by the hand of an odalisque, an illiterate and foreign girl, the candidates to the most important functions of the government.

The depraved imagination of Ibrahim wished to vanquish even nature. He coveted a gigantic wife, the object of his visions. Emissaries, sent out by the Kiaya-Katoun, sought, by order of Ibrahim, in all the gyncees of Asia, a young girl of extraordinary stature. They discovered a colossus in a young Armenian woman—a race celebrated for the amplitude of its forms and the elevation of its stature in these mountains, the Helvetia of the East. Taken off from her family and presented to the Sultan, Ibrahim fancied finding in this colossal consort an incomparable phenomenon of nature. He attached himself to the Armenian woman with such frenzy, that the frantic favor of this odalisque alarmed not only the Sultana Khasseki, but that even the Sultana Koesem herself trembled for her influence. Ibrahim gave as apanage to this giantess of the harem, the government of Damascus. The Sultana Koesem, feigning also a wish to honor in her the idol of her son, invited the Armenian to a feast, and had her strangled by the eunuchs during the banquet. They persuaded the inconsolable Ibrahim that his favorite had died suffocated by the excess of obesity which

he admired in her. He bewailed her as a prodigy of beauty which nature would never renew for him.

The chief of the black eunuchs or the *kislaraga*, governor of the harem, was then the eunuch Sunbullu (a name signifying the *possessor of hyacinths*). The usage of the East appropriates to eunuchs the names of flowers or perfumes by allusion to the women, those animated flowers with which they only are familiar in the palaces of the princes or of the great. Sunbullu, like the eunuchs of the Pharaohs of Egypt, of the Schahs of Persia, of the Greek emperors of Constantinople, and of the Sultans of Stamboul, had for himself the luxury of a harem. He had purchased a slave who was about to become mother. The beauty of this slave, encountered frequently by the Sultan in the interior apartment of Sunbullu, adjoining the harem, so dazzled Ibrahim that he asked her of the *kislaraga* as nurse for a son of which one of his wives, the Sultana Tarkan, was just delivered. The predilection which the Sultan felt for the nurse of his son Mohammed extended to even her child; he preferred this child of a stranger to even his own son.

One summer day as he was playing on the brink of a basin with his privileged women, the children and the nurses, amusing himself by pushing them into the water to enjoy their fright and to have the pleasure of seeing them swim in regaining the bank, the Sultana Khasseki, mother of Mohammed, jealous of the preference which the Sultan showed for the child of a stranger over his own, broke into insulting reproaches against the nurse. Ibrahim, in a fit of anger at the Sultana who abused his favorite, tore from the bosom of its mother her own son Mohammed and hurled him by the legs into the cistern of the garden. The eunuchs drew out the child half-drowned, and his forehead retained through life a scar from this madness of his father. Sunbullu, trembling lest the vengeance of the Sultanas and of the Validé Koesem, should hold him responsible for the disorders of which his beautiful slave and her nursling were the occasion in the harem, resigned of himself the perilous place of *kislaraga*, and embarked with his treasures, his harem, the nurse and his infant son, to end his days at Mecca. Assailed in the vicinity of Carpathos by the squadron of Malta, he perished in fighting with intrepidity; his two hundred slaves, the thirty women of his harem, the nurse and the infant became the prey of the Knights. The infant, brought

up by them in the Christian faith, and reputed the son of the Sultan, entered the monastic order of Saint-Dominick, and was celebrated in Spain and in Italy under the name of *Father Othman*.

VII.

Meanwhile the vices and the insanities of the seraglio did not prevail over the virile and enterprising genius of the Sultana Koesem, who governed in the name of her son. The pride of superadding a territory to the empire inspired her with the expedition of Candia.

A Dalmatian, a born enemy of Venice, which possessed still this island, was become capitan-pasha, and did not cease to commend this conquest to the imagination of the Validé. This Dalmatian, named in his infancy Joseph Maskovich, and since Yousouf-Pasha, was born in Vrana in Dalmatia, neighboring the Venetian city of Zara. His mother was a poor slave; he had commenced his adventurous life as stable-boy in the stables of the beg of Nadin-Sinan; his indigence was such that he followed barefoot the horse of the beg, and that he owed his first slippers to the charity of an old woman of Vrana, touched with his beauty and his misery. A chamberlain of the Sultan, who was passing by Dalmatia, in returning from Venice, was struck with his features and his intelligence. He took him into his service, carried him to Constantinople, obtained for him the place of porter of the seraglio, at the wages of seven aspers per day. He passed from this humble function to the rank of wood-splitter, then of bostandji of the seraglio. Ibrahim remarked him, brought him near his person, discovered in him as much aptitude as grace, and made him, by the advice of his mother, his favorite salihdar after the death of the salihdar Mustapha.

Vindictive as a Dalmatian, zealous as a renegade, ambitious as a parvenu, Yousouf aspired to the post of capitan-pasha solely to avenge himself on Venice, whose yoke had weighed upon his country and on his family. He attained it: the Sultana Koesem had him named commander of the forces of sea and land of the expedition which she was preparing in silence. The Sultan affianced him before his departure to one of his daughters, aged two years, named Fatima. A fleet of five hundred sail, carrying three hundred

and thirty thousand men, left the 30th April, 1645, the Sea of Marmora and the Gulf of Salonica to land on the island of Candia.

VIII.

Ancient Crete, the tomb of Jupiter, the kingdom of his grand-daughter (the nymph Ida, who gave her name to the loftiest of its mountains), the fortunate island, surnamed in antiquity the nurse of Jove, was the first of known lands where man forged the metals. The *Dactyles** of Mount Ida are the fabled or real blacksmiths of the old world; its cities, its villages, its mountains, its fountains are the museum of the antique theogony. The fertility and population of the island equalled those of Egypt. The Cretans sowed wheat before the Triptolemus of the Greeks; they invented the first code of laws that ruled the cities and the kingdoms of Asia.

An aristocracy of privilege had succeeded there to a unique democracy which based the equality of the citizens upon the degradation of a caste of slaves.† Always at war with the Greeks, sometimes victors, sometimes vanquished, they joined through Asiatic patriotism the league of Mithridates against the Romans. The first Roman expedition against Crete, under the command of Anthony, father of the triumvir, perished completely under its arms. The Roman soldiers, hung at their own yard-arms, were engulfed with their galleys in the waters of the island. Metellus, lieutenant of Pompey, conquered without subduing them. The nobles poisoned themselves in a body in order not to survive the independence of their country; the people escaped servitude by flying into the forests and the inaccessible caverns of Mount Ida, where they kept up a perpetual revolt against the Roman oppression. Brutus and Cassius fled there for refuge after the triumph of the tyranny of Octavius over the enervated liberty of Rome. Constantine, on dividing the

* Priests of Cybele, goddess of the earth, of course *mineral* as well as *agricultural*.—*Translator*.

† This democracy was not at all *unique*, nor even uncommon, in antiquity. On the contrary, a slave-basis was not only general in fact, but deemed essential even by speculation, as see, for instance, Aristotle. Nay, accordingly, in even the modern and model American Republic, are not the Slave States the classic land of the Democracy? A fact that passes for a practical paradox with our profound politicians.—*Ibid*.

empire with his successor, gave Crete in part portion to Constantius. The Arabs took it off from the Byzantines; Baudouin, the crusader, King of Jerusalem, from the Arabs; the Genoese, from Baudouin; the Venetians, from the Genoese; it remained in their possession during three centuries, and was become, by the exertions of the Senate of Venice, the citadel of the Mediterranean, when the Greek Sultana Koesem commenced by the hands of Yousouf the twenty-five years conquest which was to assure to the Ottomans that key of Syria, of Egypt, of the Archipelago, that maritime bulwark of the three continents where reigned Islamism.

IX.

Cydonia, the military capital of the island, surrendered after three months of a heroic siege to the Ottomans. They had thenceforth a foothold in the island. They left there a garrison of twelve thousand men, under the command of Hassan-Pasha, and deferred to the following years the slow and continuous conquest of the rest of the island and of the block of mountains. At his return, Yousouf, despite the support of the Sultana, found death as the recompense of his success. Salih-Pasha had been just appointed grand vizier; he apprehended the competition of Yousouf. He had Ibrahim persuaded that Yousouf spared the prisoners at Candia to enrich himself with their ransom, and that he was loitering with the war to prolong his authority and his importance.

"Repair instantly back to Candia, or I kill thee," said Ibrahim, impatient to finish this incomplete campaign.

"My padischah," replied the serdar, astonished in his turn at this ignorance of the conditions of a maritime campaign in winter, "you know nothing of sea affairs; we have besides no rowers, and the galleys will not move without them."

"Infamous rebel," rejoined the Sultan, "pretendest thou to lecture me on sea affairs?" Then turning to the bostandji-bashi: "Bring me his head," said he to him on leaving the apartment.

The bostandji suspended some moments the execution of an inconsiderate order, which he attributed to the vehemence of the blood of Ibrahim, and of which he expected the revocation from his reflection. He confined himself to shutting up Yousouf in the kiosk "of the Birds," a grated prison for the viziers between their disgrace and their execution. Nei-

ther the previous friendship, nor the title of son-in-law of the Sultan, nor a son who was born to Yousouf on the very day,* nor the touching supplication which the prisoner addressed by the officious hands of the bostandji-bashi to Ibrahim to ask him for at least the favor of life, could make him pardon his insolence to his master. Ibrahim ordered to strangle his favorite, his son-in-law, and the conqueror of Candia in the kiosk "of the Birds," and had his body brought before him either for enjoyment or for mourning. He contemplated with a sort of melancholy pleasure the cheeks, still colored with a remnant of life, of the beautiful serdar: "Alas! alas!" said he, moved to pity over his victim, as if he had not been the executioner, "alas! alas! for those beautiful rosy cheeks!"

The avidity of enriching himself with the presumed treasures of the conqueror of Cydonia was the principal cause of the murder of Yousouf. His enemies diffused the report that he brought back with him and hid from his master incalculable treasures, among others a column of massive gold. He brought back in reality but glory, an integrity rare among generals, and an island of inestimable price to his country. When his property was inventoried, the column of massive gold sunk to a column of yellow marble of Egypt streaked with red. This column was employed by the architect of the Sultana Validé to support the pew of the Sultan in the mosque she was building at Scutari.

X.

Resentment against the Venetians for their resistance to him in Candia, and the descents which they used to make in the Morea, excited Ibrahim to the rage of ordering a general massacre of the Greeks and the Christians in his capital. The mufti, Abou-Said, called upon to authorize by a religious fetwa this sanguinary order, refused happily to give it the sanction of God. He made the Sultan tremble before the crime of massacring so many of his innocent subjects, and before the depopulation of the capital, of which these Greeks

* This child could have been scarcely by the daughter of the Sultan, who, according to the author, was but "two years" of age at the departure of the expedition, but a few months before; and if by another woman, one does not see how Ibrahim should have been softened by the circumstance in favour of a faithless son-in-law.—*Translator.*

and Christians were the strength and wealth. He caused to be brought to the divan the registers of the tax-collectors, and counted in Constantinople alone two hundred thousand Armenian and Greek tax-payers, without including the Franks.

The ruin rather than the crime made the Sultan recede. He confined himself to interdicting the residence of Stamboul, the Ottoman part of the city, to the ambassadors of the Christian powers, and fixing for their residence the suburbs of Galata and of Pera, on the other side of the Golden Horn. The Jesuits who sought to wrest from the Franciscans the service of the holy places, were accused of having provoked by their intrigues the arrest and the expulsion of their competitors the Catholic monks. The Austrian ambassadors received from their court, the 5th March, 1646, the order to protect the Franciscans against the Jesuits, guilty or innocent of the ambitious views that were imputed to them.

The grand vizier Salih studied, during the war with the Venetians for the possession of Candia, to detach Austria from their cause, and to remove all grievance of that court against the empire, by renewing severely to Rakoczy, prince of Transylvania, the prohibition to disturb the Austrian provinces. "Tell thy master," said the Sultan, addressing in full divan the envoys of Rakoczy, "that he should not build upon the embarrassments which are occasioned me by the Venetian war, that I have armies enough to make myself obeyed at all points, and that if he renews his incursions upon the territory of the emperor of Austria, my brother and my friend, I will depose him from the sovereignty. Hear and tremble."

The accent, the look and the gesture of Ibrahim, struck such terror into the soul of the agent of Rakoczy, that he died of the shock of these words upon re-entering his palace.

XI.

The complacent Sultanzadé had received in the place of Yousouf the command of the second expedition to Candia. The servility of this courtier sometimes astonished the capricious despotism of the Sultan himself.

"How is it," said Ibrahim one day to Sultanzadé, "that thou always approvest without exception whatever I say,

and all that I do whether good or evil ?"—"My padischah," replied the favorite, "you are the khalif, the shadow of God upon the earth, and all that flows from thy mind is a divine inspiration; even in cases where your volitions have the appearance of error or of contradiction which our weak intelligence may conceive to be unreasonable, these volitions have a secret wisdom which your slave should take for granted and respect without being able to comprehend them."

Sultanzadé sometimes relaxed from this official servilism in his confidential intercourse with friends. He showed one day to the high-judge Abdoul-Halem, his confidant, an autograph letter of the Sultan, or khati-scherif, written in the delirium of drunkenness, and of which the language, imperial to him, would have appeared to any other the scandal of the sovereignty and the ignominy of the throne. "Listen to me," said this khati-scherif of the Sultan, who began by dishonoring with his contempt the ministers of his power; "my ancestors have sent too much gold and jewels to Mecca and to Medina; cause that they be instantly brought back into my treasury; otherwise I will have your skin torn off, and have it stuffed with straw and make it a scarecrow to the birds."

"Thou seest," said Sultanzadé to the high-judge his friend, after having read to him this khati-scherif, "to what abjectness I am reduced by these insensate caprices of a rabble of favorite slaves, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, French, Persian, Greek; who reign in the seraglio. God only knows how all this will end."

Sultanzadé died upon landing in Crete. Houssein-Pasha continued the conquest in his place with the title of serdar. The city of Retimo and several other strongholds of the island were added to the area occupied by the conquerors. The capital, Candia, held out still.

Dalmatia, wrested city by city from the Venetians by Tekeli-Pasha, Azof defended triumphantly by the capitan-pasha Mousa, against an attempt of the Russians, honored the viziership of Salih, despite the apathy and scandals of the court.

XII.

Ibrahim, after having exhausted the excesses of debauch,
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was now exhausting the extravagances of pride. Irritated at often meeting, in his rides through the city, some obstacles to the rapidity of his coursers, he ordered the vizier to interdict the entry of the capital to every species of wagon; it was to interdict to Constantinople the indispensable mode of provisioning itself in hay, in straw and in wood. Obedience was eluded and illusory. Meanwhile in going one day on horseback to the plain of Daoud-Pasha, the eyes of Ibrahim were offended by the sight of a wagon of forage coming into the city; he called the grand vizier, and without listening to his excuse; "Let him be strangled!" cried he, "let him be strangled!"

The absence of an executioner and of a rope left some moments of reflection and some possibility of a return of Ibrahim to cool blood. But as obstinate in the execution as he had been abrupt in the order, he entered the next house, belonging to the iman of the village, and caused to be strangled before his eyes the unfortunate Salih with the well-rope. He sent from thence the seal of the grand vizier to he capitan-pasha, vanquisher of the Russians at Azof.

Repentance, a few days after, led him to withdraw the seal from Mousa, and confer the rank of grand vizier upon Ahmed-Pasha. The Sultanas and the transient favorites disposed more fully than ever of the empire. The governor of Broussa, who furnished snow and ice for the sherbets of the two seraglios and the kiosks of the favorites, having lost his way among the glaciers of Mount Olympus, and his prolonged absence having countenanced his death, his place of governor was given to a favorite of the washerwoman of the harem. Ibrahim, contrary to the proscriptions of the Koran, espoused an eighth wife, and had a carriage made for a favorite, of which all the nails were precious stones.

Candia continued to defend itself against the fleets and the reinforcements sent incessantly from Constantinople to Houssein-Pasha. The serdar, struck with two balls on the face in an assault, bound himself his shattered jaw with the shawl of his turban, and continued to fight at the head of his Janissaries. Malta, Florence, Rome, the illustrious volunteers of all the Catholic nations brought assistance to Candia. Houssein complained of the tardiness of the capitan-pasha, who was strangled for his negligence. The grand vizier effected likewise the decapitation of all the pashas or governors connected with his predecessor Salih, of whom he

apprehended the resentment. Every morning the people came to examine with horror at the gate of the seraglio what were the heads that fell the past night.

XIII.

These executions drove terror itself to revolt. The son of the former grand vizier Salih, named Mohammed-Pasha, governor of Erzeroum, had escaped death through difficulty of reaching him in his remote government. He concerted with Wardar-Ali-Pasha, governor of Kars, to make resistance to the tyranny of Ibrahim.

Wardar-Ali-Pasha knew himself devoted to execution for having refused to send to the harem of Ibrahim the beautiful Georgian, Perikhan, daughter of a prince of those countries, affianced to Ipshir-Pasha, the son of his friend. The two pashas made an appointment with each other to meet at Tokat where to proclaim the insurrection, and whence to march on Constantinople.

Mohammed, on the route with his guard towards Tokat, encountered two chiaoux officers who were carrying back to Constantinople the head of his uncle, Mourteza-Pasha, decapitated by them at Siwas. He asked them to show him the firman by virtue of which they put his uncle to death. The chiaoux avowed to him, that the warrant of death, concealed by them from his researches when they passed through Erzeroum, was inclosed in a leaden flask sodden to their saddle-bow, in which the Turks carry water on a journey. He saw that this would soon or late be also his own lot, saw no safety but in audacity, and tempted by negotiation the fidelity of Koeprilu-Pasha, a man of integrity and ability who was marching at the head of the troops sent against him and against Wardar-Ali, his accomplice. He wrote the latter from Angora to beware of the artifices of the Porte, and especially of Ipshir-Pasha, that perfidious friend for whom he had compromised himself in preserving the beautiful bride from the slavery of the harem of Ibrahim.

Wardar-Ali, incredulous to his advices, received Ipshir in his camp. The traitor Ipshir, purchased secretly by the Porte, fell of a sudden with his bands of cavalry on the disarmed troops of Wardar, precipitated this chief himself from his horse, bound him and delivered him to Koeprilu: "Perfidious wretch!" cried he to Ipshir, on seeing him take

part in the preparations for his execution, "is it thus that thou recompensest the generosity which I have had in braving tyranny to guarantee thy betrothed from outrage?"

His severed head was sent by Koeprilu to the Sultan. Ibrahim, instead of recompensing Ipshir for his perfidy, condemned the beautiful Perikhan, the involuntary cause of the revolt, to be exposed by the light of torches to the profanations of the multitude; but the indignation of the Mussulmans constrained him to revoke this atrocious order.

Ibrahim coveted the wife of the grand vizier Ahmed; this vile sycophant of all his caprices repudiated the wife to whom he owed his fortune, so that the Sultan might espouse her legally. In return for this ignominious ingratitude, Ibrahim gave in marriage to Ahmed the Sultana Bibi, his daughter. This traffic of wives was celebrated by fetés during which Ibrahim repeated the follies of Caligula. He was seen to appear in public with his beard tressed in precious stones, after the example of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, to illuminate the bazaars by night and turn darkness into day to amuse the fancies of his silly slaves; the following day he caused to be shut up all the shops and even the very gates of Constantinople, in order to change the ordinary tumult of day into the silence and solitude of night.

XIV.

Meanwhile internal dissensions began to agitate the harem, and the jealousies of the wives were preparing palace revolutions. The Sultana Validé Koesem took alarm at the influence which the Sultana Tchekerbouli retained, despite her rivalries, over the mind of the Sultan. The government was escaping from her into the hands of the vile slaves whom she herself had given as playthings to her son. The shame of this reign recoiled in public opinion upon the mother of him who was thus dishonoring the throne. She disguised from herself no longer that the Ottomans would confound her soon or late in the same reprobation and the same punishment. Tchekerbouli and all her faction of men and women in the harem were exiled to the recesses of Nubia, under pretext of illicit treasures accumulated by this favorite during her influence.

The grand vizier Ahmed augmented the unpopularity of Ibrahim in establishing a new impost called the *amber and*

fur tax. The passion of the Sultan for women and for downs did but increase by his profusions. His Persian and Arabian favorites who used to lull him to sleep by recounting to him the poetic fables of their country, spoke to him of a padischah of ancient times whose palace had for wainscoting, for ceiling, for carpeting, only velvet cushions and the most precious sable peltries. His imagination got impassioned for this palace of furs, and his orders despatched to the governors of all his provinces imposed on them this tribute of animal skins under severe penalties. He exacted also an extraordinary tribute of precious stones for the crowns with which he loved to ornament the brow of his women.

The murmur arose with the disorder. The judge of Galata devoted himself to express it, at the risk of his life, in the name of the empire. He put on the habit of a dervish, and overwhelmed, in full divan, the grand vizier with the reproaches of the empire and the divine malediction: "Do with me what thou wilt," said he to him after; "I have spoken; there can befall me through my freedom of speech but three things: either you kill me, and I bless my martyrdom in advance; or you will banish me, and I rejoice in advance at no longer living in a city scandalized by your excesses; or you will despoil me, and I have forestalled you by despoiling myself and taking the cowl of the dervish."

The Sultana Koesem, despite her title of mother and her old authority, displeased by her representations to her son, and was exiled from the seraglio into the garden of the suburb, called the garden of Iskender-Tchelebi. The principal officers of the Janissaries, who were mutely indignant at these excesses, were invited to a feast given by the grand vizier at the gate "of Cannons," under pretext of celebrating the marriage of his son with a daughter of the Sultan. This banquet was to be ensanguined by their execution.

Informed on entering of the destiny which awaited them, they hastened to take flight to the mosque of the centre, a place consecrated by the great seditions of the troops, and to convoke the chiefs and veterans of all the armed corps of the capital: the mufti, the preachers, the oulemas, the agas. A signal only was wanting to the revolt consummated already morally. At the dawn of day, the Janissaries, without weapons and with folded arms, surrounded the mosque; the people awaited silently the deliberation of the oulemas.

The seraglio, abandoned, trembled at its solitude. Ibrahim sent at last to the mufti a chamberlain to ask him the cause of this illicit assemblage.

"Let the padischah," replied the mufti in the name of all, "deliver us the grand vizier, otherwise we do not disperse." Without waiting the answer of the Sultan, the assembly deposed the grand vizier, and appointed in his stead one of those men who occur sometimes to the memory of the multitude on account of their very obscurity. It was Sofi-Mohammed-Pasha or Mohammed the Pious, a former spahi, become defterdar or treasurer of the empire under Othman II., and retired since, to consecrate himself to prayer and to virtue, in a garden of the suburbs, where he practised the philosophy of the cenobites. Torn from this garden by the oulema and the agas, the presence of this venerable old man in the mosque caused a burst of acclamation and of tears. The people imagined they sanctified their revolution by placing it under the auspices of such virtue.

Sofi-Mohammed, thus proclaimed, presented himself, despite the assembly, at the seraglio, to obtain the prince's ratification of the nomination of the people. He kissed respectfully the skirt of the Sultan's pelisse. "I have deposed Ahmed," said Ibrahim to him; "but how wouldst thou have me deliver to his enemies him who is the husband of my daughter. Go, and answer to me for his life."

Sofi-Mohammed returned to the mosque to implore the pardon of Ahmed. His intercessions failed before the fury of the multitude. He returned in consternation to the seraglio.

"Old dog," said to him Ibrahim, who had resumed confidence from the sloth of the revolvers, "it is thou who hast excited the troops, to become vizier; but never mind, thy turn will come." He maltreated with blows of the fist the old man, innocent of all participation in the emeute. Sofi-Mohammed, insulted and buffeted by the prince, overwhelmed by the people, impotent between both, came off from the seraglio and took refuge in his garden.

The chiefs of the troops and of the multitude pursued him thither and brought him back by force to the mosque of the centre. They at the same time had the gates of the city occupied by detachments charged to intercept the communications of the seraglio with the provinces; they sent to the Sultana Koesem, exiled in the garden of Iskender-Tchelebi,

a guard of honor to protect her against the attempts of her son and bade her watch over the life of the princes, her grandsons, the hope of the empire. From the retirement of her garden, the Sultana Koesem, at the same time mother and politician, directed through her agents among the troops all the threads of the revolution.

XV.

Already the rebels spoke openly of deposing the Sultan himself. "Has he not murdered Salih-Pasha?" said they; "has he not murdered Wardar-Ali, the only man then capable of reforming the empire? Has not his body been without sepulture for twenty days, the prey of dogs and ravens at the gate of the seraglio?"—"The padischah," said the most moderate of the orators at the mosque, "has lost the *world* by brigandage and tyranny; the populations are ruined, the infidels have taken fifty strongholds of Bosnia and blockaded the Dardanelles: let him depose his vizier, let him give to us his head, let him banish his favorites, and we will disperse."

These discourses, reported to Ibrahim, were eluded by him as powerless murmurs. Ten thousand artillery-men and bostandjis encamped with cannon in the courts gave him assurance as to his life. Night fell; the oulemas, satisfied by vain speeches, were retiring one by one, deferring to the morrow the resolutions to be taken. "Imprudent men," said the officers, "if we disperse this night, it will be impossible to assemble us to-morrow; let us not separate until order be re-established in the *world*; let us pass together the night in the mosque."

The Janissaries took possession respectfully of the oulemas, and offered them for the night a military hospitality in their barracks adjoining the mosque.

XVI.

Meanwhile the grand vizier Ahmed, betrayed in his crime by the indiscretion of his accomplices, had interrupted the fête which he was giving in his garden on occasion of the marriage of his son, and had retired with his principal officers into the seraglio, protected by his guards from the nocturnal riot of the Janissaries. Instructed hour by hour of

the explosion and of the progress of the insurrection in the mosque, he had despaired of his safety. Provided with six thousand ducats in gold carried by a draft horse, his fingers adorned with two rings of the value of twenty thousand piasters each, with a third ruby ring of which the price was inestimable, he had mounted horse in the court of his stables, and, attended by two of his inseparable pages, Khalil and Abdi, had taken refuge, through some obscure and deserted lanes, at the house of the most devoted of his friends, Deli-Burader.

His retreat being soon made known to the rebels, he was forced to seek another asylum in the house of Ahmed the Long, his former client; the spies of the oulemas pursued thither his traces. He thought to blind them by retiring alone on foot, before day, into the house of another of his friends, then absent, Hadji-Beïram.

Hadji-Beïram anticipated the suspicions of the rebels by revealing perfidiously himself the retreat of the vizier in his harem. The chiaoux tore him thence and conducted him before his successor, Sofi-Mohammed. Far from triumphing over the catastrophe and the distress of his enemy, Sofi-Mohammed embraced him with tears in his eyes, and seated him with honor by his side. Ahmed asked him as the sole favor to be permitted to withdraw, for the residue of his life, to Mecca, an exile equivalent to a political and civil death among the Mussulmans. Appeal was made to the mufti to determine the lot of the prisoner. The mufti, less compassionate than Sofi-Mohammed, issued, amid the popular acclamations, a fetwa of death against the instrument of the crimes of Ibrahim. He was asked, before reading him the sentence, for a list of his treasures, on giving him the assurance that his life would be ransomed by a full avowal. He huckstered like a miser, adding at each menace an enormous figure, and concealing still the greater portion of his prodigious opulence. His interrogatory exhausted, he was left alone with his attendants in a barred chamber, awaiting the pardon which he was promised as the price of the confession of his riches. He untied his turban, said a prayer, and laid him on the carpet to sleep, his two pages extended at his feet.

He was awakened under pretext of conducting him before Sofi-Mohammed, his protector, who had, it was said, pleaded and obtained his pardon from the troops. Arrived at the bottom of the dark staircase, two strong hands seized him

behind; he turned round and by a torchlight recognized the headsman Kari-Ali, the usual executioner delivered by himself: "Vile giaour," cried Ahmed on recognizing with horror the headsman. "Gracious master," replied ironically Kara-Ali, bowing derisively as if to kiss the lappet of his caftan; then seizing him by one arm as his aid did by the other, the two executioners conducted him on foot through the hootings of the people along to Cannon-Gate, on the verge of his own pleasure-garden, where the day previous he planned the murder of the agas of the Janissaries. There, Kara-Ali having struck him down like an ox with a blow of the fist upon the forehead, tore off his turban and squeezed the rope around his neck. His body, placed crosswise upon a horse, was thrown upon a heap of rubbish in the place of the Hippodrome, where the oulemas, on reassembling at the break of day in the mosque, recognized him and were encouraged by the view of their enemy lying lifeless at their feet.

XVII.

The grand judge of Roumelia, Mousslieddin, who went with the oulemas to the mosque to induce oblivion of his misdeeds by his adhesion to the triumphant revolt, was tumbled from his horse, stripped of his turban and dragged bareheaded and bloody upon the steps of the peristyle. He got up and threw himself upon the stirrup of the mufti, embracing his leg to implore protection against the assassins. The white vestments of the pontiff were sprinkled with the blood that gushed from the wounds of the judge. The intercession of the mufti was not able to save the culprit: the soldiers prostrated him anew, cut off his head, and placed it between the legs of the body laid prone upon the breast, according to the derisive rite of executed infidels.

The khodja of the Sultan, Djindji, had also dared to present himself at the mosque to participate in the deliberation. The death of the grand vizier and of the judge of Roumelia presaged to him his lot. He exchanged apparel and turban with a poor iman of the mosque and escaped, without having been recognized, by a gate of the garden. The agas of the Janissaries cast with indignation the blame of those two illegal murders upon the populace, excited by the oulemas, more cowardly and more cruel than the soldiers. They came out of the temple and from the steps harangued the

Janissaries, chiding them for these ignoble assassinations committed with impunity in their presence. The Janissaries, who wished a revolution, but not a massacre, arrested the shedding of blood by the populace upon the Hippodrome.

The oulemas, entered upon this session, deputed the judge of Mecca, Hassan, to the seraglio to summon the Sultan to the mosque. They hoped in this way to wrest him from the ten thousand defenders who were encamped with ordnance in the courts. On the refusal of Ibrahim, they convoked the Sultana Validé to the meeting, praying her to bring along with her the eldest of the princes, Mohammed, whom they resolved to proclaim Sultan in place of the profaner of the throne.

XVIII.

The Sultana Koesem had all to fear and nothing more to hope from Ibrahim. Deprived of the influence which she had hitherto exercised with so much happiness over two reigns; sacrificed to the vile favorites who made the son ashamed of his deference towards his mother; witness of the humiliations to which Ibrahim subjected his daughters Aisché, Fatima, Khansadé, in the harem, in compelling them to hand the ewer and the coffee like servants to his slaves; trembling from day to day for the life of the princes whom a caprice of Ibrahim might cause to be strangled even in her arms; exiled already in the garden of Iskender; menaced with a more severe and remote exile to the island of Rhodes, the Sultana mother had no hope of safety but in a revolution. But if a revolution was necessary to her rescue, a deposition followed inevitably by a regicide was repugnant to the heart of the mother as much as of the politician. She still loved Ibrahim, the child whom she had hidden at the peril of her life from the umbrageous cruelty of Amurath IV., and under the name of whom she had ruled sovereignly the empire during the years of his adolescence. She believed herself more sure of regaining and preserving her ascendant near a prince bound hand and foot upon the throne, under a council of her own composition, and with viziers attached to her cause, than under the government of an infant of violent character and weak intellect who would be indebted for the throne to rebels, and who would give them through gratitude and through necessity

the authority she wished for herself. The part of all-powerful arbiter between Ibrahim fallen, but not dethroned, and the oulemas her accomplices, appeared to her then justly preferable to that of cruel mother sacrificing her son to crown her grandson.

She represented to the deputies of the mosque, to the mufti and to the old aga of the Janissaries, Mousslieddin, orators of the people and of the soldiers, that it was better to respect Ibrahim, by wreaking their wrath upon his ministers, than to set the fatal example of deposing a padischah. She promised to go immediately to see him to the seraglio, and to dispose him to the concessions and the necessary guarantees to preserve the nation from the scandals and the degradations which she deplored no less than they. She spoke to them of a reign purely nominal, under the surveillance of a council of government, composed of the oulemas, the sheiks and the agas the most accredited for their virtues, their talents and their authority in the capital. After having dismissed them with these prospective views, she dressed herself in mourning as a suppliant of the people and of the prince; she likewise robed in mourning her two slaves and her black eunuch who carried the fan before her, and coifed in a black turban from which fell over her face a dark veil, she entered her barge in order to proceed with the two little princes to the seraglio.

She found the courts already invaded by the oulemas, the agas, the judges, the mufti, the aged Mousslieddin and their colleagues. The bostandjis, shaken by the constancy and the unanimity of the revolt, had opened the gates to the chiefs and orators of the mosque of the centre; a confused mass of people and of soldiers without arms inundated behind them the approaches of the palace; they called with loud cries for the Sultana Koesem and the young princes. She made her appearance alone in the funeral costume we have described, preceded by the black eunuch who was fanning her upon the steps of the gate of *Felicity*. Her aspect imposed silence on the crowd. This woman represented to the eyes of the Ottomans forty years of domination; the cherished memory of a Sultan of whom she had been the spouse; two reigns conducted vigorously by the hands of a woman,—the one happy so long as it had followed her suggestions; the other full of hope at its commencement, and which had sunk but with her influence upon her son; she

represented in fine, in the grandsons that remained to her, the whole surviving dynasty of Othman, and the whole future of the empire.

XIX.

Accustomed twice in her life to the tumults and to the tragedies of the movements of the multitude and of the troops, she spoke to them with that eloquence so natural to the Greeks, heightened in her by the habits of State business so long discussed in her presence, and by the energy of her sentiment of maternity, of patriotism and of ambition. She dared, from the opening words, to chide with motherly severity those oulemas and those veterans revolted in her cause, and demanding more than she judged requisite herself for her security as for the safety of the empire. "Is it just, is it wise, is it respectful in you to excite these insurrections? And are you not all here the privileged slaves of this house?"

At these words of the Sultana, the veteran Mousslieddin dared to interrupt her: "August mistress," replied he to her, "what you say is true; we have all received benefits from this house, and I more than another, since I enjoy them these forty years back; but it is exactly our attachment to your blood and our gratitude for so many benefits that forbid us to look on longer with a culpable indifference upon the ruin of this house and of the country indissolubly bound up together. Oh! would to God that I had not lived to witness such days! for what do I now need? What time is left me to enjoy riches or dignities by an ambition which would ill become the brief remainder of my days?"

"Mother of the Ottomans! the folly and the injustice of the padischah, your unworthy son, has put the *world* in danger. Our frontiers are dropping off, while he abandons himself to pleasures, to debaucheries, to scandalous prodigalities from a treasury ill-replenished by the shameless sale of offices. Your oulemas are assembled and they have rendered a fetwa which declares legitimate the deposition of the padischah Ibrahim, and the installation of the young padischah, your grandson Mohammed. So long as those acts are not accomplished, there is no quiet to be expected from either the people or the troops; yield to our inflexible resolution; if you set yourself in opposition to it, it is no longer

against revolvers, but against the decision of the laws, of religion, and of country, that your soldiers would have to combat ; the revolt will have passed to your side."

The Sultana felt that it was necessary to give way before a resolution sanctioned by the deliberation of the oulemas, interpreters of the law, and before the fetwa of the mufti, that oracle of religion. She tried, however, a third time to prevent the total fall of Ibrahim, and to bring over the chiefs of the law and of religion to the idea of a council of regency which, without deposing her son, would govern in his name. The high judge of Anatolia, Hanefizadé, a man deliberate and cutting in his words, next spoke in the name of the oulemas :

"Gracious Empress," said he, "we are come here full of confidence in your wisdom and in your patriotism ; you are not only the mother of the padischah, bear it in mind, you are the venerated mother of all the true believers : the more you shorten this crisis of the empire, the better will it be for all. Our troops are every where beaten by our enemies ; there are no bounds to the traffic of places ; the Sultan, exclusively occupied in satisfying his passions, has wandered from the paths of the law. The call to prayer upon the minarets of Aya-Sofia is deafened by the noise of the fifers and trumpeters, of the cymbals and the flutes of the seraglio. No one can without danger give counsel to the Sultan, as you have experienced yourself. The markets are given up to pillage ; the innocent are put to death ; the favorite slaves govern the *world*."

The Sultana Validé still essayed to struggle against the general will : "All these evils," said she to them, "are the doings of bad men ; these should be removed and replaced by men of sense and conduct."

"What would that avail ?" replied Hanefizadé. "Has he not had executed men of competence and valor, such as Kara-Mustapha and the conqueror of Cydonia, Yousouf-Pasha ?"

"But how is it possible to set upon a throne a child of seven years ?" objected the Sultana Validé.

"According to the sentence of our lawyers," rejoined Hanefi, "a madman cannot reign, whatever be his age, but rather an infant endowed with reason : it is on this principle that our fetwa is founded. With a sovereign still an infant, but possessing rationality, a wise vizier may put to order the

world, while an insane Sultan ruins the empire by murder, infamy and corruption." *

The respectfulness of this language and the length of the deliberation, in one of those moments which did not admit of deliberation, but of prompt resolves, drove some of the agas of the troops and above all Kara-Tchelebi, a soldier without self-control, to acclamations of impatience so irreverent to female modesty and to the majesty of a sovereign, that the historians indicate without daring to repeat them, that Kara-Tchelebi afterwards expiated them with justice in his own blood. Patience failed the people and the troops; the Sultana, humiliated, came to understand that the revolution would respect her but so far as she herself should condescend to the will of the revolution.

"Very well," said she, without appearing to have heard the outrages of Kara-Tchelebi, "I will go for my grandson Mohammed, and coif him with the turban."

An unanimous acclamation called for the grandmother and the child. The Sultana reappeared at the gate of Felicity, and presented the boy to the people. He was seated upon a throne, before which the crowd defiled in order and silence, for fear the confusion, the multitude, the cries and the arms might intimidate to terror and even to tears the infant, torn of a sudden from the arms of the women in the tumult of a revolution. The bostandjis, to whom his eyes were accustomed in the gardens of the seraglio, assured the uneasy Sultana of the security of her grandson; she retired with a heart full of anxiety for Ibrahim.

XX.

During the ceremony of the popular coronation at the gate of Felicity, the mufti, the visiers, the oulemas, the salihdar, and the general of the bostandjis himself, become domestic executors of the will of the people who surrounded

* This debate and several others in the course of the work should furnish matter for reflection to Americans. It would show them that the independence of calling royal rulers to account is not confined to the populations of the "Anglo-Saxon" race. The English deposed their sovereign once or twice; the Ottomans (those British bywords of Oriental servility) deposed their sultans some half a dozen times. And these sultans were, moreover, sovereigns of twenty times the consequence, in power, population, territory, of the English.—*Translator.*

the palace, came to signify to Ibrahim, abandoned by his own court, his deposition and the coronation of his son.

"Traitors," cried Ibrahim at these words, "am I not your padischah? What does that mean?"—"No," replied Abdoulaziz, the most resolute and the most insolent of the oulemas; "no, thou art not our padischah; thou wast never such, for thou wast not such in virtue of the laws, and thou hast violated thyself all laws, trampled under foot both justice and religion. Thou hast ruined the *world*; thou hast wasted thy time in frivolities and debaucheries; thou hast dissipated the treasures of the empire in the gratification of puerile or criminal caprices. Corruption and cruelty have governed the *world* in thy place."

Ibrahim, overwhelmed by these outrages, turned towards the mufti and the aged Mousslieddin, whose respectful attitude attested some remains of regard and of pity for him. "But at all events am I not your emperor?" said he to them. "Why should I quit the throne?"

"It will be only for a few days," replied some of the deputation. The purpose was to deceive him so that his obstinate resistance should not lead the agas to more extreme violence than the deposition.

"I understand you," rejoined he, with a rage which no longer considered either the force or the moment or the danger; "you are all ingrates and traitors. You are, besides, men devoid of reason. What! a child of that size," added he with an ironical gesture and lowering his hand towards the ground, "is it a child of seven years that you mean to make padischah? But how should such an infant reign? You will then appoint also as padischah this old imbecile?" in pointing to the aged Mousslieddin. "Besides, is not that child my son?"

Abdoulaziz cut short his speech by outrages so scandalous that the historian, witness of the scene, can only mention them. He sullied the revolution as Ibrahim had sullied the throne. Ibrahim disdained to reply to this flatterer, become censor in a day. He apostrophized anew the mufti and reproached him with his ingratitude. "Is it not I who have made thee what thou art?" said he to him. "No," replied the mufti, adroit at turning upon destiny a gratitude he was unwilling to owe to man; "it is not thou, it is the Almighty God."

Ibrahim in forcing the mufti against his will and her

own to give him his only daughter in marriage, and in sending her back afterwards with contempt, had certainly changed the favor into an outrage. The mufti avenged not only the empire but his profaned daughter.

Deaf to those imprecations and maledictions of the Sultan upon their head, the military agas seized him by both arms, and drew him, despite his desperate resistance, into the imperial chamber. He resigned himself at length, and crossing his arms, become free, upon his breast: "This," said he, bowing the head, "was written upon my brow; it is the order of God, let us go."

He was shut up with two of his favorite slaves in the kiosk of "the Birds"—the vestibule of death or of a perpetual imprisonment. Of his whole empire and his whole harem, he had now but a dungeon, a mat and two slaves. His mother herself dared not to visit him, for fear of being suspected by the oulemas.

XXI.

Meanwhile, like Nero at Rome, Ibrahim had still a party in the towers and the barracks, where the corruption of princes secures by license the vile favor of the populace. Agitation arose in the cafés and in the mess-rooms in his name. It was asked by what title lawyers, sheiks and agas had precipitated from the throne a legitimate padischah to cover their ambition of reigning in the name of an infant scarce out of his cradle. There was an affected alarm at this phantom government under a phantom padischah. The viziers and the agas trembled to leave a hope or a pretext for this dangerous repentance of the troops. The mufti was asked if it was permitted to depose and put to death a padischah who put the dignities of the empire to auction.

"Yes," replied laconically the mufti, "does not the Koran say, 'If there be two khalifs, kill one of them?'"

Armed with this fetwa which authorized the regicide, the mufti, executioner and judge at the same time, the grand vizier, the judges of the army, the agas of the Janissaries, of the spahis and the other corps, presented themselves at the seraglio to execute their sentence. The horror of the regicide, the dread of the vengeance, tardy, but infallible, which had overtaken all the murderers of the first immolated Sultan, pity for a prince more despised than hated by his servants, had

turned the seraglio into a desert. Pages, bostandjis, capidjis, all fled or refused a complicity in the murder. The mufti and the viziers were constrained to force with their own hands the door of the kiosk of the Birds, which no one consented to open.

When the iron gates were fallen from their hinges beneath their blows: "Where is the executioner?" demanded the vizier. The executioner, Kara-Ali, had absconded from fear of sullyng his hands with the sacred blood of a padischah. He was however discovered; he was dragged pale and trembling before the murderers; he fell at the feet of the grand vizier, and demanded that he be killed himself rather than be forced to kill his padischah, swearing by the heavens that his trembling hands and tottering knees would not allow him to fulfil his bloody office.

"Cowardly and infamous giaour," said to him the grand vizier in dealing him a blow of a stick on the head, "come and die!" "Kara-Ali and Ali-Hammal, aids of the executioner, were pushed by force into the hall of the kiosk. They enter with a horde of chiaoux the chamber of the prisoner. The viziers, the mufti, the agas, ranged themselves in silence on a lofty and grated platform, whence the eye surveyed the interior of the prison lighted by the dome.

Ibrahim, whom the thickness of the walls had hindered from hearing the dumb tumult of the gate and the dialogue of the grand vizier with the executioner, was seated, his eyes upon the Koran, in a corner of the divan; his two slaves standing and with hands crossed upon the breast, seemed to listen to the reading. The Sultan was dressed in a black caftan, a red pantaloon tied around the waist with a torn shawl; a Grecian cap of wool, dyed in purple, was substituted for the turban, the garland of flowers and the precious stones which coifed him in his day of majesty. The paleness, the thinness and the melancholy of his countenance already attested the shade and the lividity of the dungeon.

On perceiving on the platform the mufti and the viziers, his enemies, and seeing enter his apartment the executioner Kara-Ali, a mute personification of death, whom he had so often sent himself to his victims, he understood his lot, and rising with a bound, the eyes lifted towards the platform: "Is there then here none of those who have eaten of my bread?" cried he in the tone of a suppliant; "none

who would take pity on me and come to my aid? Those barbarians mean to kill me. Grace! oh! the grace of mere life!"

Then addressing himself personally to the mufti, in whose soul he hoped to waken some remains of the old affection, interrupted by the injury done his daughter: "See, Abdoul-rahim," said he to him, "see how strange is the blindness of men and the play of destiny. Yousouf-Pasha had advised me to have thee executed as a fomentor of disturbance and a traitor; I did not consent to thy death, and thou art now eager for mine. Read the Koran like me, read the Word of God, who reproves cruelties, injustices and ingritudes."

The viziers made a sign to the executioners to do their duty. Kara-Ali and his aids laid their hands upon the shoulders of the prisoner; he escaped from them and fled into a corner of the chamber, by the side of his slaves, whose feeble hands disputed him a moment with the executioners. While the rope was fastened around his neck, his imprecations and maledictions invoked still the vengeance of heaven upon the Ottomans, assassins of their padischah. His last breath was a blasphemy against his people. His body, taken into the court which separates the Kiosk of Birds from the palace, was laved and perfumed by the imans, and buried in the tomb of the Sultan Mustapha I., near the mosque of Saint Sophia.

The Koran was read over his grave, and amber and aloes burned therein to purify his soul in the smoke of perfumery. The dead tyranny became itself sacred before the religion of a people who had sent back the culprit or the madman to the true judge.

XXII.

The reign, short, stormy and full of palace agitations, of a child of seven years, was but that of the Sultana Koesem, sometimes served, sometimes thwarted by the factions which she had raised, and which she was in her turn constrained to endure.

The favorites of Ibrahim were buried alive in the old seraglio. The Sultana Koesem exempted from this exile only the young mother of Mohammed, the Sultana Tar-khan, a Russian or Polish slave, whom her ignorance and

her docility to the will of her mother-in-law had rendered inoffensive near her son. The profusions of Ibrahim on his women had exhausted the treasury. It was replenished by the confiscations practised on the favorites of that prince. His preceptor, the Khodja-Djindji, who had absconded from the mosque of the centre, was discovered and tortured by the executioner to make him confess his riches. Fearing poverty more than pain, he avowed only little by little his treasures, and when the rack had wrung from him his whole fortune, the sabre took away his life.

These extortions upon the favorites of Ibrahim supplied the treasury over one hundred and fifty millions of piasters, which were distributed in gratuities to the troops to interest them in the revolution, the authors of which they were beginning to accuse.

The example of the rewarded sedition had already reached even the pages of the three seraglios of Constantinople, a sort of military and civil colleges where the youths of high families were formed to arms and to affairs to recruit the army or the government. Menaced for an act of indiscipline with corporal punishment by the capou-aga, the pages revolted, barricaded themselves in their seraglios, and sustained a siege against the bostandjis. Their sedition was put down only by granting them two hundred promotions of officers in the spahis and in the Janissaries.

Each pasha trafficked his obedience with the grand vizier Sofi-Mohammed. This old man knew better to humor than to govern; the revolution, of which he had been the passive instrument, treated him as a tool and not as a minister; the spahis, the Janissaries, the oulemas, the agas were beginning to charge each other with the death of Ibrahim as a crime; remorse was agitating the barracks.

"I call God to witness," cried the veteran Mousslieddin, "that I also have taken no part in this murder; interrogate its true authors, the mufti and the grand vizier."

The pages, combined with the spahis, demanded fiercely the punishment of the guilty. The grand vizier and the mufti, justly menaced, ordered the Janissaries to keep within their barracks. The mufti rendered a fetwa against the agitators, conceived in a verse of the Koran: "*If they revolt against each other, slay them until they respect the word of God.*"

This fetwa appeared to allay the sedition; but the kiaya

of the grand vizier, in a night round through the city, having caused to be decapitated three spahis, pierced through the sole of their feet with the blade of their lances, and left their bodies exposed upon the Hippodrome. The cry of vengeance broke out next morning in the barracks. The spahis, offended at an ignominious punishment in contravention of their privileges, crossed in a body the Bosphorus between Scutari and the point of the seraglio and encamped under flying banners on the Hippodrome. The fires of the camp, excited by a storm wind, threatened to set the city on fire. They deposed the regicide mufti and appointed in his place the former mufti Abousaid. This old man eluded the seditious appointment, and harangued them to inculcate wiser counsels.

The Sultana Koesem dictates to her son a katti-scherif, whereby the Sultan conjures the spahis to lay down their arms, delivers them the grand vizier and the mufti, authors of the revolution, and authorizes them to designate themselves a grand vizier. At the reading of this katti-scherif, the agas of the Janissaries, assembled at the seraglio, protest that they will defend the grand vizier and the mufti, their creatures. The zeal of their soldiers is stimulated by a present of fifty piasters each. The two corps come into conflict before the column of Constantine. The Janissaries, a moment vanquished, are brought back to the attack of the Hippodrome, by the aged Mousslieddin. Thousands of dead bodies strewed this square.

The heads of the spahis, says the historian Naïma, witness and actor in this civil war, were recognized by the gray hair under the caps; the heads of the pages by the dark and yellow curls of the hair. Pursued by the victors and immolated as far as to the court of the mosques, the pages of the spahis fled to the summit of the minarets, where was heard instead of the call of the muezzin to prayer, cries of terror and of supplication, imploring life and forgiveness. Mousslieddin, no less compassionate than brave, made the fugitives come down, and defended them from the fury of the Janissaries. He permitted the relatives of the revolters to come to recognize and bury their sons or their brothers in the midst of the dead. The others were thrown without sepulture into the sea, despite the Mussulman maxim of religious legislation: "The dead expurgate the revolt, the rebel corpses must be respected as if their blood had atoned for their fault."

The spirit of revolt was propagated through the provinces. To allay it, it was proposed to the divan to confer upon the rebel leaders the grades and the governments which they coveted. The grand vizier consented; but the inflexible old man, Mousslieddin, exclaimed that "the greatest of misfortunes to an empire was not to be torn by civil wars, but to have a government which conferred honors and recompenses as the meed of rebellion."

One of the chiefs of the party of Caramania, Haider-Oghli, the Turcoman, having been brought loaded with irons before the divan, the grand vizier reproached him with his crimes. "My gracious lord," replied the Turcoman, "the cub of the wolf becomes a wolf; each must sell according as he buys, and the son follows the example of the father; it is thus that I am become brigand as was my father, Black Haider-Oghli."

"Disclose to the divan," continued the vizier, "where thou hast secreted thy treasures."

"Why that is a question to be put one but on the day of judgment," replied the prisoner; "do you think, then, that I have shed so much blood, burned so many cities, to confess to you one by one my plunders? Alas! alas! the night approaches. I was born but yesterday, and I die to-day; end the thing as quick as possible, it is the only grace I ask you."

XXIII.

The Janissaries, abusing their victory, oppressed insolently the capital and the provinces: they abducted women from Constantinople; they took by storm a bathing house of Gallipoli; their agas imposed their caprices on the grand vizier, and plotted his ruin after having raised him. The Sultana, secretly irritated at the murder of her son Ibrahim despite her efforts to preserve at least his life, conspired with the agas against the divan and against the mufti. The humiliation of the Ottoman arms during these intestine agitations afforded a fair pretext for her resentments.

Houssein, left without reinforcements, abandoned the siege of Candia, the Venetian fleet burned a part of that of the capitan-pasha in the waters of the Archipelago. The Sultana, in concert with the agas, convoked a divan on foot in the seraglio, to deliberate on the disasters of the fleet

and of the army. Her son, whom she had trained to imitate her attitude, the expression of her countenance and her words, presided over the divan. The grand vizier excused himself, alleging the difficulty of the times. The child, reading his part in the looks of his mother, replied with a frown of the eyebrows.

"Go, thou art not fit to be grand vizier; give up the seal of State. And thou," added he in presenting the seal to Kara-Mourad, aga of the Janissaries, "take it; I will see what thou canst do." Then turning towards the grand judge, Aziz-Effendi, supporter and accomplice of the grand vizier, the Sultan reproached him with selling by auction the highest attributions of justice. "Dear child," replied the grand judge, astonished, "who has taught thee that at thy age?"

This insolence, intended for the Sultana Koesem, set boiling her anger and broke her silence. "When the padischah delivers a command to his slaves, is it respectful," cried she, "to answer him by sneering: Dear child, who has taught thee that? It is the voice of the *world* that has taught it to him. The very children know our misfortunes, and raise their voices against your iniquities. In spite of all the treasures extorted and lavished, you have obtained but seditions at home and disasters abroad. You wish to put me myself to death, I know it, because my vigilance importunes you. I have lived through seven reigns, God be praised! and I have governed three of them. If I were to die now, the *world* would not be recast from top to bottom, nor would it on the other hand relapse into ruin; my life is not of such importance. At one time the plan is to put me to death, at another to enslave the padischah; but the hour is come for choosing between you and him."

Death must have followed upon words such as these; the new grand vizier, Kara-Mourad, received orders from the Validé to strangle Sofi-Mohammed, his kiaya and his accomplices. The mufti escaped the punishment by flight. His place was given, after some time, to Behayi-Effendi, whose faculties, enervated by the use of opium, left no apprehension of any inconvenient intervention in the affairs of the Validé.

XXIV.

The peace of twenty-two years was renewed with Austria, and the siege of Candia renewed with fresh energy by Houssein. But the constant revolts of his lieutenants and soldiers against him were neutralizing his courage and his talents. The grand vizier Kara-Mourad, after some rebellions vanquished in Asia Minor, gave himself up to the idleness, the intemperance and the debaucheries of his youth. His shameful vices scandalized the capital; he passed his days in the gardens which he owned in the Greek villages of the environs of Constantinople, where intoxication was brutalizing his mind. He was often seen, attended but by a simple muezzin, sacristan of the mosque adjoining his palace, a drunkard like himself, returning unsteadily on his horse from his drunken orgies out of the city. The public contempt for the man was reflected upon the government.

The Sultan grew up in years and in reason. The Sultana Tarkhan, his mother, dictated to him a menacing katti-scherif for Kara-Mourad. "Have I made thee grand vizier," said this letter from the hand of a child, "that thou shouldst pass thy time in thy gardens and thy vineyards? Occupy thyself with the business of the empire; otherwise I cut off thy head."

Kara-Mourad, struck with stupor on perusal of this letter, and anxious to discover which of his enemies had suggested to the Sultan a remonstrance so superior to his years, sent for the writing-master of the padischah. He was an eminent sheik of Mecca, recently invested with the confidential function, named Beschir-Aga. Interrogated by the grand vizier as to the author of the katti-scherif, Beschir-Aga vowed that he was utterly ignorant on the subject; he avowed however to Kara-Mourad, that the child, for a few days back, had frequently asked him how to write the words "*I cut off thy head*," a usual formula in the last line of katti-scherifs. The grand vizier changed audaciously the suspected writing master for another. The Sultana Tarkhan was indignant at this usurpation of her maternal prerogatives. This young Validé, thitherto pliable and docile to the will of the Sultana Koesem, her mother-in-law, began to become restive against the prolonged domination which was infringing on her private influence with her son.

The division of parties in the divan was repeated in the

harem. The Sultana mother, discredited in the eyes of her son, Kara-Mourad, the creature of the Sultana grandmother. Kara-Mourad, by the advice of the aga of the Janissaries, Begtasch-Aga, his kinsman and his friend, resigned of himself his functions into the hands of the young Sultan. "My padischah," said he to him, "there ought to be no more than one grand vizier in the empire; here is the seal: do not give it to a Janissary, for fear of leading to the ruin of the world."

He started immediately for Ofen with the title of governor of Hungary. Malek-Ahmed-Pasha, a man hitherto obscure, but favored by the Sultana Tarkhan, succeeded him. The illustrious astronomer of the court, Houssein, judge of Medina, friend of Kara-Mourad, partook in his disgrace. Exiled at first into Stenia in Bosnia, then recalled to Constantinople through the intercession of the Sultana Koesem, his protectress, he prophesied, from the inspection of the stars, his own end. The mufti Behayi, formerly obliged by him, rendered unconsciously a fetwa of death against him, under pretext of impiety, but in reality, to please the Sultana Tarkhan. The day preceding that on which the secret fetwa was to be executed, Houssein consulted the stars, and recognized that the morrow was one of the days of evil omen. He ordered to saddle his horses and equip a bark in the morning to pass this baleful day beyond the precincts of Constantinople. Scarcely had he put to sea than the executioners invested his residence, and, embarking upon his track, overtook him near the fortress of the Dardanelles, strangled him, and threw into the sea the body of one of the first astronomers who had raised the science of the heavens, with the Turks, almost to the level of Egyptian and Arabian knowledge.*

XXV.

The new grand vizier, invested with all the favor of the Sultana Tarkhan, was Malek-Ahmed, a Georgian by origin, brought in childhood to the seraglio, and celebrated for his

* The reader should keep in mind the "poetic license" of our author's eulogies on Turkish men of letters, and especially of science. The personage in question now, the text itself presents a plain *astrologer*. We need not, however, question the good faith of the post-historian.—*Translator.*

masculine beauty, which obtained him the surname of the *Angel*. A man of honor, integrity, disinterestedness, he proposed to the divan reforms and retrenchments of the exorbitant salaries of the viziers, the agas, the troops, and especially of the clergy, which were exhausting the treasury. The Sultana Koesem was opposed to these economics which went to disaffect the dervishes, those religious tribunes of the people, always ready to aggravate its murmurs.

"Dear soul," replied to her Sarikatib, astronomer of the seraglio, disciple of the sage and unfortunate Houssein, and secretary of the divan, "since the *world* exists, we have not heard that fortresses or provinces have been conquered or defended by the prayers of dervishes and of mollas. If you ask who has gained this battle, who has taken that fortress? you are answered: it is drunken Ibrahim-Pasha or some other pasha debauchee. The maledictions of the dervishes and mollas are as powerless as their prayers, and I do not fear to take upon my own head the whole burden of their curses."

These economics and some alterations of the nominal value of the currency palliated one evil by another. The Druses revolted in Syria; the Kurds, upon the frontier of Persia; Smyrna and Salonica, the two commercial places of the empire, insurged against their governors; the luxury of the harems, of the equipages and the tables, devoured at Constantinople the revenues of the provinces. The historian Ewlia, relates that Mohammed-Pasha, his patron, son of a treasurer of the empire, and more celebrated for his table than for his exploits, possessed a table service of silver and of Chinese porcelain of an incalculable value, napkins embroidered with gold and precious stones, forty cooks who relayed each other twenty by twenty when he travelled, in order that he should find every where the same luxury and the same delicacies: sixty horses carried in his train his edible provisions; seven stewards, chiefs of his kitchens, directed each a group of his cooks.

To this luxury of the great, corresponded as usual the misery of the people. The imports, disproportioned to the means of the rate-payers, overwhelmed agriculture and commerce. An insurrection of all the traders and all the workmen of Constantinople to exact the abolition of excessive taxation, overturned Malek-Ahmed from power.

The Sultana appointed in his place the *salihdar*, Sia-
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weusch-Pasha, formerly an Abasian slave, promoted from grade to grade for his valor to the government of Hungary. Siawousch, by the counsels of the Sultana Koesem, went to the barracks of the Janissaries to ask their protection for the young Sultan. Begtasch-Aga, the most turbulent, the most popular and most ambitious tribune of this soldiery, granted it on haughty terms, which placed this body at the price of the grand vizier's complete deference to their pleasure. "I will obey the orders of my padischah, and not yours," replied with dignity Siawousch: "your necks and mine ought to be in his presence not thick and stiff, but slender and pliant as the blade of our sabres."

The Janissaries consented to repress the remnant of popular sedition which still fomented at the gates of the seraglio.

XXVI.

This calm was but precarious; the fire of hatred was brooding in the harem and could not fail to soon break out. The Sultana Koesem, from whom the Sultana Validé had wrested the empire by the successive elevation first of the beautiful Malek-Ahmed, then of the intrepid Siawousch-Pasha to the rank of grand vizier, wished to retain it at any cost. Begtasch-Aga, Greek like her, attached to her cause by expectation, by ambition, by the genius of intrigue, by the community of country, was her support and her instrument in the military party. She disposed, by her popularity, of the Janissaries, whom she agitated and appeased at will.

The Sultana Tarkhan had it rumored in the harem, in the seraglio and in the barracks, that the Sultana Koesem was conspiring with Begtasch-Aga, through greed of power, the deposition and then the murder of her grandson, Mahomet IV.; she meant, it was said, to substitute for this child, too docile to the influence of the Sultana Tarkhan, his mother, another of the grandsons, young Souleiman, son of a mother who would let her dominate without rivalry the seraglio, from the height of her old age and her experience.

A slave of the harem, named Maleki, charged to supervise the Sultan's beverages, revealed a plot of real or imaginary poisoning in a sherbet prepared by the confectioner of the seraglio, Ouweis-Aga. Trembling, or feigning to

tremble for the life of her child, the Sultana Tarkhan filled the palace with terrors and with tears. Nothing attests the reality of the crime; but these accusations preferred on one side, on the other repelled as calumnies, were as a signal of civil warfare in the capital and in the barracks.

The Janissaries, notified by the Sultana Koesem of the dangers which she ran in the harem where her death was demanded, and agitated by Begtasch-Aga, thronged tumultuously to the number of ten thousand at the gates of the seraglio, demanded imperiously the heads of the counsellors of the Sultana Tarkhan, who were ruining the empire, and who were dishonoring, in order to deprive her of the tutelage of her grandson, the mother of the Ottomans, the patroness of the troops, the providence of the world, the Sultana Koesem. Their cries did not even respect the Sultan, son of the enemy of their protectress and of their aga. They mingled in their vociferations against the mother, the name of the Sultan Souleiman, already crowned in their desires as in the heart of his grandmother.

This night was brooding over a revolution planned unknown to the two children in the seclusion of a harem and in the tumult of a barrack. The Sultana Koesem shut up in her apartments, with her eunuchs and her waiting-women, expected anxiously, but with confidence, that the accomplices of Begtasch-Aga, her liberator, would come to knock at the gates of the harem, to bring her the head of her rival and to demand Souleiman as padischah.

XXVII.

However, public opinion, that destiny of political movements, had pronounced within a few hours against the Janissaries and against the Sultana their idol. The deliberate and religious fidelity of the Ottomans towards their sovereign, the tender age of Mahomet IV., the interest attaching to his innocence and to his helplessness, environed with the snares of perfidy and of ambition; weariness of the yoke of a woman, long a queen, but whose insatiable passion of reigning survived the fitting age; the rumor, false or true, that the widow of Ahmet I., poisoner of her grandson, had promised her hand, her treasures and the empire, to Begtasch-Aga, in recompense for the death of her daughter-in-law, the Sultana Tarkhan, for the deposition of Mahomet IV., for the

proclamation of Souleiman ; horror, in fine, at the pretended plot of poisoning by this unnatural grandmother, adroitly circulated in the palace and through the city—all these things concurred to turn the tide of public opinion in favor of Mahomet and of his mother.

An armed faction and a few oulemas, obstinate instruments of the grandmother, appeared alone for her cause at the gates of the palace ; the entire empire was for her rival and her child.

XXVIII.

The grand vizier Siawousch, although surprised in his palace by the hour, by the promptitude of the event, by the night, was easy about the life and the liberty of the Sultan. The seraglio, guarded against all emergencies, by troops, bostandjis, pages and faithful eunuuchs, answered to him for the young padischah against all surprises of the grandmother. His martial character, his fame as a soldier, his services, his old age itself gave him with the public and with the spahis, his ancient comrades of the camp, a moral authority with which the Janissaries themselves were obliged to compound. No revolution was possible without either the concurrence, the neutrality or the violent death of the grand vizier ; but even his death was but a desperate resource of the factions, whom the blood of the upright old man would not fail to expose to the resentment of the soldiers and of the people.

Begtasch-Aga comprehended this impediment to his enterprise, and he resolved to try to elude it before making an attempt to vanquish it. While his soldiers were investing on every side the palace gardens, to the end of hindering the grand vizier from getting in to defend his master, he convoked in a mosque adjacent to the principal gate of the seraglio, the viziers, the oulemas, the agas and the mess-masters of the party of the Sultana Koesem. Sure of the majority, of the complicity and of the hand of all these conspirators, he sent to summon the grand vizier to appear immediately in that assembly to confer with him on the nocturnal movements of the capital. The grand vizier, disarmed and surprised in his palace by a military sedition, of which the aga of the Janissaries was himself the mover, had not time to deliberate. His daring and his coolness were the

only resource for the safety of the empire and of his master. He presented himself with an apparent complaisance at the invitation of Begtasch.

The Janissaries and the oulemas received him in the mosque with the respect and the deference which the factions, uncertain of the fortune of the day, affect towards those whom they would seduce before intimidating them. Begtasch-Aga addressed the meeting in the name of all. He deplored the degradation of their military glory, the frontiers invaded, the fleets burned, the public offices sold, the coin adulterated by the former grand vizier Malek-Ahmed; the eunuchs, under an incapable mother, masters of the government, and subjecting the wisdom and the virtues of the first statesmen to the boyish whimsies of a child who had his words put in his mouth and his katti-scherifs in his hand. He declared, in the name of the oulemas and the agas present and unanimous, that the prolongation of such a phantom reign would be the ruin of the Ottomans; that the grand vizier himself would obtain from his vain efforts but the blame of those disasters, degradation or death; that the sole genius capable of retrieving the tottering empire was the genius of that woman superior by her experience, and by her courage as by her age, who had witnessed seven reigns, and with whom the jealousy of a Sultana Validé without talent was disputing, the last but to give it up to slaves and eunuchs; that the sole resort remaining to the defenders of the faith and the country, was to oblige that Sultana with her son to descend from the throne, and to restore the reign of the Sultana Koesem by proclaiming her other grandson the Sultan Souleiman.

"Swear," added he, addressing himself to the grand vizier, "swear with us, upon the head of your ancestors, that you will second us in this generous project."

Siawousch, who did not think he owed the truth to assassins, feigned to tamper in this conspiracy of public safety, and swore by the Koran to aid the rebels in saving the country. The conspirators, well satisfied with having neither to combat nor to immolate a man so popular for his virtue, let him depart with honor from the mosque.

XXIX.

The faction-leaders, feeling sure of him, permitted him

to pass the blockade of the palace and to enter the seraglio by the iron gate of the gardens. The confidants of the Sultana Koesem, kept this gate half open to introduce, at the hour agreed upon, the Janissaries of Begtasch-Aga into the harem, where she was to present them, for padischah, Prince Souleiman. This circumstance convinced him of the connivance of the Sultana at the premeditated murder of Mahomet IV. He had the gates fastened behind him : he posted some bostandjis at all the issues, and ran to the seraglio, resolvd to die or to save the infant confided to his tutelage.

Meanwhile the chief of the black eunuchs of the Sultan, named Souleiman-Aga, one of those men who die, like a tamed lion, at the feet of the throne to which they are chained, had suspected the plot and anticipated, by his measures, the presence of the grand vizier. The pages, awakened with a bound at his voice and at the rumor of the perils of the Sultan, had massacred their governor whom they had wrongly thought an accomplice of the Janissaries, forced the doors of their mess-rooms, run to arms and agitated the valtdjis, the bostandjis, the eunuchs and the agas upon the steps of the gate of Felicity.

Siawousch-Pasha, in dismounting from his horse before his door, harangued energetically the defenders of the palace; then entering with Souleiman-Aga into the interior, he knocked at the closed doors of the sequestered apartment where the Sultana Tarkhan, in ignorance of the tumult of this night, was reposing by the side of her son. The kishlar-aga of the Sultan, having refused them entrance, Souleiman-Aga laid him dead with a blow of his poniard, and calling the hundred and twenty eunuchs set to guard the child and the mother:—"What are you doing?" cried he to them through the door; "you sleep while the Janissaries are invading the approaches of the seraglio to slaughter you; those traitors, in concert with the Sultana Koesem, mean to strangle the padischah and to elevate Begtasch-Aga, their chief, to the throne by making him marry that *old hag* whom the poison has disappointed, and who now directs the sabre against her grandson."

XXX.

At these words the doors are opened, the hundred, and twenty eunuchs arm themselves with their poniards, the

grand vizier and Souleiman-Aga precipitate themselves into the chamber of the Sultana Tarkhan. They awake her, they reveal to her hastily the urgency of the peril. At the first words of the vizier, the Validé leaps from the bed beside her son, who lay sleeping, with no suspicion of the death suspending over his head: "O my son!" cried she, drooping over him and embracing him convulsively, "we are lost." The boy affrightened sat up in the bed, and extending his arms to Souleiman-Aga: "O father!" said he to him, "save me!"

The vizier and the eunuch, affected at seeing their sovereign implore his slaves, threw themselves at the feet of the child and of the mother, and swore to sacrifice themselves for him. Souleiman-Aga, taking him in his arms, carried him in his night-shirt, by the light of the torches, into the throne hall, where were assembled all the defenders of the seraglio, and holding him up to the view of the pages and the bostandjis: "Let those who eat the bread and the salt of the padischah," cried he, "come to his aid."

At this lurid light, at this spectacle, at this exhortation, the viziers, the agas, the pages, the chamberlains, the bostandjis, the baltadjis fall with an unanimous movement upon their knees before this symbol of right, of innocence, of majesty, and swear to defend him with their blood. "Don't fear, my padischah," said Souleiman-Aga, "please God, all the heads of your enemies will be to-morrow at your feet."

XXXI.

During these scenes of frightfulness and feeling in the harem, the grand vizier convoked to the palace, under penalty of death against any who should hesitate an hour, all the pashas, beglerbega, chiefs of corps, agas, lewends and magnates of the empire, with all those of their armed followers whom they should have at hand, and with provisions for three days. A lurking hatred against the Janissaries, common oppressors, fidelity to the sovereign, affection for the child, confidence in Siawousch-Pasha, filled before dawn the quays, the gardens, the courts, the apartments of the seraglio, with an army of all arms whose number was doubled by the enthusiasm of devotedness. All the gun-boats of the fleet and the caïques of the harbor debarked there in silence the arms, the guns, the munitions of the arsenal, sufficient for a protracted siege.

The terror of the night was changed into fury against the authors of so detestable a plot. The name of the Sultana Koesem was on every lip. The hundred pages and bostandjis, guided by the chief of the black eunuchs, Souleiman-Aga, detached themselves from the throng and directed their course in silence towards the kiosk of the grandmother to take off from her the Prince Souleiman, in whose name she pretended to reign still.

The eunuch on guard at the door refused to open; the pages raised their poniards to strike him; he fell upon his knees and implored life in return for the revelations which he offered to make to the Sultan. He was led before Mahomet IV.; he threw himself at his feet, and delivered him the key of the secret treasures of his grandmother; but at the moment when he stammered an excuse and a supplication, a bostandji cleft his head with the blow of an axe. The child, alarmed, uttered a cry of horror, and hid his face in the bosom of one of the eunuchs, who carried him still in his arms.

XXXII.

Meanwhile the pages and the three hundred eunuchs white and black, attached to the personal guard of the Sultana Koesem, defended heroically the outer doors of the kiosk, and piled up the threshold with their dead. Souleiman-Aga placed the Sultan in the hands of the grand vizier, and ran, with a band of pages and bostandjis, to reinforce the assailants. He was the first to penetrate, his sabre trickling with blood in his hand, the labyrinth familiar to eunuchs of the apartments that composed the harem.

The Sultana Koesem, at the sound of his footsteps in the corridor, thought it was the Janissaries of Begtasch-Aga come to deliver her and bear her to the throne.

"Are they there?" said she in a low voice, opening a wicket in the door.

"Yes, it is the Janissaries," answered Souleiman-Aga; "only come out."

But the Sultana, having recognized her error, and foreseeing her ruin in the tone of voice of the chief of the eunuchs attached to her rival, fled for refuge in the dark to the most sequestered of her apartments, hid herself in one of those deep closets wherein the slaves pack up by day the

matresses and carpets of the night. There, wrapped up by the hand of one of her women in a roll of mats, she hoped to escape the first fury of the enemies, and to leave Begtasch time to come and change her fortune. But the rage of the icoglans and of the baltadjis did not stop before either the inviolability of the harem or before the majesty of the mother and the grandmother of so many Sultans. They precipitated themselves, in the traces of Souleiman-Aga, into the sacred precincts, where, however, they sought in vain for their prey.

A devoted slave, giving her life for that of her mistress, presented herself to them arrayed in a rich costume and said : "Strike, I am the Sultana Koesem."

They were going to plunge the dagger in her breast, when Souleiman-Aga apprised them of their mistake. They turned a moment their poniards against the eunuch himself, accusing him of connivance with the Sultana Koesem, and of wishing to defraud them of their victim. But at the instant when Souleiman was going to fall by the hand of his friends, a baltadji, breaking open the furniture and the closets, seized the legs of the Sultana under the mat in which she had been rolled. "Be silent," said she to him in a low voice, "and thy fortune is made for ever."

But hatred prevailing in the bostandji over avarice, he dragged the Sultana from her asylum and called his companions to contemplate her. She held still in her hand a handkerchief full of gold sequins which she had the precaution to take from her treasury to give the Janissaries whom she was expecting. She was dressed, in expectation of the events of the night, in the richest stuffs of the imperial wardrobe; her legs and her arms were adorned with precious stones; her fingers blazed, by the light of the torches, with glittering rings; she wore as ear-pendants two diamonds of the shape and size of a Caramania nut, a present of Achmet I., her husband, in the time of her youth, her beauty and her loves.

The group of baltadjis and of icoglans, dazzled and struck with a remnant of respect at the sight of this mother of the empire extended in those imperial ornaments on the carpet at their feet, seemed to hesitate between veneration and anger. The Sultana, reading their indecision in their looks, leaped up with a vigor superior to her years, unfolded the handkerchief, and scattered, to relax their persecution, a

shower of sequins and of jewels on the floor. While her assassins stooped to pick them up, she fled from chamber to chamber through the harem, and attained a gate of the gardens where the darkness favored her flight. But a page, more keen than the baltadjis, got up to her, prostrated her, struggled hard against the desperate resistance of this intrepid woman, and with his knees upon her breast held her in calling to him the baltadjis. They ran: one of them, named Mohammed-Baltadji, tore, in absence of a cord, one of the curtain-ropes of silk from the door, and strung it around her neck until the swooning Sultana appeared to be dead beneath the hands of the assassins. Her sable furs, her ear-pendants, her bracelets, her rings, her necklaces torn from her person became the prey of these executioners.

They threw the body almost naked, according to the order of the fetwa rendered by the mufti, on the pavement where the bodies of criminals are exposed, before the gate of the kiosk of "the Birds." He who carried the head was bitten on the thumb, by that mouth almost inanimate, with so much force that he could make her unloose the teeth but by a stroke of his poniard in the throat. The assassins, believing her dead, were going away to bear the news of her murder to the gate of Felicity, when looking back they beheld the naked and bleeding phantom of the Sultana getting up and making off in the dark. They returned to finish their victim, who had feigned death by a last instinct of life. She struggled still against them with the strength of an athlete, and succumbed a second time but to numbers. The cord, again strung about her neck and tugged with the handle of an axe, wrung at length from her the last breath. The jets of blood that issued from the wounds, from the eyes and from the ears of this colossal woman, although she was then over seventy, evinced the greenness of her old age, and the masculine energy of that Albanian, whom it was requisite to kill twice in order to wrest from her the empire.*

* I need not caution the serious reader not to take this scene for *exact* history; I do not, for my part, think it even plausible romance. The coloring transcends the license allowed historians, however "popular." The incidents (of which, moreover, I have left out some as too grotesque) bear for the most part the stamp of popular imagination; or what amounts to the same thing, of Oriental puerility. I dare not say that they are on this account the less agreeable to general readers, in opposition to the use of them by such an artist as Lamartine. But though some setting-off may be allowable to wile the people to instructive read-

The crime which public hatred charged her with, of plotting the deposition, the poisoning, the murder of her grandson, is uncertain. Her talents, her services to the empire, her long and glorious sway of intellect over three reigns, her firm, tranquil and vigorous regency, so long as it was not sapped in the seraglio by the harem, are real. If those three reigns wherein Turkey was retrieved or sustained by her hand do not bear her name in history, they bear her impress.

Adored in her youth, cherished in her maternity, venerated in her old age, hurled from the regency and from life while still in the vigor of her intelligence by one of those palace catastrophes of which confusion conceals the mystery, her life is a monument of the maternal genius of woman applied to the government of Oriental nations. Roxelana was more winning and more a wife, the Sultana Koesem was more vigorous and more a mother. The one governed by seduction, the other by genius. The reign of the one ended with her beauty, the reign of the other but with her life. Roxelana owed all to nature, the Sultana Koesem owed all to policy.

Both the one and the other attest that the institutions which proscribe women from public liberty and public life are ineffectual, even with the Mussulmans, against nature which gives to them *different* but as *many* rights as to man, and that conjugal love or filial piety often restores to a superior woman, even in the government of empires, what the jealousy and the ingratitude of the laws endeavor vainly to deny them.* To reign through the love of a husband or through the deference of a son, is not to be excluded from the throne, it is to reign twice.

XXXIIL

The murder of the Sultana Koesem and the concourse of

ing, a coarse excess is shocking to the austere majesty of history. It is like tricking off a queen in the frippery of a courtesan.—*Translator.*

* Why, the confession of those side-door influences peculiar to the sex would of itself be an abundant warrant for denying them public powers. For if conceded them, they would enjoy, not as the author claims, "as many" rights, but at least double as many, as man: the masculine bill of rights would be superadded to the feminine, which is, moreover, it seems, already an overmatch for men and laws. A curious sample of the logic (to say nothing of philosophy) of even the higher order of your sentimental politicians.—*Translator.*

the people around the banner of the prophet, that Orilam of the Ottomans, unfurled by Siawousch-Pasha before the seraglio, threw the Janissaries into consternation by destroying their mainspring of sedition, and diffused terror into the conclave of the rebel leaders at the mosque.

Begtasch-Aga alone, more interested, as more guilty, persevered in the revolt, and spoke of firing the capital to force the citizens assembled at the seraglio to run to succor their menaced families and property. He mounted on horseback and appeared before the Janissaries who were marching back discouraged to their barracks. He conjured them to return and to shake off the yoke of the eunuchs who had just strangled the mother of the soldiers: "We do not mean to depose the padischah," said he to them, retracting his designs of the night before; "we only wish to avenge the murder of our Validé."

The Janissaries undecided listened with coldness. One of them, breaking silence by one of those popular apostrophes which disconcert the tribunes by touching on their secret motives, said to him: "Are you, then, the heir, the son or the husband of the Validé, that you should take in hand her cause against the padischah?"

A sneering laugh burst forth at these words, which made allusion to that title of husband of the old woman, which used to be given Begtasch-Aga. The Janissaries abandoned him to his perils and returned to obedience. The spahis and all those of the Janissaries of the old barracks who had not partaken in the movements of the night, presented themselves at the gates of the seraglio to swell the number of the defenders of the throne. The Sultan, by the counsels of Siawousch-Pasha, sent to the mosque of the centre, the now deserted seat of the rebellion, an imperious katti-scherif: "You, agas of my Janissaries," said he; "thou, their general in chief; thou, their general in second; thou, Begtasch-Aga, appear instantly before me in the divan, or otherwise misfortune will befall you."

Begtasch-Aga, on the receipt of this katti-scherif which completed the discouragement of the conspirators, had in vain brought before the barracks the sacks of gold and silver designed to corrupt and to retain them; the Janissaries refused to open the sacks, for fear of sullyng their hands with the pay of a *factionist* (*factieux*). The koul-kiaya made haste to merit well of the victorious party by inveighing against

the head of the faction. He reproached Begtasch-Aga with having opened his purse-strings only when it became necessary to ransom his life at the cost of his treasures. The agas, the oulemas and the secondary chiefs, wrote letters of excuse and presented themselves, as men deceived by an adventurer, at the seraglio; they thought themselves, they said, accomplishing the wishes of the padischah. Begtasch-Aga himself was constrained to follow them. His popularity in the barracks seemed to him a safeguard against the vengeance of the seraglio.

Siawousch-Pasha, in fact, received with an apparent indulgent the repentant rebels. He appointed Begtasch-Aga governor of Broussa, and ordered him to start without delay for his government. Whether from audacity or from terror, Begtasch-Aga, instead of leaving, concealed himself in the city. Discovered the following day by the new aga of the Janissaries, Hassan, he was tied upon an ass, and conducted to the seraglio amid the hootings and the curses of the same soldiery who acclaimed him the day before. Culpable popularities do not survive the fall of their idols; the people love every where to make an individual atone for the factions which he has mustered; they love to wash themselves in the blood of their leaders from the stain of vanquished seditions.

The baltadji Mohammed, who had dragged from the closet the Sultana Koesem, encountered the insulting cortege of Begtasch-Aga: "Traitor," cried he to the vanquished aga, "what had I done to thee that thou shouldst yesterday demand my head at the mosque?" "Miserable assassin," replied Begtasch-Aga, "do not condemn me to see thy face."

He was strangled by the mutes in the outer courts of the seraglio, and his body cast into the sea. His avarice had, in fact, deadened his ambition. There was discovered in his bathing-room, sealed up in massive masonry, two immense vases full of gold ducats, of sequins and of precious stones, presents of the Sultana Validé or products of his rapine.

The astronomer, secretary of the divan, Sarikatib, although a stranger to the conspiracy, expiated the friendship which was borne him by the Sultana Validé. A jest of this Ottoman Juvenal cost him his life. During the scandal of the venality of officers under the last but one grand vizier, Sarikatib, leaving the seraglio, was encountered by one of

his friends who asked him whence he was coming. "I am come," replied he with an accent of indignation, "from the slave market." Like Oato, he prevented the executioner by the poniard, and died deploring the decadence of his country.

The black eunuch, Souleiman-Aga, of whom the coolness and intrepidity supplied the absence of the grand vizier and saved his master, was raised to the highest grade of domesticity in the palace, that of *kislar-aga*. He had been veritable grand vizier the night of danger. The Sultana Tarkhan, now *Validé* and mistress of the government, committed to him, under title of *kislar-aga*, the tutelage of the child whom he had preserved, and the absolute direction of the *divan*. He used his influence with the insolence of an Ethiopian parvenu.

XXXIV.

Siawousch-Pasha soon got tired of the title of vizier purely honorary under a favorite who dictated his orders by the mouth of an infant and a woman. "It is not the power of a grand vizier," said he often, "this shameful slavery to which I am condemned under negro eunuchs."

These murmurs were imputed to him as a crime. The Sultana, enslaved herself by gratitude to the eunuch, sought at once a grand vizier sufficiently strong to sustain the empire, sufficiently resigned to endure a protector in Souleiman-Aga. The empire held but one such, it was Koepriilu, a pasha grown old in wars and councils, a stranger to factions, one of those men whom favor neglects because they disdain to seek it, and who are left to reach the wane of life before people recognize in them the safety and the grandeur of empires. His name was already distinguished; but the dread of his superiority withheld it from the ears of the *Validé*.

The eunuch demanded of the Sultana-mother the dismissal and the death of Siawousch-Pasha; she granted only the removal, and an exile to Malghara. Souleiman-Aga had appointed in his place an old man who was verging on the second infancy, named Gourdji-Mohammed, aged some ninety-two years. His caducity was his title. Souleiman-Aga wished to reign under a phantom. He caused the exile of two counsellors of the Sultana who had pronounced the name of Koepriilu, and banished this personage himself to Goustendjil, in order that distance might efface the splendor of

his merit. Extortions filled the treasury; the places of age of the Janissaries, of defterdar, of grand chamberlain, of vizier, were given to the court instruments and the buffoons of Souleiman-Aga. Ipschyr-Pasha and Abaza-Pasha, sons of the great rebel, revolted in Caramania, and advanced upon Broussa. They were shamefully negotiated with, and their retreat and submission purchased by giving them both governments and subsidies.

Egypt, a prey to insurrections and to anarchy, was escaping from the direct and regular administration of the Porte. The Sultan convoked a solemn divan to deliberate on the course to be adopted respecting this important province of the monarchy. The Sultana Validé attended behind the grating of the tribune of her son. The grand vizier, with the listlessness and the loquacity of old age, proposed the first and maintained long the baleful system of life government, a sort of partial abdication which makes the provinces a life possession, and presently hereditary of the pashas. He was refuted with eloquence and indignation by Masoud-Pasha, a statesman brought to light by this discussion in a council of eunuchs. The grand vizier insisted, and, in his answer, claimed to satiety the respect which should be had for his great age.

"My father," cried the Sultana, rising with impatience and parting the curtains which veiled her from the divan, "we have not here to do with the beard, either white, gray or black; our concern is with the best council and the wisest policy."

Masoud conquered in this scene the confidence of the Sultana. In the evening she convoked a new divan in the kiosk of the palace, called the kiosk of *the Sea*, because it steeps its walls in the waves. The question respected the navy. The grand vizier discoursed on it as he had done on Egypt. Masoud, encouraged by the approbation of the Validé, convicted him of ignorance and of unskilfulness. The Sultan, prepared beforehand by the part of his mother, had passed to Gourdji-Mohammed a katti-scherif: "I could not read it," said the grand vizier; "order in the secretary of the divan that he may read it."

The mufti, present, took the katti-scherif and read: "Thou, my vizier," said the laconic letter, "give up the seal."

The trembling and convulsive hands of this old man

could not unknot the strings of the silk purse wherein the viziers carry the seal upon their breast. The grand chamberlain was forced to assist him in this trembling of his fingers which still clung pitifully to this toy of his expiring ambition. He stammered some complaints about the injustice and the ingratitude of men. Masoud, without decency of sentiment or language, apostrophized him with contempt, hoping thereby to elevate his own favor. Gourdji-Mohammed retired with tears in his eyes. This outrage upon old age is rare among the Ottomans, who think that age is a consecration by God, and that experience is the living oracle of business.

The Sultan assembled the following day the council, and was the first to broach the question of choosing a grand vizier. The mufti referred this free choice to the padischah alone. Masoud demanded a postponement and the appointment for the present of a simple caïmakam or lieutenant-general of the empire; others asked for vizier Houssein-Pasha, the serdar or generalissimo of the army of Crete, esteemed and beloved by the army. The agas of the Janissaries and of the spahis opposed this, as a measure which would take its head from the active army under Houssein and give encouragement as well as joy to the Venetians. The Sultana Tarkhan, who was getting bolder in State discussions, and who wished to please the generals by backing their advice, spoke from behind the curtain against the choice of the brave Houssein.

All united on the name of a pasha hitherto obscure, but whose reputation for inexorable severity presaged the empire an executioner rather than a minister: it was Ahmed-Pasha, a ferocious Albanian, issued from among the pages, become kiaya of the grand vizier formerly massacred by the revolted spahis upon the Hippodrome, escaped with difficulty himself on that occasion, and who had retained from those disorderly military movements a profound horror of indiscipline, which avenged itself of the terror that he had been made to feel by the terror which he struck in turn into the factions. He accepted on condition of absolute independence in his acts.

XXXV.

His brief administration was but a series of reprisals against all those who had any way been implicated in the late seditions. He bearded Souleiman-Aga himself, and

procured the exile of this eunuch to the recesses of Egypt. He deposed the mufti for having, in a fit of anger, pulled the beard of an old judge of Caffa in the Crimea. By a quarrel with the capitan-pasha, he brought about his ears the viziers, the agas, the harem. It was rumored that he thought of ridding himself of the irksome yoke of the Sultana Valide by substituting, like Begtasch-Aga, Souleiman, son of another woman, for the young Sultan Mahomet IV. The credulity of the harem conspired his fall and his death.

The Sultana, to conceal the snare from him, was lavish of her favors; she sent him, on the eve of a festival, a caftan of sable fur and a poniard of which the hilt was set with diamonds. As he was congratulated upon these favors: "Fools," said he to his familiars, "how little you know of courts! All this is but a presage of my execution. I have, to serve the padischah, turned every one against me; I did not reflect that to resist all is to devote one's self to ruin; I reap what I have sown."

Dreams confirmed him at night in the reflections of the day. He was called unexpectedly to the seraglio. He had a presentiment of his death, and prepared himself before going out by the ablution and the prayer of the dying: "Thank God," said he in passing the threshold, "my enemies will not live long."

The Sultan, seeing him come, apostrophized him with a borrowed anger beyond his years, and ordered the hostandjis to strangle him.

"My padischah," said in bowing to him the faithful but importunate vizier, "you put me to death unjustly; on the last day my two hands will press heavily upon your head." The child averted his eyes and the mutes pulled the cord. The body was delivered to his only daughter to be buried in the sepulchre which he had constructed himself underneath the cypresses of Scutari.

His crime was to have served too faithfully a feeble power which knew not how to sustain its servants. The capitan-pasha, Dervish-Mohammed, his enemy, succeeded him.

XXXVI.

The agitation of the provinces was propagated to the capital. A sheik of Ommiah, who passed for a prophet, declared from the pulpit at Constantinople, in the name of God,

that all the calamities of the Ottomans were owing to the influence of the Sultana Tarkhan, and that it was necessary either to exile or to marry her to a pasha who would take her off from the intrigues of the harem. These exhortations exciting the people, the fanatic was embarked by night and transported into the depths of his mountains.

The governor of Egypt, the eunuch Abderrahman, who hastened to Constantinople with his treasures from Cairo to purchase the place of grand vizier, was accused of having concurred in the murder of the Sultan Ibrahim. "As soon as the registers of Egypt which contain the secret of his treasures arrive," wrote the Sultana-mother to her son, "thou wilt kill him." The grand vizier represented to the Sultan that the privilege of the eunuchs was not to be executed save within the precincts of the seraglio. Abderrahman was strangled on entering.

This execution struck terror into the eunuchs; their abasement by this murder increased the influence of the women. The nurse of the Sultan, married by the Sultana Koesem to the grand coffin-maker of the seraglio, a favorite slave of the same Sultana, named Antar, married to Mourteza, pasha of Erzeroum, disputed with each other the government of the harem. The young brother of the Sultan, Souleiman, the object of so many suspicions, was shut up in the kiosk of the "Box-garden," a dark vestibule of death, a sort of limbo of the palace, intermediate between the throne and the bowstring.

The new chief of the black eunuchs, Beïram-Aga, become kishlar-aga of Mahomet IV., resumed over this child the influence taken from Souleiman-Aga by his banishment. The pages themselves, companions of the sports and exercises of Mahomet, were objects of jealousy to his mother. Beïram-Aga, apprised by the preceptors of the prince of the growing familiarities between the Sultan and the pages, remarked one day that this boy took a too exciting pleasure in those diversions with children of his age; he made a sign to him to enter his apartments.

"My lala," said Mahomet, "my ancestors, I am certain, were accustomed to pass the fête days in the playroom of the pages to be witnesses of their progress in the exercises of body and mind, and I find in it the same pleasure as my fathers."

Beïram went to complain to the Sultana Validé of the

disobedience of her son. "Why," said he to her, "do you permit the Sultan to pass his nights with the pages? Do you not know, then, that there are some of these youths who aspire to become his favorites in order to wrest him from your authority?"

"Aga," replied the indulgent mother to the eunuch, "my lion is yet an innocent child who is amused with the sports of his age; let him stay up till midnight."

Beiram-Aga, substituting his own harsh severity for the motherly tenderness of the Validé, returned into the hall of the pages, took the Sultan by the hand, and obliged him to return to his apartments, saying to him that this was the order of the Validé.

The child murmured and shed tears of humiliation; the pages, offended, drew their poniards, and the mutes had difficulty in protecting the eunuch against the emeute of these favorites. The pages interested in their cause the spahis, offended, like them, by an alteration of the currency which filched some aspers from their pay. They pillaged the house of the defterdar; they protested against the ordinances of the aga of the Janissaries which interdicted them the use of tobacco. "Leave us free to smoke," cried they in the courts of the seraglio, "or this smoke which you smother will become the flame of revolt against you."

XXXVII.

The grand vizier Dervish-Mohammed died in those distractions of the empire. Terror and corruption procured the appointment of the amnestied agitator of Asia, Ipschyr. The title of grand vizier did but increase his audacity. He refused to leave Aleppo, of which he was the governor, under pretext of disturbances to be appeased in Asia. He ordered all the beglerbegs to join him in spring, at Koniah, as if he meant to appear as conqueror and not as vizier at Constantinople: "See those troops," said he to the chamberlain who brought him a letter from the Sultan calling him immediately to his post, "and judge if with these forces I will stake my head against the letter of a child."

Entire Asia considered him a dictator who was going to purge and to renew the empire; the court and the capital trembled at having added a legal title to so much insolence. The irresolution of the divan gave occasion to scenes and

scuffles which turned its deliberations into tumults. The capitan-pasha escaped from the poniards of the eunuchs, who reproached him, in the presence of the Sultan, with the blood of Ibrahim, only by opening his way to flight with sabre in hand. Ipschyr, already arrived from Nicomedia, entered Constantinople in triumph. The Sultana Validé, to satiate his ambition, gave him the hand of the young Sultana Aïsche, her daughter, and sister of Mahomet IV. He proscribed or immolated all his enemies in the divan.

The defterdar, Morali-Pasha, of whom the Validé had begged the life, was captured by four chiaoux. Before arriving at his place of exile, he was stripped of his clothes, covered with the coat of a peasant who was working on the road side, and strangled in the fields. The oppression of the new vizier raised up against him the troops themselves who had been hitherto its instruments in the capital. It was insinuated to the Janissaries that the destruction of their body was the object of his armaments in the provinces and of his favors to the Asiatic troops, brought with him into the capital. A petition, carried round by torchlight in the Hippodrome by the Janissaries, demanding the head of Ipschyr and of the mufti, insurrected in one night the entire city.

While the grand vizier was taking refuge in the seraglio, the revolted pillaged his house and found there four hundred thousand ducats in gold, the fruits of his exactions: "What is to be done?" cried the Sultan. All were silent in the council; the aga of the Janissaries, emboldened by the distress of Ipschyr and unveiling the general enmity against the common oppressor, rose: "My padischah," said he, "your slaves are satisfied with you; but they do not wish your lala.—So long," added the capitan-pasha, "as the grand vizier and the mufti, his accomplice shall live, the troops will not disperse."

Ipschyr, caught in the net of his ambition, prostrated himself to give up the seal, as humble in adversity as insolent in his power. "It is his head we want," cried the troops across the bars of the palace. His head was brought them into the Hippodrome. The people passed it from hand to hand like a toy, and the soldiers planted it upon the point of a lance. His party died with him: the popularities of power (*de caserne*) strike less root than those of opinion; Abaza-Pasha alone, his accomplice in revolt, whom he kept at Soutari at the head of a corps of Asiatics to intimidate

the capital, remained faithful to him after his death. One half the troops of Abaza had deserted to join in Constantinople the insurrected spahis and Janissaries. Gourdmohammed, formerly kiaya of Ipschyr and now a deserter of his cause, went to Scutari to conjure Abaza to disavow his dead friend, and to submit himself with his handful of Asiatics to the new vizier. "Let thy face become purple with shame," replied Abaza, shocked at so much baseness, and he set off with his troops for the mountains of Caramania.

XXXVIII.

An Armenian, named Souleiman-Pasha, husband of a Sultana, owed the seal to the favor of the Validé. His undecided and feeble hand could not arrest the general decay of the government. He resigned, and Koeprilu was spoken of anew; but the smallness of his fortune, at a time when all was to be purchased, even obedience to the empire, supplied a pretext for discarding him. "How should a man without fortune be able to govern the *world*?" exclaimed Souleiman-Pasha himself.

The seals were sent to the conqueror of Crete, the serdar Houssein. A caïmakam was instituted for the mean time. It was Sournazen-Pasha, the admiral, a man ambitious and turbulent, who aspired to usurp the government himself. The agitation which he secretly fomented amongst the troops forced the Sultan to hold a divan on foot,—a sort of military and popular session on occasion of seditions.

The troops demanded that the Sultan should, contrary to usage, come forth from the court of the seraglio by the gate of Felicity, to present himself in the Alaï-Kiosk, situated at an angle of the garden and opening by its balconies on the square where they were assembled. Mahomet IV. took his seat there behind the iron grating. The counsellors of his youth surrounded him to prompt him his responses. New clamors demanded the removal of those counsellors, that the padischah, now at the age of reason, might speak from himself; the viziers disappeared from his box. However, the two chiefs of the white and of the black eunuchs squatted invisibly at his feet to murmur lowly their suggestions. A judge, named Hassan, speaking on the part of the people, demanded the reform of abuses and thirty heads registered by name upon a list. He threw by way of docu-

ments confirmatory of his claims a handful of clipped aspers upon the ground—a currency which was deceiving and ruining the people.

The two eunuchs, of whom the heads were comprised in the proscription list, made the Sultan utter vague promises of redress of those wrongs. The caïmakam advanced in turn to the window and promised, in the name of the Sultan, that the thirty culprits would be despoiled and banished. "But do not ask their heads," added he in deference to the Sultan. "Take care of thy own," replied the inflexible crowd.

The unfortunate youth saw torn from his feet the two chiefs of eunuchs, his favorites, of whom he had thus pleaded vainly the cause. They were strangled before his eyes, and their bodies were thrown from the height of the balcony to the multitude. Three other eunuchs were precipitated after them. The lala, the cherished preceptor of Mahomet IV.; the high treasurer; the capou-aga, chief of the guards of the seraglio, the kishlar-aga, his first chamberlain; the head tax-collector, Hassan, the grand marshal of the palace, Shaban-Khalifé; in fine, the all-powerful Méléke, successive favorite of two Sultanas Validé, demanded, disputed, trafficked and pitilessly refused to the supplications and the sobs of the Sultan, were flung lifeless from the same tribune to the soldiery and the people.

This pile of corpses mounted to the level of the balcony of the kiosk. The caïmakam Sournazén-Pasha, picked up, as he had premeditated, the seal of the empire in this blood. But scarce had Mahomet IV. proclaimed him grand vizier than the troops his accomplices, envying his fortune, exclaimed on seeing him receive the seals: "Wretch! hast thou then insurrected us but to make thyself grand vizier?"

XXXIX.

These cries of just reprobation precipitated him from his post at the very moment when he had come into possession of it. So many crimes were repaid him but by two hours of power. Siawousch-Pasha, the former grand vizier, was recalled from Mulghara to resume the tutelage of this bloody minority.

The thirty bodies, dragged by the Janissaries and by the populace on the place of the Hippodrome, were hung by the legs to the branches of an immense plane-tree, whereon, by

a just reprisal of time, the generous Mahmoud II., avenger of his ancestors, was destined to hang the bodies of Janissaries annihilated in their last crime. It is from this tree, a living pillory of victims and of executioners, that those melancholy days of the youth of Mahomet IV. have received the name of events of the *plane-tree*.

This long massacre and those hideous trophies had not satisfied the Janissaries. During the ten days that preceded the arrival of Siawousch, every morning, the people, on rising, came to count the dead bodies suspended during the night to the branches of the *plane-tree*.

Siawousch, sick of the gout, a sickness expiatory of idleness and the indulgences of the harem, died on his arrival, the very night he caused to be strangled his enemy the defterdar. The victim and the murderer were carried together to the field of the dead, going to accuse and to excuse each other before the supreme Judge.

Mohammed-Pasha, *the wry-necked*, governor of Syria, was called to the seals. Forty wounds received in the wars with Persia, of which one had severed a muscle of the neck, had obtained him this surname and the office. The new caïmakam, Yousouf, purged, in awaiting his advent, the city from the nocturnal bands which continued to reign over the Hippodrome, and to hang the victims pointed out to them on the fatal *plane-tree*. He wrung from the Janissaries themselves, assembled round the banner of the Prophet, the punishment of their own agitators, Roum-Hassan, Schamli, Jamacali, and Kara-Othman. Their heads were exposed in terror to their accomplices before the gate of the seraglio and under the tree which they had turned into a gibbet.

XL.

It was learned, the day after those massacres, at Constantinople, that the fleet of the capitan-pasha Kenaan was destroyed at the mouth of the Dardanelles by the Venetians. Eighty vessels or galleys were burned or sunk in this battle by Admiral Marcello, whose name remained thenceforth no less terrible to the Turks than that of Don John of Austria, after the disaster of Lepanto. Tenedos, Lemnos, Samothrace, islands of the heart of the empire, returned under the dominion of Venice.

Mohammed *the wry-necked*, scarce arrived at Constanti-

nople, discovered a plot of the ambitious Masoud, become mufti by the inconsiderate favor of the Sultana Tarkhan, too much charmed with his eloquence in the divan. He had conspired the deposition of Mahomet IV., and the coronation of Souleiman, of whom he expected the guardianship. Sent in exile to Broussa, and conspiring there to revolt Caramania, the judge of Broussa, who watched his movements, exposed them to the Porte. A letter of the Sultan ordered the judge to send his head to the mufti. On receipt of this letter, the judge directed the investment, by a band of simulated hunters, of the country house of Masoud, situated on the steeps of Mount Olympus. He was taken by surprise, eating fruits with his women in a kiosk of his gardens, by moonlight.

At the sight of his murderers, he did not submit like a pontiff, but drew his sabre and fought desperately for life and for vengeance. His body, left on the brink of the fountain where he had come to seek the delights of a summer night, was visited next day, in throngs, with equal curiosity by the Mussulmans and by the Christians of Broussa. The one revered in him a martyr, the others execrated in him a persecutor who shut up, while he was mufti, the Christian churches of Constantinople. Masoud, the second of the muftis deceased by execution, was of the worst sort of persecutors, a persecutor without faith, a hypocrite of fanaticism. The intrigue, the ambition, the agitation of his life, his talents and his eloquence during this *Fronde** of the Turks, under the minority of Mahomet IV., recalls the Cardinal de Retz, in France. Men of tumult, both one and the other, they never could attain to the elevated object of their ambition; they looked for glory, they attained noise.

XLI.

These executions did not re-open the Dardanelles, blockaded at Tenedos by the Venetians, did not reinforce the army of Candia, did not fill up the void of the treasury, did not restore the fleet, did not recruit the army. The Sultan, who was growing up in years and in reason, assembled vainly divan upon divan, to infuse, by his reproaches to the vizier, some vigor into the monarchy. The fall of Mohammed *the*

* A well-known factious and bloody epoch in French history.—*Translator.*

wry-necked was resolved by a generous impatience of the young Sultan. "I wish," said he one day to the divan, "to march myself at the head of the troops against the Venetians who are ravaging our provinces of Greece: prepare me, vizier, an army and a fleet worthy of a padischah."

The grand vizier pleaded impossibility of extemporizing a fleet at a time when indiscipline had ruined the obedience of the troops, seditions the organization of the empire, the Venetians and the tempests the materials of a new fleet, and when the public treasury, receiving no longer the produce of the imposts, could be replenished but by voluntary offerings from the enriched, as greedy to retain as they had been grasping to acquire.

The Sultan having communicated this response to his mother, she had called to her by night, in a secret interview, the old Koeprilu, who carried in his head the council of the empire. "All is perishing," said she to him, "for want of a man capable of sustaining and retrieving the *world*; dost thou feel thyself to have, as it is said, the courage and the genius to accept, in a situation so desperate, the burden of the government?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "with the aid of God and the blessing of the Sultana Validé, I take the engagement of re-establishing all, on condition of controlling all, of suffering no equal and no rival in the absolute confidence of the Sultan and of his mother, of seeing my orders implicitly ratified by him, and of being believed by him and by you upon my own word, and not upon the calumnies of enemies."

The Sultana vowed, in the name of her son and on her own part, to keep faithfully to the conditions of this absolute dictatorship demanded by the necessary man. The following day, Koeprilu received the seal of State, in full divan, from the hands of the Sultan, and Mohammed *the wry-necked* was sent into exile.

The tardy advent of a single man was the restoration of a whole people. The hand of the young Sultan, in feeling gropingly so many heads, at last lighted on the predestined of the empire.

BOOK TWENTY-SEVENTH.

I.

WE should neither too much depreciate men often capable, but unfortunate, who cannot arrest, with all their efforts, the decadence of empires, nor too much exalt those who retrieve them. Independently of merit, there is a destiny which goes for much in the good fortune or the ill success of statesmen. In the course of human affairs, there are ill-chosen moments when nothing is possible even to virtue, to heroism, to genius, and which seem to doom misfortune to those who live and who reign beneath their influence. There are others when those adverse circumstances appear, so to say, exhausted, when excess of evil, sheer weariness of anarchy, terror or shame at the general ruin, the return to order, that equilibrium of societies, and the coincidences of the public mind with favorable events, render all things easy, because the most difficult then becomes possible. Evil has its excess, as good has its apogee. Arrived at the summit of the good, nations descend; fallen to the worst, they remount: it is the law of our human nature, infirm in crime as it is in virtue.*

* This paraphrase of the Shakespearian "tide in the affairs of men"—that political philosophy of the poets of all times—may be convenient to explain the contrast, no less sudden than extreme, between the Empire and the Republic, in the author's own country. Destiny is indeed the habitual excuse of failure, if not incompetency, for it spares at once the trouble and the exposure of deeper scrutiny: it may be left, however, as a charitable consolation to defeat. But where is the human *progress*, the *indefinite* perfectibility of the party of which Lamartine has been so lately the "predestined" leader, if, as he now thinks, the social system be like that monarch of the song, who marched his soldiers up the hill but to march them down again?—*Translator.*

Turkey was in one of those hours when a people is seized with shame of itself, and when the prospect of its inevitable ruin gives it back the will and the energy of self-salvation. The whole merit of Koeprilu, this Richelieu of the Ottomans, was to have faith in this recuperative force of his nation; his whole good fortune was to have been called to the government just at the moment when Turkey was willing to be governed. A year sooner, he would have been swept down in the general crash of things and men; a year later, there would be no empire to save. Dates, which are the opportunity of things, do not receive sufficient attention, in the estimates formed of statesmen by philosophic historians.* The years in which they rise are one of the principal elements of the justice or the injustice that is done to their name. God has reserved himself a larger part than is believed in political glories: he who has appeared before Providence calls him is a pest; he who comes at the nick of the age is a great man. Such was Koeprilu, called by the western historians Koproli, and more generally Kiuperli.

II.

Nothing up to those latter times had signalized him for the supreme power, and his old age, which was advancing with his seventy-second year, seemed rather to detrude him from the active scene of public business where he had hitherto played parts, though honorable, almost fruitless.

It was said that his family was of French origin; there is nothing to confirm or to contradict it. The family, till then obscure, may have floated, like so many others expatriated by the movement of religions and of races, from the coast of France to that of Italy, from that of Italy across the Adriatic, and have nationalized itself in Albania. The Albanian father of Kiuperli had transported his family and his goods into one of the fertile valleys of Asia Minor, near Amasia. The village from which he took his name or to which he gave his was called *Koepri* (the Bridge); it is now called *Visir Koepri* or Visirs' Bridge, in remembrance of three great statesmen given by this hamlet to the glory of

* This is true in fact. But it is not the dates that are of value, but the *principles* that give them meaning. And these principles are overlooked, not by "philosophic historians," but by historians without philosophy, which is as yet the common case.—*Translator*.

the empire. Situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, at the confluence of two torrents which rush to swell the river Halys, an affluent of the Black Sea, it is renowned for its waters, for its barley, for its pears, its apples, its raisins, its cherries and its wool. It is in bringing quite young by the Black Sea, these products of the pastures and of the orchards of his father to the market of Constantinople, that Kiuperli, acquainted with the purveyors of the palace, became first an aid and then the chief of the kitchens of the seraglio. Although illiterate like an Albanian shepherd, his intelligence and his zeal attracted the notice of the grand vizier Kara-Mustapha, his compatriot, who brought him out of the kitchen to pas him into the army, and to rise from grade to grade up to the rank of mirakhor or grand equerry.

The vicissitudes of those agitated times had kept him almost always remote from the court since his youth ; at one time governor of Jerusalem, anon of Damascus or of Tripoli, always irreproachable and esteemed in his different functions, impressing with a high opinion of him the pashas who traversed his provinces, dreaded by the factions, beloved by the people, and forming around him a clientage of esteem and of friendship, which gave umbrage to no superior ambition—it is thus that he had reached an old age without splendor but without shade ; one of those men of whom the genius is suspected but at the hour of setting. Mohammed the *wry-necked* had recalled him from Damascus, then appointed him to the inferior government of Gustendjil, when his name began to be pronounced with a low voice in the seraglio. Kiuperli, offended at this unmerited banishment to Gustendjil, had postponed his departure, contemplating from the shade in which he was placed the anarchies and the ruins of the empire.

His elevation astonished and scandalized the numerous pretenders to power, who were hardly acquainted with his name. The oulemas used to say : “ Why, he is an ignorant man who can neither write nor read.” The soldiers said : “ He is a mere civic administrator who knows nothing of war, and who has let himself be vanquished by the rebel, Warder-Pasha.” The financiers said : “ He is a man without means, who can do nothing for the penury of the treasury.” All said : “ He is an old man, deprived by years of that fire of the blood which imparts force to human volitions ; and he who mounts so late and so high must soon

descend into the tomb to which alone he should have turned his thoughts."

III.

The first acts of Kiuperli were not slow to belie these presages of envy and of ignorance. He renounced from the first day the impoverishing system of extortions which put capital to flight, and restored gold to the currency by restoring confidence to proprietors. He energetically refused the Sultan the head and treasures of his predecessor, Mohammed the *wry-necked*, whom the courtiers wished to kill for his spoils.

A religious sedition of the orthodox Mussulmans against the dervishes and the sophis their adversaries, having agitated the capital some days after his installation, he embarked resolutely for the island of Cyprus all the intolerant fanatics who were disturbing the mosques in the name of their mystic visions. A mendicant monk, named Turk, on account of his savage austerity, who concealed the most shameful lusts beneath the appearance of asceticism, wished to bring back the Mussulmans to the nudity of the brute, to proscribe loose pantaloons, the use of combs, spoons, as instruments superfluous to man, to whom God had given fingers; plate, stuffs, arts, music, dancing, were likewise the object of his sumptuary maledictions. This madman ranted with more indecency the philosophical maledictions of Jean-Jacques-Rousseau against the state of civilization. "But," added he in professing also the famous impeccability of the Christian quietists of the seventeenth century, "man once sanctified may give himself up in secret, without sin, to all the pleasures of licentiousness."

Kiuperli exiled him into contempt, instead of popularizing him by martyrdom; he removed the mufti who had lent a hand, through weakness, to the persecutions of the sect of the orthodox, against the sect of the sophis, those Puritans of Islamism. The defterdar having been assailed with stones by the Janissaries on pay day: "Take patience like me," said he to him, "until patience gives us strength, and have your broken windows repaired; the day will come."

Temporization, that policy of the aged, wore out what force could not yet crush. Sedition ceased to be popular. Behind the vizier the factions began to feel a public opinion, that supreme vizier.

IV.

The ambassadors of Persia brought pledges of peace; the Emperor Leopold I. of Germany asked the renewal of the truces; King Gustavus of Sweden implored the aid of Kiuperli against the Russians. He promised it to this prince on condition of reconciling himself with the Poles, the natural enemies of the Russians. The Poles, on their part, denounced to him a conspiracy of the Russians for exciting in the empire a rebellion of all the subjects of the Sultan professing the Greek religion; he felt the importance of such an insurrection at that epoch when the empire counted five armed Mussulmans to one unarmed Greek. He refused to the Poles the impolitic war wherein they sought to engage him at the north, while the war with Venice required all his attention and all his forces at the south. Although the Catholic and chivalrous spirit of the French nobility did violence to the policy of Louis XIV., in going individually to fight and die as volunteers in Candia, he had no difficulty in retaining that power in the traditional alliance of Francis I., through fear of the ascendant which the decay of Turkey would give the house of Austria, that eternal rival of France.

V.

The Turkish demagogues of the *plane-tree* having recommenced their conclaves to resume by terror the ascendant which they had wielded on those days of massacre, he went to the house of the mufti and demanded a fetwa legitimizing in advance all the acts of his administration: "But to what purpose?" asked the mufti, astonished. "To be assured of your fidelity," replied Kiuperli, "so that if ever the enemies of public order should succeed in seducing you or intimidating you as they have done your predecessors, this writing may testify before the Sultan and before posterity that we have acted in concert for the safety of the *world*."

The mufti, bound to his friend by this community of purpose, furnished with confidence the fetwa. It contained the annihilation of the spahis, those factionists of all the revolts. On horseback, at the head of the Janissaries whom he had detached from their old accomplices, Kiuperli invested them with troops and cannon in their barracks. At the

dawn of day all the State corps convoked by his orders at the seraglio received from the Sultan, kept invisible, a kattscherif thus conceived : " Since my accession to the throne the spahis have not ceased to disobey, to trifle with the respect they owe me and with the honor of the empire. In consequence we have charged our grand vizier to annihilate them ; let the good lend assistance to my vizier against the perverse. The chiefs of the rebels must be seized and put to death."

The measures were taken, the lists drawn up, the guilty designated, the fetwa covered all with the authority of law and religion ; the chiefs, seized by the grand vizier and by the aga of the Janissaries, during their nocturnal round, were in the hands of the executioners. Sixty heads of faction chiefs, in the number of which were those of the kiaya of the Djebedjis Khalil-Aga, of the grand chamberlain Khasseki, Moustapha-Aga, fell before the grated window of the seraglio, where, some two years before, the Sultan endured the bloody exigence of the factions and delivered to death his eunuchs and his preceptor. The weakness of his infancy and the outrages inflicted on him were thus washed out on the very spot where the offenders had triumphed over him. Kiuperli, obscure and timid, so long as the hour had not arrived for the complete restoration of the throne, appeared all of a sudden to the Ottomans like the armed phantom of justice, the executor of the vengeance of God.

The former grand vizier, Siawousch-Pasha, counting on the support of the harem, and spotted with some reminiscences of old factions, having temporized with the order of exile which he had received, Kiuperli demanded his death as an example to obscurer culprits. The Sultan refused by the suggestion of his mother. " Take back, then, the seals," rejoined the inflexible minister, " since despite your engagements with your slave you do not ratify all that I judge necessary for your safety."

" My lala," replied Mahomet IV., " do as thou wilt ; I abandon the heads of all who cross thy designs." The menace was sufficient to send off Siawousch.

VI.

Order thus restored internally, he reconstituted the fleet and the army, recovered in his will the martial vigor of his youth, and advanced himself by land at the head of the

troops on the European coast of the Dardanelles, to raise the blockade while the fleet was sailing abreast with the army. The Janissaries aboard the squadron having faltered at the first shock from the Venetian vessels, Kiuperli ordered to fire upon the cowards from the coast batteries and forced them to return to the charge. The flag-ship of Mocenigo, admiral of the Venetians, was blown up, being struck in the powder-hold by a heated ball from the fortress of the Dardanelles. This explosion set on fire two hundred Venetian galleys, cannonaded at the same time from both banks. A thick smoke, rolled back along the channel by the south wind, covered during two hours the awful mystery of this struggle between men, ships, fires, winds and waves. The Ottoman fleet had perished with that of the Venetians. The Dardanelles were but one vast cemetery of vessels of which the hulks were smoking still. But the sea of the Archipelago and of Crete was reopened to the Ottomans.

"Come, my falcon," cried the Sultan on receiving at his return the gunner, Kara-Mahommed, who had pointed the cannon at the flag-ship, "let the bread of the padischah be for ever thy legitimate nourishment! May God recompense the brave such as thou!" He kissed him on the eyes, attached with his own hands two aigrettes of precious stones to his turban, and stripped off his own caftan to put it on him.

Kiuperli did not conceal the cowardice of the Janissaries, although interested in managing them for their support of him against the spahis: to flatter the faults of his soldiers appeared to him as impolitic as to corrupt them. Their kiaya and seven of their colonels who had drawn their soldiers into flight were beheaded behind his tent, and their heads thrown with contempt into the sea. The capitan-pasha, dreading his vengeance, took refuge with some vessels on the coast of Africa. Kiuperli quieted his fears by indulgent letters. A new squadron, rapidly equipped by his orders, transported the vizier and the army to Tenedos. The island fell back promptly into his hands. Lemnos followed the lot of Tenedos.

VII.

Kiuperli sent from Tenedos to the Sultan an invitation to transfer his court to Adrianople, lest in his absence he

might be beset by the intrigues of the ambitious and by the seditions of the people. The passion of Mahomet IV. for the chase supplied a pretext for this removal. A pigeon which he transpierced with an arrow at the age of eight years in the Fresh-water valley, had been chanted by the poets of the capital as an exploit worthy of his ancestors. This Sultan never dreamed of higher glory.

In 1658, an expedition against Rakoczy, prince of Transylvania, removed anew Kiuperli from Adrianople during winter. An ally of the hetman of the Cossacks, who furnished sixty thousand cavalry, Rakoczy, attacked on one side by the grand vizier, on the other by two hundred thousand Tartar cavalry, who inundated his provinces, left one hundred thousand dead upon the field of battle, and took refuge with his wrecks behind the Theiss. The rest of the youths of Transylvania were led into slavery by the Tartars of the Crimea. Barcsay was invested by the Porte with the sovereignty of Transylvania, subject to a yearly tribute of forty thousand ducats.

VIII.

A revolt of Abaza-Hasan in Asia Minor recalled Kiuperli to arms. This rebel, companion of Ipschyr, had, as has been seen, quitted Scutari with a handful of Turcoman *lewends* after the murder of that vizier. The annihilation of the spahis had served him with a pretext for insurrecting anew the Turcomans, and marching with a hundred thousand horse upon Broussa. He despatched thence to the Sultan deputies charged to demand the dismissal of Kiuperli, the exterminator of the spahis.

"I will not dismiss my faithful vizier," replied Mahomet IV.; "he has executed my orders." He followed Kiuperli to Scutari to encounter Abaza. Three pashas and thirteen hundred spahis of the army of the Sultan, who were discovered to have a secret understanding with the rebels, were massacred by order of the grand vizier.

Mourteza-Pasha, his lieutenant, at the head of fifty thousand Janissaries, lost eight thousand men in the first battle against Abaza. The grand vizier, without reproaching him for his reverse, reinforced him with a second army. He drove Abaza back to the Euphrates. Perfidious negotiations were opened between the two generals before the walls of Aleppo.

Mourteza persuaded the simple and credulous Turcoman that if he retired from the city and the citadel of Aleppo, his pardon would be easily obtained from Kiuperli. Abaza withdrew beyond the walls. Mourteza entered the city. A truce reigned between the two camps. Under pretext of a fête of reconciliation, Mourteza invited Abaza-Hassan to re-enter Aleppo with a retinue of cavalry. The inhabitants of Aleppo, among whom this escort were billeted, had orders to massacre each his guest at the signal of a cannon discharged from the fortress.

At the close of the supper given by Mourteza-Pasha to Abaza, "Give," said he to the pages, "give the pashas, our brothers, water for the ablutions of evening prayer." Instead of the water of ablutions, the posted satellites of Mourteza shed at this signal the blood of their guests. Abaza and thirty of his generals fell by the dagger of the assassins. The cannon-shot announced their parting breath to the hosts of the Turcoman cavaliers of the guard; each of them brought a head to Mourteza. Thus perished the revolt by treachery—a sad vicissitude of despotic governments.

IX.

The hero almost fabulous of the age, the conqueror of Crete, Deli-Houssein, recalled from Candia, where he had shed his blood during so many years for the faith, was sacrificed, not to the security of the empire, but to the suspicions of Kiuperli. Deli-Houssein had been elevated solely by his exploits; he was incapable of crime.

Born at Jenyschyr, of a simple wood-cutter of that valley, he had entered the seraglio as baltadji, in his boyhood, under Amurath IV. The ambassador of Persia having made a present to the Sultan of a bow which the most vigorous athletes of the capital could not bend, Deli-Houssein, in carrying wood into the chamber of the kishlar-aga, found, by chance, this bow suspended on the wall. Alone in the apartment, he tried his strength upon the bow, and succeeded easily in bending it, and tying the string to its two extremities; then, hearing the footsteps of the chief of the eunuchs, and fearing to be surprised in his indiscretion, he slid off, leaving the strung bow in the chamber.

The kishlar-aga, on entering, was astonished to find the bow displaced and ready to receive the arrow. He interro-

gated Houssein, who avowed his fault, a fault which became his fortune and his glory. The Sultan Amurath IV., a vigorous archer himself, admired an archer more robust still than he, made trial of him in presence of his court, attached him to his hunting-service, and ended with making him his grand equerry. Instinct for war and his good fortune did the rest. The army knew but his name. He was thought of in the extremity of the fortunes of the empire; he had been twice designed for the post of grand vizier. Kiuperli dreaded that his military glory might eclipse his own political power. He had appointed him capitan-pasha less through personal favor than in deference to public opinion.

Some vague accusations of malversation in the management of the funds of the marine, supplied a pretext for his hatred. He communicated his hostility to the Sultan; the Sultan, docile, called Houssein before him and overwhelmed him with abuse. Imprisoned in the Seven Towers, Houssein expiated, two days after, his too conspicuous glory by an ungrateful death. This death is the sole stain upon Kiuperli. Perhaps he thought it just and necessary to the security of Mahomet IV., on whom the military factions, who were looking for a chief, would have promptly imposed through Houssein the servitude from which he had delivered the empire. Perhaps he sacrificed him to the longing of being alone great in public opinion after this rival in influence. Conscience and policy are so commingled in the soul of a statesman, in despotic governments, that the historians sometimes attribute to crime what is duty, and to duty what is crime.

X.

The poet Abdi, become afterwards the historian of his age, was appointed governor of maritime Arabia, where the rebels had propagated the agitation. Syria was purged by Ali-Pasha, lieutenant of Kiuperli, of all the Drusian chieftains who were stirring up anew these mountains.

Upon the Danube, Michné, Greek by birth, who got himself crowned, by the monks, archduke of Wallachia, insurrected these provinces against the Turks. An army of Tartars, of Poles and of Cossacks, allies of the empire, defeated him at Yassy, killed fifteen thousand of his partisans in a battle of three days, and forced him to take refuge in the

ranks of Rakocz, amongst the last defenders of the cause of this rebel.

The asylum lent by Austria to the ambitious Rakocz became, between Kiuperli and the Austrian ambassador, the text of grievances which were to end in war. Fidelity to the conditions of the truce had honored thus far the Ottoman diplomacy. The excursions of Rakocz into the Austrian provinces had been energetically reproved and even repressed by the Porte. It was one of the causes of the insurrection of the Transylvanians against the Turks. The German generals availed themselves of it to take, in the name of this vanquished and ousted prince, possession of the strongholds and the fortresses of Hungary. The pasha of Ofen, indignant, marched in his turn against the fortress of Grosswardein, occupied by the imperialists. Houssein-Pasha carried the place reputed impregnable. "Its ramparts are so high," says the Ottoman historiographer, witness of the siege, "that a bird could scarce attain the summit, and its trenches are so deep that thought itself could not dare to cross them."

The Russians took advantage of this diversion of the Germans to excite the Cossacks of the Dniester to unite with them against the Tartars. The Khan of the Tartars, informed of those insinuations, raised forty thousand cavalry to forestall the Russians. Firasch-Beg, his general, defeated their vanguard on the banks of the Arel. Seventy thousand Russians approached to avenge this defeat. Mohammed-Gherai, Khan of the Tartars, enveloped them with a cloud of Tartar and Cossack cavalry, at that time allies; thirty thousand Russians were left on the steppes of the field of battle; thirty thousand more were led captive into the Crimea.

The Poles sent ambassadors to congratulate the Porte on this victory over the common enemy. The Russians sent also to complain of the aggression of the Tartars. Kiuperli temporized in his replies. The symptoms of approaching war with Austria forbade him to divide his forces. He recalled from Ofen Sidi-Ahmed-Pasha, one of the old rebels of whom he had adjourned the punishment, and he ordered the seraskier of Hungary, Ali-Pasha, to send him his head. Sidi-Ahmed, drawn by treachery into the tent of the seraskier, received five balls in the body, from the hand of the chiaoux. He made his way through them despite his wounds, sabre in hand, and, leaping on his horse, was going to escape from his murderers, when the chiaoux cut the houghs of his

horse. Sidi-Ahmed in looking back, saw one of his own servants taking aim at his head : "Traitor ! ruffian !" exclaimed he ; then wrapping himself in his mantle to avoid seeing so much ingratitude, he waited, like Cæsar, without movement, to be finally despatched before the tent of the seraskier.

XI.

A campaign of the Poles and the Tartars against the Russians, fomented by Kiuperli, but in which he did not engage the Ottoman troops, annihilated, at Azof, twenty thousand Cossacks, who had sold themselves this time to the Russians. Kiuperli directed the construction of new fortresses to shut up the empire, too open on the north, one at the mouth of the Don, called Seddoul-Islam (barrier of Islamism) ; another on the banks of the Dnieper, at the *falcon's ford* ; a third in the middle of the steppes of Tartary, between the Dnieper and the Don, to consolidate the domination over the Tartars themselves, the most numerous, the nearest in blood, but the most indisciplinable of his feudatories ; a fourth between the Caspian and the Black Seas, in those deserts which from time to time pour torrents of men upon the north and upon the south.

The fortresses of the Dardanelles were multiplied and re-armed, to serve as shoals not to be crossed by the new fleets which Venice might try to send to the heart of the empire. It was then he made this answer to the Austrian ambassador, who complained of the assaults of Grosswardein, and demanded reparation : "The lion, my master, fears no longer either fire or water, and if all the Christian powers united by sea and by land wish to try his strength, let them do it. I have lived long enough to re-establish, although old when come to power, at once the throne of my padischah and the religion of the Prophét."

XII.

His genius shed in flickering into extinction its brightest gleams. Exhausted of days and glutted of glory, he felt life retiring without afflicting himself at death. His work survived him ; his name could not die. He sent to beg the Sultan, who venerated him like a father, to come to his bed-

side to hold a secret divan of death. He bequeathed him, in this long interview, his policy :

"All the misfortunes of your infancy," said he to him, "are come of the influence of women and their government. Give up to them your heart, never your policy. Do not let idleness corrupt your troops, and show yourself often at the head of your armies, so that the factions may tremble at home, and the *giasours* respect you abroad. As to the treasury, never suffer it to remain empty, for misfortune may at any moment come from the four points of the horizon upon an empire so vast as yours ; but no misfortune is irreparable with a full treasury and a faithful people."

He expired in peace, after having poured his experience into the memory and into the heart of his young sovereign. Come into power at seventy-two, he had governed but five years ; but these five years had resuscitated Turkey.

XIII.

Scarce had Mohammed-Koeprilu or Kiuperli, resigned the last breath, than the Sultan called to Adrianople the eldest of his sons, Ahmed Kiuperli. This young man, twenty-six years old, was then *caïmakam* or lieutenant of his father, at Constantinople. Mahomet IV. gave him the seals of the empire as a heritage ; it was the 1st November, 1661.

Ahmed Kiuperli, was given by nature the character and uncultivated genius of his father ; but he had beside, from the good fortune of his birth, a literary and political education which gave completeness to his natural endowments. The history of this family, wherein the viziership was three times inherited, is in some sort that of the empire for a period of twenty-seven years. Ahmed was the greatest of the three Kiuperlis. In this quality, nothing that characterizes this historic man can be indifferent to the recital : the peoples pass away anonymous, they survive to posterity but through a few great names.

XIV.

Among all the statesmen who by their works have inscribed their names as deeply in the corresponding reigns as the kings themselves, he with whom Ahmed Kiuperli presents the closest analogy is the great English statesman Mr.

Pitt. Like him, he governed sovereignly under a prince effaced from the throne; like him, he succeeded in the flower of his youth to the functions and to the genius of a father who had prepared a successor in his son; like him, his genius was different, but equal to that of his father; like him, he lived but to govern; his sole personal passion was the passion of authority over his nation, of defence of his country, of the grandeur of the monarchy; like him, in fine, he died young, and at the work, without having known disgrace, leaving after him a renown bitter to the enemies of his country, but which is blended, in the mind of the English and of the Ottomans, with the patriotism of the country itself.

Ahmed Kiuperli had had no boyhood. His father, to provide against the vicissitudes of fortune and the spoliations which assail in Turkey the public functionaries more than others, wished to secure this cherished son against such catastrophes and spoliations by attaching to a body more humble, but less exposed, the oulemas. He designed him for the civil functions of judge or of mufti. His studies had been by so much the more precocious and the more serious that his father, who could neither read nor write, appreciated at a higher value for his son the advantages of an education of which he had been deprived himself. The admirable aptitude of the young man had corresponded to his opportunities. Religion, civil law, public law, politics, eloquence, history, poetry, the Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Italian tongues nourished his intellect and adorned his memory. He had drawn from an immense and an assiduous course of reading the maturity of ideas and the elegance of style which inspire firmness of thought and fluency of elocution. These studies and these tastes for the severe pleasures of the intellect had early impressed his attitude and his features with a character of gentle reflection and gravity which do not impose respect, but which inspire it.

His exterior revealed a precocious maturity. He was of tall and noble stature, a little drooped forward; his forehead was spacious, his eyes frank, his complexion like that of a man who has lived in the shade of libraries; his address was humble, becoming, gracious; the rusticity and bluntness of the father had disappeared in the son; he seemed desirous rather to have it forgotten than remembered that he was the son of a grand vizier. Attached through the philosophy which had been taught him, to real and permanent goods

such as virtue and glory, rather than to perishable goods such as ambition, sensuality, riches, his disinterestedness was exemplary, and the presents which he used to be offered were to him offences. A supporter of law and of order by duty, never by anger or by passion, he had a horror of the *tschaouschs*, of the *chiaoux*, of the *spahis*, those instruments of the massacres which dishonored, even under his father, the policy of the *divan*, and he was unwilling to seek from chastisement what he could not obtain from the reason and from the interest, well-understood, of the people. The *khodja* of *Kiuperli*, *Othman*, a man consummate in wisdom and science, had transmitted his virtue to his pupil.

Such was the man to whom *Mahomet IV.* was going to confide his throne and his empire. Fatigued before having lived by the storms that agitated his cradle, happy to have found security and peace under the tutelage of a minister, alone exposed to the vicissitudes of factions, while he was enjoying the leisures, the loves, and the recreations of youth, addicted to the chase like a son of the *Turcomans*, this Sultan had resolved, as much through instinct as policy, to never reign himself, in order to remove from his person the terrible troubles and responsibilities of government; but upright and firm in his selections, he knew already how to choose his ministers, and to sustain after having well chosen them. The name of *Kiuperli*, independently of the merit of him who bore it, appeared to him a celestial designation, a name of happy omen for the empire and for his house.

XV.

Ahmed-Kiuperli disappointed none of those presages. Although young, his travels in all the provinces of the empire, the government of *Damascus*, some campaigns against the *Kurds* and the *Druses*, and, in fine, his recent exercise of the functions of *caïmakam* at *Constantinople*, as well as the example and conversations of his father, had prepared him for public business. He commenced by showing himself severe, in order to afford to be indulgent with impunity. He wished to relax insensibly the bloody springs of the government; but he also wished his lenity should not be construed into weakness, and that authority, in changing its regimen, should abate nothing of the respect due it.

The grand chamberlain, *Deli-Hafiz*, enemy of *Mohammed-*

Kiuperli, his father, having testified an almost factious joy at the moment when the shrouded body of the grand vizier passed before his house, Ahmed exiled him to Cyprus. The mufti having recriminated in the divan against some of the executions of the late government: "Who has signed these fetwas of death?" he was asked. "I have," replied the mufti; "but I have signed them through intimidation, and because I feared for my own life." "Effendi," said to him severely the new grand vizier, "is it for thee, who art versed in the law of the prophet, to fear a minister more than thou fearest God?"

The mufti, dismissed, went to expiate his cowardice to Rhodes. The virtuous Sanizadé was appointed mufti in his place.

XVI.

The order so completely re-established in the empire by his father permitted him to turn his first attention to Germany. The first of the Kiuperlis had prepared all in view of an energetic repression of the court hostility of Austria. The war was kindled of itself in the conterminous provinces of the two empires, that is, in Hungary and in Transylvania. The commanders of the strongholds of the imperialist party and the pashas, governors of provinces on the side of the Turks, made war or peace without the warrant of their respective governments. The generals, almost all Italians, of the army of the Emperor Leopold, and the Lorrain and French volunteers, brought to his armies by the fanaticism of glory and of religion, made themselves, in the interest of the Pope and of Venice, the champions of a holy war which policy did not as yet avow. Hungarian and Transylvanian partisans, excited by the chivalry of Germany, of Italy, of France, made war now under one pretext, then under another, upon the Turkish garrisons of the Danube.

Ali, pasha of Ofen, having sent Housseïn-Pasha to Hutz as negotiator, Housseïn was shot perfidiously by the commander of Hutz. Ali avenged the assassination of his ambassador by an incursion into the Palatinate of Marmarosch. Transylvania was kindled; a Transylvanian noble received the investiture. The Tartars of the Crimea, an innumerable cavalry, who were to the Turks what the Cossacks were to the Russians, having hastened to the call of

Ali-Pasha, reinforced him with forty thousand sabres. Hermanstadt and Temeswar were redeemed from conflagration but by a ransom of two hundred thousand ducats, an indemnity for the expenses of the war made disloyally upon the Turks.

Kemeny, another pretender to the sovereignty of Transylvania, supported indirectly by the Imperialists, re-entered with an army of partisans this province after the retreat of Ali and of the Tartars. Vanquished, as had been a year before Rakoczy by Koutschouk-Pasha, lieutenant of Ali, Kemeny, thrown from his horse, perished in the route under the feet of the pursuing horses of the pasha.

XVII.

All presaged an approaching, and, so to say, involuntary conflict between the two empires, urged on by their populations. Kiuperli would have wished to adjourn the struggle until the end of the war with Venice and of the slow conquest of Crete. The party of the harem, on whom his youth and inexperience imposed less deference than they were wont to pay the old Kiuperli, accused him of procrastination, and complained of the too absolute authority which he pretended, like his father, to exercise over the Sultan. The Sultana Validé Tarkhan, irritated that he should have removed the defterdar Houssein-Pasha, her creature, represented to her son that if deference was laudable when paid to a man of advanced age, it was humiliating towards a young man who had nothing great as yet but pride. She employed, to incite her son to the desire of reigning by himself, the insinuations of the favorites, and the exhortations even of the sheiks.

One day as the Sultan was passing on horseback before the mosque "of Roses," at Adrianople, whilst a celebrated preacher was in the pulpit, Mahomet IV. dismounted, and entered to listen to the sacred discourse. The preacher, on perceiving the Sultan, changed of a sudden the text, and addressing indirectly the padischah : "We have placed thee upon the earth," cried he, citing a verse of the Koran, "to be the successor of the Prophet; judge then thyself with justice the men whom we have confided to thee."

Mahomet IV., another time, by the advice of his mother, abstained for some days from the chase, the sole occupation of his life; he placed himself behind the railing of the kiosk "of Reviews," whence he could see all who attended at the

audiences of the grand vizier, and punished, himself, severely, all the Christians who presented themselves in the costume reserved by the laws for the Mussulmans. A young Armenian, who, according to the custom tolerated practically, wore upon his wedding-day yellow slippers, was torn, by the orders of the Sultan, from the procession and his bride, and punished with death.

An exercise of authority so puerile and so atrocious made Adrianople murmur, and convinced the Sultan himself and his mother that the government would be but the hap-hazard of ignorance and despotism in such hands. The Sultana Tarkhan became reconciled to Kiuperli, by means of some adroit favors which the grand vizier accorded to the confidant of that princess, Schamizadé. A political league between these three influences of the seraglio confirmed the authority of the grand vizier.

XVIII.

Venice, weary of a war which was exhausting its finances and arsenals, commenced to negotiate an underhand arrangement, through Ballarino, its secret agent at Adrianople. Kiuperli, attentive to the dispositions of Germany, from which he augured a continental war, showed himself disposed to divide the possession of Crete with the republic, and to adjourn one of those wars in order to turn the whole forces of the empire against the Imperialists. A naval encounter in the waters of Chio, between the Venetian and the Ottoman fleets, broke off by accident these negotiations. Those of the Porte with Austria, on the subject of Transylvania, resulted, at the close of the year 1662, but in a complete rupture of the long peace five times renewed under the name of truce. The Porte refused definitively to renounce the right of appointing the princes of Transylvania. The 16th March, 1663, Kiuperli, after having appointed his brother-in-law, Kara-Mustapha, caïmakam of Constantinople to answer to him for the capital in his absence, set out from Adrianople to take upon himself the command of the army.

The Sultan accompanied his vizier to the first station outside Adrianople, and delivered to him with pomp the banner of the Prophet and a sabre of which the hilt was enriched with diamonds. The army was awaiting him at Belgrade; it received the all-powerful vizier as it would have

received the Sultan. The two brothers of Kiuperli, Moustapha-Beg and Ali-Beg, marched at his side ; the entire army wheeled round after he passed to accompany him to his tent, erected on the crest of the hillocks at the foot of which the Danube is confounded with the Save, a river nearly as broad as that in which it loses its waters.

The Baron de Goes and the Austrian resident at Adrianople, Reninger, plenipotentiaries of the Duke De Sagan, minister of the empire, awaited Kiuperli at Belgrade to make a last attempt at peace. The vizier received them with politeness, but coldly ; he conducted them on horseback in his train to an elevation from which the eye could take in his entire army. It was composed of one hundred and twenty-five thousand picked men, of one hundred and twenty-five pieces of field artillery, of twelve enormous siege cannons, of sixty thousand camels and twelve thousand mules, carrying provisions and munitions. One hundred and twenty thousand Tartars were on their march to swell this host with a cloud of badly disciplined and devastating cavalry. Ahmed-Gherai, son of the khan of the Tartars, commanded it. Such an army, in the hands of a young man whom the name of Koeprilu or Kiuperli rendered formidable to the enemies of the empire, was the most eloquent of diplomacies. The conferences were opened under this impression.

Kiuperli, to withdraw, demanded only the conditions of Soliman the Great, so long accepted by Austria, that is to say, the recognition of the right of protection of the Porte over Transylvania, the restitution of the Hungarian cities, conquered against the faith of treaties by Austrian partisans, in fine, the renewal of the annual tribute of three hundred thousand ducats, paid formerly, and now fallen into dissuetude by Austria. The plenipotentiaries promised satisfaction on the two first heads ; as to the last, they declared that they could not dare to submit to the Duke de Sagan a proposition so compromising to the dignity of a great empire ; they would purchase peace by justice, by deference, never by the humiliation of vassalage.

XIX.

Kiuperli pushed the army forward as far as Essek, where the conferences were renewed as vainly between the same plenipotentiaries and Ali-Pasha, serdar of Hungary, com-

mander of the vanguard of the Ottomans. Ali-Pasha and Mohammed-Pasha, his colleague, did not wait for the response from Vienna, to attack the Hungarian army of Forgacs and of Palfy at Neuhoeusel. Thirty thousand Hungarians perished either in the conflict or in the river. Forgacs was shut up with the wrecks in Neuhoeusel. Palfy escaped with but two hussars and an escort; thousands of heads were thrown in heaps at the feet of the vizier, who had commanded himself the movements of the battle. The hundred and twenty thousand Tartars arrived on the evening of the victory; the son of the Khan, Ahmed-Gheraï, armed with a sabre, with a poniard, with a quiver, dressed in a vest of cloth of gold trimmed with ermine, coifed with a kalpak of sable-fur, escorted by Tartars and by Cossacks of the Crimea in the same costume and with the same Asiatic arms, reminded of Timour-Lenk in the midst of his conquests.

Kiuperli partitioned this multitude into four vast camps around the city, and directed himself the assaults. The Hungarians, despite the height and the thickness of their ramparts, constrained by a cowardly revolt the Marquis Pio and Forgacs, their generals, to capitulate. The victory of Neuhoeusel, and above all, the fall of this fortress of Hungary hitherto reputed impregnable, spread astonishment and consternation throughout Germany. These triumphs gave to Kiuperli the audacity of accomplishing in his own army a coup d'etat of omnipotence which he deemed to be requisite for the consolidation of his still recent authority.

The intimate confidant of the Sultana Validé, Schamizade, who had attended the grand vizier with the army, less as a friend than as a jealous inspector of his conduct, conspired with the Sultana the deposition of Kiuperli on the first reverse, and wished to elevate in the stead of a minister so imperious, his own father-in-law, Ibrahim-Pasha, one of the lieutenants of the vizier then in the army with him. Kiuperli, informed of this plot, wrote to the Sultan that if this rumor of his approaching dismissal was not contradicted by the immediate execution of the traitors who boasted of succeeding him, his ascendant undermined in the army would ruin the campaign.

Mahomet IV., without consulting his mother, replied to Kiuperli to take counsel but from the safety of the empire. The day following this response the favorite of the Sultana Validé, Schamizade and his accomplice Ibrahim, were decap-

itated, to the stupefaction of the army, before the tent of Kiuperli, and their heads, sent to Adrianople, as the heads of two traitors, attested the immovability of the minister in the favor of the Sultan. The Sultana Tarkhan trembled for her own influence and had recourse to her title of mother :

" My vizier," wrote the Sultan to her, " has earned well the bread of my slaves in not having for carpet but the stones, and for bed but the earth ; may my bread profit him ! " *

XX.

Meanwhile, the prince elect of Transylvania, Apafy, was come with his principal partisans to take shelter under the protection of the Turkish army. A Transylvanian noble, named Haller, suspected of seeking for himself the investiture of the principality, followed him. Kiuperli gave Apafy a disdainful reception, and had Haller beheaded and his body cast in the river.

All the fortresses adjacent to Lewenz, Novigrad, Neutra, Freystad, Schintau, fell by the counter-shock of Neuhoesel. The Tartars, spread through Moravia and Silesia, brought back troops of young girls enclosed in sacks on the backs of their horses, or coupled two by two like dogs in a leash. Their hordes, with torch and sword in hand, galloped amid flames to within three miles of Olmutz. The domains of the princes of Dietrichstein and of Liechtenstein were ravaged ; twelve thousand of their vassals were carried into slavery and sold in the market of Neuhoesel. Presburg saw burning from the height of its ramparts thirty-two of its richest villages. Thirteen hundred wagons laden with women and children, chased before them by the Cossacks and the huzzars of the Khan of Tartary, and eighty thousand Hungarian slaves, marched in files towards Belgrade to people the valleys of Europe or the steppes of the Crimea. Kiuperli, without an army of the enemy before him, and calling back his own to Belgrade to winter, left the Tartars

* After all, the young sovereign who could support against such influences, a public servant for his virtues, was not himself an imbecile. Mahomet IV. must have had something of that governmental instinct which distinguishes the despots of his race from all others in history.—*Translator.*

to inundate Hungary. The Poles having sent to him to ask the aid of these Tartars against the Russians, he dismissed them with the threat of turning his arms against themselves if they continued to treat with the Imperialists while he was at war with Germany.

The spring of 1664 renewed the invasion of Hungary by the army of Kiuperli, refreshed and recruited during the winter. The Sultan, from his harem and from the forests of Adrianople, contemplated the exploits of his vizier. He had espoused, the year preceding, a young Greek, born in Crete, taken off by the Turks at the capture of Retimo. The serdar of Crete, Houssein, struck by her charms, judged her worthy of his master, and offered her as a present to the Sultana Validé. Her name was Rebia Gulmisch, that is to say in Turkish, the *bee that sips the vernal roses*. The love of Mahomet IV. for this black-haired slave soon counterbalanced in his heart the authority of the yellow-haired Validé, his mother.

Rebia Gulmisch gave, in spring, a first son to the Sultan, who was named Mustapha. This precocious fecundity consolidated her influence.

XXI.

Meanwhile, Germany, threatened with a deeper invasion, armed within seven months all its defenders. Zriny, surnamed Iron-Pale, had rallied the Hungarians and was advancing into Transylvania; Count de Souches marched upon Neutra. Hohenloë, Strozzi, generals of Austria, followed by Italian and French corps, concerted a plan of campaign before the walls of Kanischa, which they besieged. They concentrated themselves at Serinwar in order to receive there, in a situation solidly entrenched, the onset of Kiuperli. Strozzi fell mortally wounded in the conflict.

Marshal Montecuculli, the first warrior of Italy and Germany, came to take the general command of the confederate army. He established himself in a triangle fortified by nature between the Mur, the Drave and the retrenched position of Serinwar. Kiuperli could not reach him but after surmounting this position defended by the city. The number and the impetuosity of the Turks triumphed over the defenders of Serinwar; Count de Thurn, who commanded under Montecuculli, perished on the breach

with three thousand Hungarians, the flower of his troops. Montecuculli and Count Coligny, who had brought six thousand French volunteers, repassed the Mur and barred the passage to Kiuperli.

The Turkish army, dispersed in detachments of thirty to forty thousand men, contented themselves with observing the Imperialists and the French, and with besieging one by one the places that resisted still. Montecuculli, too feeble to engage with these divisions, which would have smothered by surrounding him, retired upon the Raab, a river that covers Austria. Kiuperli followed closely and encamped upon the left bank. He was joined there at the village of Saint-Gothard, by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, witnesses of the conflagration of Hungary and of the enslavement of a whole people.

The same fate which menaced their country, the disparity of number between the army of Montecuculli and that of Kiuperli, had made the Emperor Leopold yield: the Duke de Sagan, his minister, authorized them to submit, in a permanent treaty, to the necessities and humiliations of defeat. Kiuperli, to constrain them to a more complete and a more prompt surrender, wished to pass under their eyes the Raab at Saint-Gothard, in the face of the army of Montecuculli. This general, the hero of his age, surprised at first by the impetuosity of the Ottomans, who had forded the river and thrown back the Germans upon an amphitheatre of hills, yielded a moment the village of Moggersdorf, the centre of his position, to the Janissaries who had escalated it. His soldiers were flying, his officers dying at their post; he himself, with coolness, that genius of character, collected and reformed those wrecks.

When he had reanimated them with his soul, he deployed daringly his two wings, one commanded by the Duke Charles of Lorraine, his pupil in the art of war, the other, composed wholly of French nobles, under the orders of Count de Coligny. These great captains rushing together upon the foremost moiety of the Turkish army, which alone had passed the river, threw back the Ottomans into the bed of the Raab, half filled up with their dead. Twenty thousand Janissaries, the sinew of the army, abandoned on the left bank, and hemmed up in their conquest, perished, rather than surrender, at the village of Moggersdorf. The three thousand French cavalry of Coligny and of the Duke de la

Feuillade, forced their horses into the river, at the heels of the Turks, and sabred the spahis up to the battery of Saint-Gothard.

"Who are those young girls?" demanded sneeringly Kiuperli of the Hungarian renegades around him, at the sight of the polished cuirasses, of the gaudy head-dresses, of the flowing ribbons, and the powdered curls of the hair. "They are the French," replied the Hungarians. But this effeminate apparel covered lions of war; this young nobility charged, even to the tents of the vizier, crying, "*Allons! allons! tue! tue!*" This cry, retained by the Turks, served, in the evening, to distinguish the French, compared in the morning to women. La Feuillade, their colonel and their model, received in this battle from the Janissaries and the spahis, the name of *Fouladi* or the man of steel.

So much heroism and good fortune was lost; the glory alone of Montecuculli was crowned by the victory without pursuit of Saint-Gothard. It redeemed the honor of the campaign; it did not repair its disasters. Despite his loss of twenty thousand Janissaries, Kiuperli retained still some two hundred thousand soldiers, flushed with victory all over Hungary. The village and the commemoration chapel of Saint-Gothard was the only monument of the day. So much bloodshed altered nothing in the conditions of peace agreed to in advance by the Emperor Leopold. It was signed at Eisenbourg, the 10th August, such as Kiuperli had dictated it at Belgrade.

Apafy, the client of the Turks, was recognized prince of Transylvania, under their suzerainty; the Hungarian palatinates returned to the Porte; the conquests of the campaign became the permanent property of the Sultan; he interdicted Austria from rebuilding the fortress of Serinwar; the tribute disguised under the name of ambassador's present was alleviated, but maintained. Such a peace after such a reverse in a continuity of triumphs, might well resound as the most splendid victory throughout the empire and in the heart of the Sultan.

Kiuperli led back the army to Belgrade, dismissed with a present worthy of his master the Khan of the Tartars, followed by one hundred thousand slaves whom his cavalry had taken off from Hungary and from Saxony. Kara-Mohammed-Aga, beglerbeg of Roumelia, was appointed ambassador of the Porte to Vienna, to carry thither the ratifica-

tion of the treaty of peace by the Sultan. Escorted by an Asiatic cortege of a hundred and fifty dignitaries of the court, the presents which he was charged to present to Leopold I. consisted of cockades of heron plumes, of aigrettes of diamonds, of a vast tent, sustained at the centre by a single pillar, of a Persian carpet, of pieces of Indian silk and muslin, of two pounds of ambergris, of fourteen riding-horses of Arabian or Persian breed, covered with equipments of gold and precious stones.

XXII.

Kiuperli found intact at Adrianople his omnipotence, increased by the renown of conqueror and avenger of the emperor. The Sultan, in his absence, had made but pacific campaigns against the wild beasts, in the forests adjacent to Adrianople. His historiographer, Abdi, was charged to record in his annals, as historical events, all the accidents of these imperial hunts. The favorite Sultana, Gulmisch, and his young confidant, Yousouf, accompanied him on those distant excursions of pleasure. He set out ordinarily from his stations by moonlight, to the sound of trumpets and of timbrels, said a prayer in the mosques of the villages, administered justice, like Saint-Louis, beneath the oaks of the forests, was inflexible and often sanguinary towards the blasphemers of the faith, and punished capitally doubt as a crime.

Abdi cites two victims of his fanaticism martyriized as atheists; one, for having equalized Christ with the Prophet; the other, for professing the cosmopolitan creed of the Druses. He relates, the same day, the murder of a palfrey groom who maltreated causelessly a horse, and the fortuitous encounter, by the Sultan, of a cow delivered of a calf in a meadow, and his dialogue with the Christian peasant, owner of the cow, whom he tried to convert to Islamism.

The Sultan, jealous of commemorating these puerilities, used to come often to recount them familiarly to the historian, Abdi, when he was sick, and used to ask to see the Annals, of which some pages are written in his own hand. Every thing in these pages indicates in him one of those cipher kings of the first dynastic race of France, regarding as subaltern every other function than that of giving their name to the reign, and leaving government and war, as ig-

noble trades, to the mayors of the palace. Prayer, hunting and lounging, were with him the only royal works.

XXIII.

Kiuperli, free now to turn all his attention to the conquest of Crete, brought the Sultan back to Constantinople, where the Sultana Validé Tarkhan complimented his return by presents of the value of one million five hundred thousand piasters. Mahomet IV. received there at the same time presents from the court of Austria, brought to Constantinople by the ambassador, Count Walter de Leslie. These presents attest the industry and the arts of Austria at that epoch. Mirrors of the height of a man, framed with chased silver and turning on a pivot of the same metal, sculptured ewers of silver and of gold, borne upon tripods of fluted colonettes; gilded and covered basins that threw out jets of perfumed water; candelabras of numerous branches; a table service in vermillion; gridirons of silver; fowling-pieces; poniards; telescopes; carpets of the Spanish Netherlands embroidered in gold; watches, clocks, an artificial grotto with a dial-plate of which a waterfall set going the hands and struck the hours; and similar presents, but of female use, for the Sultanas, mother and favorite: such were the magnificences with which Leopold covered his humiliation and purchased peace.

The cortege of German, Italian and English nobility, which accompanied the ambassador, was worthy of the presents. It counted the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Arundel, the princes of Lichtenstein, Count Trautmannsdorf, the Florentine Pecori, the Milanese Casanova, the Frenchman Chateauvieux. One hundred and fifty nobles of all the nations of Europe, except the subjects of Rome and of Venice, bedecked with their presence the embassy of Leopold.

The ambassador of France, M de la Haye, on his return to Constantinople, incurred the reproaches and the insults of the grand vizier for the indirect and volunteer succors which the King of France allowed, in Crete and in Hungary, to join the enemies of the Porte: "You French," said Kiuperli to him, "you proclaim yourselves our best friends, and we meet you every where amongst our enemies."

This tart and sprightly reproach was well founded at this moment. It would have been also legitimate at the epoch when Napoleon debarked in Egypt to expel therefrom the

Ottomans, our natural allies. It would have been so at Navarino, when our cannons, confounded with those of Russia and of England, annihilated sottishly the fleet of Mahmoud. It would have been so, in fine, in recent times when we were imposing upon Turkey concerning the holy places of Jerusalem, partialities towards Catholic monks and expropriations towards eight millions of her Greek subjects which she could not consent to without exposing herself, on the part of Russia, to the war, glorious but onerous, which we are witnesses of to-day (April, 1855).

XXIV.

M. de la Haye, a proud and irritable man, rose and threw contemptuously the capitulations, which he held in his hand, upon the carpet. Kiuperli got excited and addressed him by the name, at that time insulting, of Jew. His first chamberlain struck him with the stool; the ambassador drew his sword; the chiaoux rushed upon him to disarm him; the tumult threatened to become bloody. The grand vizier recognized, three days after, his wrong, convoked the French minister, made him reparations, and begged him to suppress in silence, between his court and the Porte, a mutual violence of words and gesture of which the publication might cost the Porte and France their old friendship.

This old friendship, it is true, was ceaselessly compromised on the part of France, by the covert hostilities which ill-responded to the official declarations of alliance or of neutrality. This double-dealing of France was not premeditated duplicity, but perpetual violence done by religion to policy. We are going to find, in fact, the French nobility against the Turks in Crete, as we have just observed them to be in Hungary. There were two peoples in France, and two men in Louis XIV. If policy enjoined the king and the people to always persevere in the sole alliance which could assist them in counterbalancing the house of Austria, religion, the popular prejudices dating from the crusades, the incitations of Rome, and the last throbbings of the chivalrous spirit, reproached their honor and their conscience for not uniting with the Christian leagues against the followers of the prophet, reputed barbarous.

It is this double sentiment that set incessantly a seeming conflict between the words and the acts of France, in relation

to the Ottomans. It was not perfidy in the court of France, it was weakness.* Louis XIV. himself, then in all the vigor of his youth and of his reign, did not escape it; thus while he was assuring Kiuperli of his well-disposed neutrality in the war which the Porte sustained against Austria in Hungary and against Venice in Crete, he was forced, by condescension to the chivalrous spirit of his nobility, to authorize, at least by silence, volunteer bodies of Frenchmen to join a flag disavowed by France on the banks of the Danube and in the sea of Candia. Despite himself, the knight prevailed over the statesman, and the Christian over the king.

This is the explanation of all French diplomacy in the East at that epoch, and it is still at this day the sole explanation which history can give of the double diplomacy of the present government of France—endangering Turkey itself in 1852 by the untimely exigence of the holy places, and lending its arms and its blood in 1854 to consolidate it: this diplomacy has compromised the State. Prejudice struggles still against reason. The Turks are our friends, and the Mussulmans are the old antipathies of our memories.†

* This is perfectly just as a secondary explanation, an explanation of personal motives and of practical politics. But of the high historic reason of the old alliance between France and Turkey, as also of the ancient rivalry between Austria and France, the author evidently has no notion, which is indeed the common case.—*Translator*.

† This eternal incident of the "Holy places" seems unduly dwelt upon by the author, as if it were the only flaw which he can pick in the diplomacy of a triumphant rival, both political and personal. Besides, he mistakes, I venture to say, the motive. He wrongs his countrymen in charging them with religious hatreds at this day. The measure censured had no such origin, either popular or governmental; it was merely and even manifestly a political manoeuvre to deprive the priests and the Legitimists of their known war-cry of irreligion against a government then in the infancy of its establishment. Accordingly, no sooner was the claim observed to operate the least exterior inconvenience than the French government retracted it—a thing which governments and individuals are much more apt to do with measures based on tentative tactics than on religious prejudices. But in this quality of tactics the diplomacy was quite excusable against an enemy so treacherous, and in a government so young. Moreover, in the third place, there are deeper reasons than the author dreams of for the predominance which France instinctively aspires to in the Holy places; but the point belongs to the philosophy of history just alluded to.—*Translator*.

XXV.

Kiuperli tolerated, as finished statesman, a contradiction of which the French ambassador gave him confidentially the key. He took good care not to constrain to an open rupture a power of which he had an interest in managing the ambiguous part, and of which he comprehended the twofold nature. The naval and the land forces which he was thenceforth able to turn wholly against the Venetians in Crete, left him easy on the score of the small number of volunteers, adventurers of religion and of glory, which Louis XIV. allowed to depart from his ports. This conquest of Candia was to Kiuperli not only a necessity and a glory of Islamism, it was also an adroit adulation to the young and beautiful Sultana Gülmisch, who was daily becoming more completely a sovereign over the affectionate heart of Mahomet IV.

This favorite, Cretan by family and born at Retimo, flattered herself after the conquest of her country by her husband to be crowned queen of Crete, to possess as "slipper-money" the rich revenues of this insular empire become the apanage of a slave born on its soil, and to govern at her will, with the gentleness of a woman's yoke, those compatriots and those Christians of whom she felt herself still the daughter and the sister.

Gülmisch, intoxicated with these prospects with which Kiuperli dazzled her in order to assure himself of her co-operation, undertook in her turn to defend Kiuperli in the mind of the Sultan, her husband, against the subaltern rivalries of two young favorites, Yousouf and Mustapha, who gave him severe umbrage. This league between a great man and an adored woman to master a feeble prince, permitted Kiuperli to concentrate at Adrianople treasures and armaments equal to all that Soliman the Great had ever accumulated in resources for his vastest expeditions. Kiuperli, sure of Gülmisch, did not hesitate to take himself the command of a war which would remove him long, perhaps, from the Sultan.

The army, accompanied by the Sultan as far as the sea, was passed in review by Mahomet before its embarkation; he then returned to Adrianople by a march prolonged by his hunts which lasted some twenty-two days. He occupied his leisure in the construction of a new seraglio, which cost

twelve hundred thousand gold ducats, and which the historian Abdi describes in terms as magnificent as its architecture.

XXVI.

A religious agitation fomented by a Jewish impostor of Smyrna, named Sabathai, who represented himself as a new Messiah and a new prophet, and of whom the Jews and Musulmans adopted the sect, excited for a moment the empire; Kiuperli had him shut up before his departure in the Seven Towers. His partisans saw in that captivity only the verification of one of his prophecies which announced this persecution. Sabathai was to come forth victorious, mounted on a lion, of which he would direct the course with a bridle formed of seven-headed serpents.

Another impostor, a Pole, and inventor of some mystic reveries by which he rivalled Sabathai in the popular credulity, denounced the latter to the caïmakam Moustapha as exciting the people to revolt. The Sultan had him brought to Adrianople and questioned him. Credulous as well as orthodox, Mahomet IV. wished, however, to make trial of the supernatural power of Sabathai; he had him tied naked to a post to serve as a target for the darts of his archers, to see if he was not invulnerable. The Jewish impostor eluded the experiment and death by confessing his impostures and abjuring his divinity. He embraced Islamism, and became, from Messiah, the official pawnbroker of the seraglio. His shame annihilated his sect.

XXVII.

The army embarked the 14th May, 1666. After having traversed the sea of Marmora it occupied four months in traversing slowly Anatolia, and re-embarked at Isdin, in front of Rhodes, for Crete. It landed the 16th November of the same year, on the beach of Cydonia.

The Egyptian fleet of twenty-six sail which was bringing the contingent from Cairo to Kiuperli, intercepted by the Venetian squadron, was annihilated before the eyes of the Turks.

A second fleet from Constantinople, with six thousand Janissaries, brought in spring the army of the grand vizier up to eighty thousand combatants. The 20th May, he

opened intrenchments before the walls of Candia, this last bulwark of the Venetians in Crete and of the Christians in the East. Morosini, the first warrior of Venice, recompensed for his exploits by gratitude and by envy, had been recalled from oblivion by the nobles of that oligarchy to save a second time his country. Appointed generalissimo of the army and of the fleet, he debarked with two thousand men in the city. Nine thousand others, already seasoned by their long struggle against Houssein, defended, behind impregnable bastions, this last shoal of Ottoman power for so many years. Four hundred pieces of cannon crowned the ramparts, served by the first artillerymen of Christendom; seven bastions nearly solid, trenches like abysses excavated with the chisel from the living rock; in fine, subterraneous and unknown mines bored underneath the soil and ready to engulf the besiegers up to their trenches, rendered Candia the terror of the Turks.

This city had already cost them two fleets and three armies. Morosini, in order to be present at the point of danger, lodged under one of the casemated bastions of the place. It was thence that he inspected unceasingly the trenches, that he cleared his ditches of fascines with a machine of his invention, that he directed the sallies, and received, like the Turks themselves, the severed heads of enemies which his soldiers brought to his feet before throwing them into the sea.

Six hundred and eighteen explosions of mines and thirty-two assaults covered the city with smoke, the sea with blood, and the land with bodies, from the 22d May to the 18th November. Egypt and Syria heard from their shores, through the sea winds, the detonations of the city and the camp, like those of a perpetual volcano. Four hundred Christian officers, three thousand Venetians in the city, eight thousand Ottomans, killed during the first months of the siege, attested the animosity of the combatants.

One of the bastions, levelled by the monstrous guns of Kiuperli, appeared to open at last the enclosure to the Janisaries. Morosini forestalled them by a sally of the whole garrison, which reconquered the trenches from the Turks. These succeeded in recovering them; but a mine charged with two hundred kegs of powder, which the besieged had covered over with earth as they receded, engulfed seven thousand of the Turks. Kiuperli sent off by a single con-

voy four thousand of these mutilated soldiers into Asia. The plague, fomented by the exhalations of so many corpses, decimated his camp; the storms kept off his reinforcements from the coast; the winter rains inundated his works. Morosini, as enterprising on sea as he was invincible on his walls, put out with a squadron of twenty vessels, and grappling with the second Egyptian fleet laden with troops, burned or sunk it before the eyes of the grand vizier.

XXVIII.

Eighteen months were consumed without other result than thousands of corpses. The Duke of Savoy, who had hired some regiments to the Venetians, withdrew them at the instigation of Kiuperli, in the spring of 1668. The Marquis de Ville, who commanded them, obeyed with sorrow his prince in vain chidden by the Pope. The Marquis de Saint-Andre-Montbrun, general of the volunteers of France in Crete, succeeded him in the command of the place. The Venetians wished by this deference to court the pride of Louis XIV., and to constrain him to succor his nobility dying for the faith.

The king permitted the Duke de la Feuillade, as brave on the field of battle as servile and adulatory in courts, to enroll five hundred French officers of the armies of Condé and of Turenne, and four thousand veterans for Candia. A selection of French youths, the Fénelons, the Savignés, sons of the women who immortalized this name, the Ville-mors, the Chateau-Thiérays, the Saint-Pauls, had set out with Beaufort; they had been joined by five hundred Italian Knights. These reinforcements filled up the void which the Turkish cannon had made in the ranks of the Venetians; but these youth, impatient to do miracles, adapted themselves ill to the methodic and defensive war, which the experience of Morosini imposed upon the garrison before an army six times superior in number and in cavalry outside the walls.

The 16th December, the six thousand French, against orders, rushed with the impetuosity of their race upon the Janissaries, broke their ranks, pursued them, conquered a moment their camp, and, after having sabred two thousand of them, defied the entire army of Kiuperli. La Feuillade and his principal officers affected such contempt for the Turks, that they disdained to draw the sword upon this

horde, and galloped like Murat upon the Cossacks, whip in hand, upon the spahis. Their challenges, their vaunting and their temerity cost them some thousands of braves in their return to the camp.

Kiuperli, charging them at the head of the Topschis and the Janissaries, killed four thousand of them between the camp and the city. Villemor, Tavannes and forty friends of La Feuillade were slain; Fénelon saw his son fall at his side without being able to rescue his body from the Janissaries; d'Aubusson, Sévigné, Montmorin, Créquy, La Feuillade, returned decimated, covered with their own blood, and almost alone, through the same gate which they had forced in the morning to make the Venetians ashamed of their prudence. They got discouraged by a war of discipline and constancy in opposition to their adventurous genius; they murmured against the timidity of Morosini, who murmured in his turn at their bravado. They re-embarked, bringing off with them from their campaign but a vain glory, the esteem of the Turks and the just anger of the Venetians.

XXIX.

La Feuillade, cured of his wounds, did not despair however of Candia; he aided the envoys of Venice at Paris and the legate of the Pope, to obtain from the king an assistance of twenty regiments. The Duke de Beaufort, that hero and tribune of the Fronde under Mazarin, who was fallen from his popularity, but not from his courage, sought in war the adventures which he had sought for in seditions. He embarked a short time after La Feuillade for Candia. He took with him, the 19th June, 1669, a squadron of fourteen vessels, laden with troops, under his orders and under those of the Duke de Navailles. The musketeers of the guard of Louis XIV. and five hundred French volunteers debarked under the batteries of the Turks.

The city was now but a heap of rubbish, amid which encamped a few thousand defenders. These noblemen, scarcely landed, constrained Morosini to let them brave the fire of the Ottomans in open field; they blushed at covering their intrepidity with ditches, bastions and walls. The Duke de Navailles, the Duke de Beaufort; Castellane, Choiseul, Dampierre, Colbert, their chiefs, remained deaf to the representations of the Venetian general. This baleful sortie,

in which the French were promptly thrown back by the Turks, brought on their tracks the victorious enemy up to the gates of the city. Five hundred of them perished between the ramparts and the camp of Kiuperli. The heads cut from a Count de Rauzan, a Lesdiguières, a Fabert, a Marquis d'Uxelles, a Castellane and of sixty musketeers, were thrown before the tent of the grand vizier.

The Duke de Beaufort reappeared no more. "He is yellow-haired and tall," wrote Morosini, to obtain him back living or dead from the enemy. "If he be living, we will give you for his ransom whatever you ask; if he is dead, we will pay you for his body its weight in gold."

He was sought in vain among the dead or among the prisoners; whether it was that he had been engulfed in the crater of some mine, or that, having been ashamed to re-enter the city after a flight which humiliated his pride, he had pushed his horse into the inaccessible solitudes of the island, nothing more was ever heard of this brilliant hero of our civil wars. The rumor ran for a long time that he was turned hermit in the forests of Crete, and that he had ended, in the desert and in penitence, a life predestined by its vicissitudes to the adventures of war, of revolutions, of love and of religion.

XXX.

The Duke de Navailles, by an inexplicable versatility of conduct, if it was not by a secret order of Louis XIV., abandoned the city to its dangers after having compromised it by his rashness. The French re-embarked two months after their landing. This defection, ruinous to the Venetians as to their own honor, involved that of the Italian auxiliaries, of the Knights of Malta and of the Germans of the garrison. Morosini implored them in vain to leave him three thousand until winter; nothing could retain these faithless allies. The hero of Venice remained alone with a handful of braves amid the ruins of the fortifications, in face of two hundred thousand Ottomans.

Kiuperli offered him, through policy as much as admiration, a capitulation worthy of his character. It was signed upon the ruins of the bastion of Morosini, and, the 26th September, the cross gave place to the crescent upon the half-crumbled domes of Candia. The blockade or the siege of

this capital of Crete had lasted for twenty-five years, and cost three hundred thousand men to the victors. Never would ambition alone have given such perseverance to an enemy, such pertinacity to defenders; but Candia was the battle-field of two religions, and religions have antipathies as long as centuries.

Kiuperli treated Morosini as an enemy worthy of him: he accorded him for himself, his soldiers, and the inhabitants the liberty and the time to evacuate the island. There remained in the city but two Greek priests, one woman and three Jews. Kiuperli received from their hands on the breach of the bastion Saint-Andrew, called now the bastion of the Conquest, the eighty-three keys of the city on a silver plate. Morosini embarked for Venice, where he found anew but calumniators who accused him of having sold Crete, a political law-suit and a prison. The obstinate ingratitude of his country did not tire the patriotism of this great man, whom the Turks were soon to meet again in the Morea as the Hannibal of the Ottomans.

XXXI.

The evening of the capitulation, Kiuperli wrote for the first time to the Sultan, to whom he had sworn to send no other than a letter of victory. The following day, he fulfilled with a touching filial piety a duty more dear to his heart: he went to deposit his victory at the feet of his mother, in the village of Emadia adjacent to the camp. This woman, superior in intellect, in virtue and in courage, had wished to follow her son in his expedition, to comfort him in his reverses or to rejoice in his triumphs. The grand vizier used to listen with respect to her counsels, and glorified himself in owing to his mother his most wise and generous inspirations. He placed with tears the keys of the city at her feet, and embraced her as the venerated source of his existence and of his glory.

More eager to consolidate the conquest of Candia for the Ottomans than to parade its pride to Constantinople, Kiuperli sojourned still for nine months in Crete, to re-edify the fortifications of the cities and to organize the administration of the provinces. The numerous Greek population, respected by him in its property, and in its usages, continued

to make of the plains of Crete the garden of the Mediterranean and the appendage of Egypt.

XXXII.

Nothing had troubled gravely either the empire or the court, governed from afar by the genius of Kiuperli, during the years of his sojourn at the camp before Candia. The vessel that brought him back to Europe cast anchor at the island of Cos; the grand vizier reposed there for some days with his mother amid the beautiful landscapes of the isle, on the brink of fountains shaded with orange-trees, and between the remembrances of his long campaign and the preoccupation of the affairs which were awaiting him at Adrianople. Passion for nature, for contemplation and leisure, is the original and the indelible character of the Ottoman. It is found in his most active heroes as in his most meditative sages.

Kiuperli consumed those days, too limited, of summer, in philosophical conversations with the poets and historians of his retinue, and with the books whose assiduous reading furnished nutriment to his soul. He landed at length at Rodosto, and met Mahomet at Timourtasch, whither this prince was come, in hunting along the way, to receive his vizier. Mahomet IV. was not jealous of a glory which appeared to be his own. He placed anew the enlarged empire in the hands of his minister. His fanaticism only constrained Kiuperli to be severer than he would have wished towards the violators of the Koran, and especially the drinkers of Greek wine. The vizier, without scruples upon this religious observance, had learned, in his campaigns of Crete and of Hungary, to relish, with temperance, this drink which stimulates the imagination of poets and the courage of warriors. "During his sojourn of fifteen days under the orange-trees of the island of Cos, on the brink of its fountains, and crystal waters, where he would see but his intimate acquaintances," says the Turkish historian of his life, "Kiuperli, forgetting State affairs, had often set to cool the mellow wine of Methymne in the spring of Homer, which murmured by him."

XXXIII.

Louis XIV. sent his ambassador, M. de Nointel, to Con-

stantinople, with a squadron of five vessels under the command of M. d'Apremont. The caïmakam having refused the salute of the batteries of the seraglio, through resentment of the ambiguous conduct of France during the wars of Crete and of Hungary, the squadron passed before the seraglio without saluting the palace of the Sultan. The Sultana Validé attended from the balcony of the kiosk "of the Sea" at the entry of the squadron. Offended at the silence of the French guns, the Turks murmured on the shore. A shot, fired from a Turkish vessel, wounded a sailor of the squadron; a naval combat was going to ensue in the harbor. The Sultana, an admirer of the French, interposed; she sent to request d'Apremont to give her some salutes the following day when she would cross the Bosphorus to her palace of Scutari. The French accorded to a woman, mother of a sovereign, what they had refused to the representative of the empire.

M. de Nointel, after this reconciliation, made his solemn entry into Constantinople. Called from thence to Adrianople, he was received coldly by Kiuperli and by the Sultan. Having spoken in his conversation with the grand vizier of the arms of Louis XIV., at that time still young: "Your padischah is the padischah of a great people," replied Kiuperli; "but his sword is yet new." However, after long negotiations, M. de Nointel obtained the signature of new capitulations in sixty-one articles, favorable to French commerce and the French right of protectorate over the holy places and the liberty of pilgrimage.

M. de Nointel availed himself of his sojourn in Turkey and of his privileges of ambassador to visit one of the first ruins and sites of the Archipelago and of Greece. Attended by five hundred persons, among whom were drawers, painters and erudites, he explored the master-works of nature and the vestiges of Greek and Roman antiquity, on a scene today denuded of the antique world. He discovered the marvellous grotto of Antiparos, wherein chandeliers of resplendent stalactites reflected the lustre of thousands of wax-lights and of lamps during the birth night of Christ, of which he celebrated the commemoration in this natural temple.

XXXIV.

The Austrian Hungarians sent, at the same period, one

of their magnates, Count Zriny, to Adrianople, to offer the Porte an annual tribute of sixty thousand ducats, if Kiuperli would rescue them, in the expression of the envoy, from the tyranny of the Germans and the Jesuits, who were doing violence to their liberty and their conscience. Kiuperli, attentive to other sides of the empire, eluded, without rejecting them, these offers of the nobles of Lower Hungary.

The Cossacks of the Don, a race perpetually floating between the Russians, the Tartars, the Poles and the Turks, were divided into two factions, of which the one had appointed for hetman, Brukoski, devoted to the Russians; the other, Doroszenko, hetman of the Cossacks of "the Reed." Doroszenko, attacked, against the wishes of the Porte, by the Poles, at that moment allies of the Russians, claimed protection from the Porte, and received investiture and the horse-tails, sign of his naturalization among the protégés of the Ottomans. The alliance of the Cossacks, who occupied a vast territory between the Dnieper and the Dniester, gave a solid frontier to the Turks against inconstant Poland and against hostile Russia.

Kiuperli marched with one hundred and fifty thousand men against the Poles, who had just made an incursion upon the lands of the Cossacks. The Sultan, weary this time of an idleness which occasioned his receiving the humiliating surname of Avadji (the huntsman), followed the army. This army crossed the Danube, and advanced towards the Polish fortress of Kaminiéc, built upon a crag surrounded by the Smotrix, which laves its walls. Its rapid fall brought with it that of all Podolia. Poland, vanquished and humiliated, implored, through John Sobieski, her future hero, the adjournment of the tribute of three hundred thousand ducats with which they had just purchased the peace.

Sobieski, the only man of his nation who did not despair of his country, was appointed commander-in-chief of the wrecks of the vanquished army. He awaited at Choczim either a more honorable peace or a desperate battle with the Turks. The Wallachians and the Moldavians of the army of Kiuperli passed over in the midst of the battle to Sobieski. The Dniester ingulfed, by the rupture of a bridge of boats, some thousands of Turks; the rest, cut off by the river from the centre of the army, perished by the cannon of Choczim and by the sabre of the Poles. Sobieski conquered in this blood the esteem, the enthusiasm and the

throne of his country. His genius shone forth suddenly in the retrieved fortune of the Sarmatians. A man had resuscitated a people.

Peace was negotiated upon a most equitable basis. The Sultan, the vizier and the army returned to discuss it in Adrianople.

XXXV.

The fêtes of the seraglio on the occasion of the circumcision of his son effaced from the memory of Mahomet IV. the reverse of Choczim.

The three Sultanas, Tarkhan, Gülmisch and a new one, called the little favorite, to which history has given no other name, attended, according to usage, at this magnificent ceremony, at once the baptism and the *toga prætexta* of the Mussulman princes. They shed all three, says Abdi, abundance of tears at the cries of pain of young Mustapha, son of the "rosy-lipped" Gülmisch; but these feminine tears did not flow, says he again, from the same source, nor had they the same signification. Gülmisch wept with joy to see her first-born, only son of the Sultan, consecrated by so august a ceremony to the throne where she would reign with him. The little favorite wept with grief and with jealousy at her own sterility, which, despite the love of Mahomet IV., refused to yield her in a son the pledge of a perpetuity of favor. In fine, the Sultana Validé wept with anguish at the sinister future of her other son, Souleïman, of whom the life, useless and dangerous henceforth to Mahomet, his brother, might be sacrificed at any moment to the passion of the Sultan for the son of Gülmisch.

The Sultan, in fact, fearing to leave after him, in Souleïman, a competitor to his son Mustapha, premeditated a long time back a crime which was presented him by law, by tradition and example as a prudence and almost as a virtue of public policy. It was not scruples, but the supplications and the tears of the Sultana Validé, and the innocent graces of the boy, that made him hesitate to accomplish it. Several times he had issued and revoked the fatal order. Some weeks before the circumcision of Mustapha, troubled even in his dreams by the obsession of this thought of murder, he woke up with a bound from his couch, and entered poniard in hand the chamber of the Sultana Validé, to slay himself

in his sleep the infant towards whom he reproached himself with entertaining pity; but Souleïman slept, by a maternal presentiment of his perils, in the bed-chamber and at the bedside of the Validé.

Awakened by the footsteps of Mahomet upon the carpet and seized with affright at the sight of the dagger, she leaped from the bed and covered Souleïman with her body. The Sultan, moved by the sobs of his mother, alarmed by her maledictions, let fall the weapon from his hand, and returned to his apartments humiliated at his weakness.

Kiuperli dissuaded him with horror from a crime which would dishonor humanity to confirm the throne. His constant and effectual opposition to those coups d'états by political assassination, conciliated him the gratitude and the support of the Sultana Validé. The little favorite, a recent present of the Validé to her son, and devoted through rivalry to her protectress, protected the life of Souleïman, and adopted him in her heart in default of a son. In fine, Gülmisch, notwithstanding her affection for her son Mustapha, did not solicit a crime which would for ever have incurred the hatred and the vengeance of her husband's mother. Grateful to Kiuperli, who had conquered her the kingdom of Crete, she continued to serve him with her influence almost absolute in the harem: so that these three women, rivals in certain respects to each other, all concurred by a particular interest in protecting Souleïman, and in consolidating the fortune of Kiuperli, which was in reality that of their ambition and of the empire.

XXXVI.

All was now prospering with the empire. Sobieski, its sole enemy, after a new and glorious campaign at Zurawno against Ibrahim-Pasha and the Tartars, where he had kept in check two hundred thousand men with fifteen thousand Sarmatians backed against the Dniester, had just concluded a peace, modest but urgent to his nation, between the two camps. Poland, despite her two victories, lost by this peace Podolia and the Ukraine; but she had obtained a hero. Kiuperli could have annihilated him with his two hundred thousand soldiers, Turks, Tartars and Cossacks then united against the Poles. But he was too much a statesman to abuse his strength against that people from which Turkey had

nothing to fear, and which might, on the contrary, as at preceding periods, become its vanguard against the Russians, the Hungarians or the Germans.

The Sarmatians, according to Kiuperli, were the bravest cavalry of Europe; but their character was as fickle as the sand of their steppes. Poland was alternately a camp and a faction; it was never an organized government, redoubtable to its neighbors: it was then to be repressed, never to be destroyed. He admired it without fearing it. At bottom those ideas were just, but the time was not remote when, under the hand of Sobieski, this equestrian faction, become an invincible army, was going to avenge the Danube and to save Germany.

The premature death of Kiuperli hastened this hour. He succumbed gradually, like Mr Pitt, beneath the weight of an empire of which he was alone the soul and the hand, and which solicited unceasingly his intellect and his arm from the confines of Ethiopia, from the Tigris, from the Euphrates, from the Don, from the Adriatic to the frontiers of Austria. His moral courage led him to overlook the exhaustion of his physical strength. In bringing back the Sultan from Constantinople to Adrianople, he expired at two stations from the capital, in a hut of the village of Karabeber, after an illness of twenty days.

Never had empire lost so much in a single man. His virtue was such that no one had to rejoice at his death, and his life was so identified with the grandeur of his nation and the empire that it shared his dissolution. To judge this great man, son of a great man, there is no need of panegyric; it is enough to remember at what degree of anarchy and abasement the two Kiuperlis had taken up the throne and the people, and to see to what degree of security and of grandeur the father and the son had re-elevated the monarchy. Happy the men of whom the merits need no words, and whose glory is inscribed in the frontiers and the institutions of their country! But woe to the peoples who place their destiny upon the head of a single statesman, even were he as great, as virtuous and as fortunate as Kiuperli, and who live or die in a single man! they may have glorious reigns, they have not long destinies. Time belongs to individuals, eternity to nations.*

* This paraphrase of Mirabeau seems scarce a logical conclusion.—
Translator.

BOOK TWENTY-EIGHTH.

I.

THE two great ministers whom destiny had given in the same family to Mahomet IV., had so relieved the mind of this prince from the cares of the throne, that, for him to reign was confined to resuming for a moment the empire from the hands of one grand vizier to deposit it forthwith into the hands of another. The habit also of seeing the government for so many years back pass successively in the family of the Kiuperlis, interdicted, so to say, all ambition of the viziership, even to the favorites of the Sultan, and left no doubt with the Ottomans that the seals of the empire would pass like an heirloom to Mustapha-Beg, the young brother of the late minister.

Mustapha-Beg believed this himself: it had been happy for the empire if the Sultan had respected in him the designation, so to say, dynastic to the government. Mustapha-Beg, in following closely the traditions of his father and of his brother, would have spared the monarchy the calamities and the shame which were going to flow from a change of policy. But the man who was to draw and to shatter the Ottoman empire upon the shoal of its power was born: it was Kara-Mustapha, brother-in-law of the great Kiuperli, and caïmakam of Constantinople.

II.

Kara-Mustapha was an Asiatic of the environs of Merzi-foun; his father, chieftain of a powerful warrior tribe of Mesopotamia, had been slain in fighting for the Turks against the Persians at the siege of Bagdad. The elder Kiuperli, who commanded the Ottoman army in Mesopota-

nia, had adopted the orphan child through gratitude toward the father. He had brought him up in his house with his own sons; he had him promoted from grade to grade, to the rank of equerry to the Sultan, of general, of capitan-pasha, and in fine, of caïmakam of Constantinople—a sort of vice-vizier who governed the capital in the absence of the principal. To better incorporate him in his family, he had given him his daughter in marriage. Kara-Mustapha then had contracted in this family the combined kinships of adoption, of consanguinity and of omnipotence; but he had contracted neither its genius nor its virtues. His character was that of an Asiatic satrap, haughty, insatiable and ferocious. Spoiled from his infancy by a complaisant fortune, he had received by accident all the dignities of the empire, without having conquered any of them by his own merits; the habit of commanding was his sole capacity for command. Incalculable treasures, avidities still more insatiable, an oriental luxury outstripping the decencies of a subject, a harem of five hundred women devoted to pleasure or to ostentation, slaves and horses without number, domains without limits, equalized him with the kings of Asia.

This pride and this pomp were one of the motives that induced the Sultan to invest him with the office of grand vizier. This prince, still trembling at the remembrance of the factions which in his childhood had carried sedition to the throne itself, wished to set an immense distance between his grand vizier and his other servants. The pride of Kara-Mustapha pleased him, for if pride sometimes provokes, it more often overawes. To crush the factions in their reviving germ was the sole government of Mahomet IV.

III.

The first acts of Kara-Mustapha showed his political incapacity. Instead of following the traditions of his adoptive father and brother, the two Kiuperlis, a policy which had consisted in having never to combat but one enemy of the empire at a time, and in pacifying some, while he was struggling against the others, Kara-Mustapha seemed to take a pleasure in provoking a coalition of all the enemies of the empire against the Ottomans. He insulted gratuitously, in open divan, the ambassador of Louis XIV., M. de Nointel, upon a silly question of etiquette, and abandoned him to the

brutalities of word and gesture of the chiaoux, who expelled him from the hall. He irritated, by his disdains and his exactions, the Polish ambassador, who was entering Constantinople with a retinue of gentlemen whose horses were shod with silver; the shoes of these horses, attached by a single nail ill-riveted, were lost intentionally on the march, as if to testify the profusion and the liberality of the Poles.

"These men must have heads of iron," said the grand vizier, "to scatter in this manner their silver. Their retinue is not numerous enough to invade Constantinople; it is too much so to come to kiss the threshold of the Sublime Porte: I fear it may be soiled by the lips of so many infidel Christians. At all events, the Sultan can afford to feed three hundred Poles, he who has three thousand of them rowing-slaves in his galleys."

The negotiations of the Poles to obtain from the grand vizier restitution of a part of Podolia and the protection of the Porte against the Tartars met with delays that chagrined those volatile republicans, and threw them reluctantly into alliance with the Russians. Kara-Mustapha, instead of removing the interest of the Russians in his differences with the Poles and with the Austrians, had them attacked upon the Dniester by Ibrahim, pasha of Bosnia. Defeated by the Russians and pursued by the Cossacks as far as Boug, the Turks took shelter in Bender.

Ibrahim, in returning to Constantinople, met the Sultan who was marching himself with his grand vizier towards Silistria to avenge this reverse. At the sight of his vanquished general, the Sultan, in whose eyes all defeat was crime, gave orders to the executioner to behead him. Ibrahim dismounted from his horse and uncovered without a murmur his throat to the headsman. His resignation affected Mahomet IV.; he commuted the penalty into imprisonment in the Seven-Towers; but he ordered him to go there on foot, unworthy as he was, said he, to mount a horse after his defeat. The chiaoux having represented to the Sultan that the infirm old man was incapable of travelling on foot the twelve leagues which separated him from the prison, Mahomet revoked again his order, and only exacted that the serdar should crawl along a few paces to obey him. He was left to pursue afterwards his route on horseback. The wife of Ibrahim, who had been nurse to the Sultan, appeared at this moment, threw herself at the feet of the Sultan's horse,

and implored, with her forehead in the dust, the pardon of her husband. Mahomet, incapable of refusing any thing to her who had given him her milk, changed the prison into exile.

IV.

The army, slowly assembled at Silistria round the tents of the Sultan, menaced the Russians to wrest from them the Ukraine. The winter, which raged in this severe climate, rendered the sojourn of Silistria disagreeable to the Sultans, accustomed to the delicious palaces of Constantinople and of Adrianople. They beset Mahomet IV. with their complaints and their regrets in terms and in songs preserved by the Turkish annalists of the campaign.

V.

The *ennuis* of these women already wearied the voluptuous Mahomet of a campaign which was scarcely commenced ; he turned unceasingly his eyes towards Adrianople, scarcely kept in the camp by the entreaties of Kara-Mustapha. The Russian army, of a hundred thousand combatants, awaited the Turks beyond the Dniester. The Khan of the Tartars, called by the grand vizier, joined the Ottomans before Cehryn. The city, taken by assault on a night of drunkenness of the Russians, became a field of fire and of carnage. The Russians, rallied in force at some distance, threatened to avenge Cehryn in the blood of the Turks. Satisfied with this incomplete triumph, Kara-Mustapha retired before them, and the Sultan returned to triumph without glory to Constantinople.

The grand vizier, remaining behind, pressed the principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia and Transylvania, to the end of swelling his personal treasures. He sold to a Cantacuzene the principality of Wallachia for gold. He ordered at the same time an inventory of the imperial treasures at Constantinople to reintegrate the precious objects embezzled or lost by faithless guardians.

"One of the most precious jewels of this treasure of the Sultans," relates M. de Hammer, after the chroniclers of the time, "the large diamond of twenty-four carats and of the most beautiful water, which, upon days of parade, adorned since the aigrette of the imperial plume, had been found the

year before, by a poor man, upon a dunghill, near the gate of Egrikapou. As he did not know the value, he exchanged it for three spoons. The new acquirer of the stone sold it for ten aspers to a goldsmith; but afterwards suspecting that it was worth a good deal more, he demanded an increase of price from the purchaser. The dispute was brought to the knowledge of the head of the guild of goldsmiths, who took the diamond to himself for a purse of gold. The grand vizier meant to take it by force from this person, when there appeared an imperial edict adjudging it finally to the imperial treasury. It was the second which was found in this way. Without doubt they proceeded both from the treasuries of the ancient Byzantium. The first, which was still more beautiful and of superior weight, had been discovered by a child, in the reign of Mahomet II., in the *Haïwanseraï* or the *Hebdomon*. Perhaps it had belonged to the crown of the Byzantine emperors, which, the twenty-second year of the reign of Justinian, had been lost, by the fault of the masters of the wardrobe, on the place of the *Hebdomon*, during a triumphal march."

VI.

The thought of immolating his two young brothers, sons of Ibrahim, was besetting more urgently Mahomet IV. in proportion as these princes were advancing in years. This obsession was by so much the more atrocious that this prince, who was not sanguinary by nature, served them as tutor and father, and that they were sons as well as brothers of whom an odious policy demanded the murder. Kara-Mustapha not daring to oppose directly a resolution which horrified him, of which Kiuperli, his master, had taught him to detest the usage, persuaded the Sultan to consult the divan and the mufti on the legitimacy of such an execution.

The divan and the mufti were unanimous in refusing him the sanction legal or religious of the crime. Mahomet IV. desisted before this reprobation of his counsel. He let his brothers live, and married his sisters, Aische and Aatika, to viziers.

A precarious peace suspended hostilities between the Turks and the Russians, who mutually interdicted each other to erect fortresses in the neutralized territory between the Boug and the Dneister.

VII.

Meanwhile, at the commencement of 1682, the intestine dissensions of Hungary, of which one moiety leaned to Austria, the other to the Turks, furnished Kara-Mustapha the pretexts, the motives, and the occasion of accomplishing the cherished project of the two Kiuperlis against Austria.

The pretexts were in fact numerous, the motives well founded, the occasion opportune; but since the two great ministers had passed away into the tomb, the head and hand alike were wanting for the execution of so vast a plan. It is rare in history that an idea conceived by a man of genius does not prove abortive in the hands of a mediocre. Kara-Mustapha had inherited an enterprise above his strength.

Let us turn back a moment to the left bank of the Danube.

VIII.

The emperor Leopold, the instrument of the religious persecution against Protestant Germany, had added in Moravia and in Hungary the grievances of oppressed conscience to the umbrages of outraged nationality. The blood of the Hungarian aristocracy, devoted to country and to reform, flowed unceasingly beneath the axe of the executioners; the Counts de Serin, de Nadasti, de Frangipani, de Trattembach, decapitated by the headsmen of the Catholic emperor, in 1671, had left avengers in their children and in their compatriots.

One of these chiefs of the Hungarian reformers and rebels, Count Tekeli, had fallen in battle, disputing his country with its oppressors; in him one half of Hungary saw expire its Machabee, but it did not expire with him. That heroic and constant race accepts no yoke, even that of victory; it believes more in right than in fortune; it never yields alive what is sought to be wrested from it of its liberty. It had tempered its forces in the blood of those great martyrs of its cause; it chose for chief the young son of the patriot Tekeli; it deemed that he who had his father to avenge in defending his country would be more irreconcilable with tyranny than any other of its great citizens. Love, liberty, filial vengeance were combined in the heart of young Tekeli to make him the hero of independence by

nature as well as policy. He was, by his mother, a grandson of Count de Nadasti, one of the most imposing names of the Hungarian aristocracy; he was since his adolescence taken with the charms of the daughter of Count de Serin, of whom Austria had sought the hand for its protégé the prince of Transylvania. He wished to reconquer her at the cost of his blood; this passion was the second spring of his glory. *For God and for country* was the motto of his banners. For the Countess of Serin was the secret device of his heart. There was nothing of venality in the heroism of his troops; they were paid only by the acclamations of their country and by the spoils of their enemies.

Three times in three years, under the command of Tekeli, the Hungarians triumphed in pitched battle over the armies of Leopold; the imperial generals had but military science, whereas Tekeli and his companions had the genius of their free land which rose in insurrection beneath their steps. The ministers of Leopold, unable to vanquish, attempted to seduce him. Honorable truces were concluded between him and the Imperialists; he was called to Vienna to treat as an equal of the conditions that might pacify Hungary, and of the partition of the provinces between Leopold and him.

In these negotiations he detected a snare laid against his liberty or against his life; he absconded from Vienna, returned into his camps, invoked, like all the chiefs of civil factions, the aid of the foreigner and of the infidel against his countrymen of another party than his. The Hungarians, leagued anow by him with the Turks, formerly enemies, now liberators, became the vanguard of the Ottomans in Germany. Tekeli, flattered by Kara-Mustapha into the hope of the crown of Hungary, was in fact proclaimed by the divan king of Upper Hungary, by the title of King of the Hungarians and the Transylvanians. He married and crowned with his own hand his betrothed, the beautiful Helen de Serin, become widow of the Transylvanian prince, vanquished and slain. Like all refugees he surpassed against his own country the ferocity of the Ottomans, of whom he directed the invasions into Germanic Hungary.

Thousands of his compatriots fell by the sabre of his cavalry. Like the Spaniards of the new world, who associated the very brutes in their extermination of the innocent Indians of America, he had trained bloodhounds to scent, to hunt and to tear, even to the caverns of the mountains of

Moravia, the partisans of imperial domination. The terror of his name ran from the Danube to the Rhine and from the Vistula to the Alps.

He traced out, a long time before war was declared, between Mahomet IV. and Leopold, a broad route of flame and blood to the armies of the grand vizier; at the same time he was far from encouraging, by his agents at Constantinople, Kara-Mustapha in marching upon Vienna. He was, if not too Christian, at least too politic to convert a civil war of the reformers against the Catholics into a crusade of western Europe against the Turks; he only sought to wrest by the sword of the Turks, Hungary and Transylvania from the talons of Austria, to make them, under his own sovereignty, a kingdom annexed to the Ottoman empire. His crimes, in this enterprise, equalled his exploits. As intrepid, as cruel, but less patriotic than Scanderbeg, the Hungarian adventurer had the fate of all the Coriolanuses whom despair impels to the betrayal of their race: he received a precarious empire from the hand of strangers, he lost it with their withdrawal. He ended his days in exile, at Nicomedia, and his very ashes after him received a hospitable resting-place only on the land of the enemies of his God and of his country.

IX.

But, at the moment when he was dreaming the accomplishment of the plans of the two Kiuperlis against Vienna, Tekeli, already proclaimed king of the Hungarians and of Transylvania, was flanking with an army of sixty thousand cavalry the troops of the pashas of Ofen, ready to join the Turks and the Tartars, to whom the Porte had assigned as rendezvous the Danube in the plains of Pesth. The new king of the Hungarians, Tekeli, under the name of the Kruczes, the pashas of Roumelia, of Temeswar, of Erlau, the actual prince of Transylvania, Apafy, eighteen regiments of Janissaries, hosts of spahis cavalry took together the fortress of Fulek, and piled thousands of prisoners in wells dug in advance to serve as prisons or as tombs to the partisans of Leopold.

Count Kohary, a Hungarian nobleman, condemned to this punishment by Tekeli, apostrophized him in descending into it with the fortitude of a patriot and of a believer, who

would not at any price, even that of liberty itself, betray his religion and his country : " I prefer descending into those pits," said he as he passed in chains before Tekeli, " to seeing the crown of Hungary placed by the hand of those infidels on the brow of a traitor who has made himself a slave to be king."

X.

Similar acts of hostility before the declaration of war were habitual, in Hungary, between the Ottomans and the subjects of the German empire. Negotiations went on still at Constantinople, fighting commenced already on the Danube. Count Caprara, ambassador of Leopold, followed by a numerous cortege bearing rich presents, conferred for form's sake with the reis-effendi, minister of Foreign Affairs. These conferences, envenomed on one side by the exigencies of Kara-Mustapha, who reclaimed the ancient tributes and inadmissible cessions of provinces and fortresses, on the other side by the agents of Tekeli, of Apafy, and of the Transylvanian envoys, interested in an irreconcilable war which protected their independence, consumed their time in vain. The immense preparations for this campaign were finished at Constantinople, under the eyes of Caprara and of his retinue. The ambassador, ceremoniously bowed off by the grand vizier, delayed no longer to return to Vienna.

The army, two hundred thousand men strong, seasoned in the campaigns of Candia, of Bagdad and of Persia, under Kiuperli, were encamped already beneath their tents in the plain of Daoud-Pasha—this *campus martius* of the Ottomans at the gates of Constantinople, on the side of Europe. The Sultan was to accompany it as far as his residence of Adrianople. Soliman the Great had not displayed more royal and military pomp at the opening of his memorable expeditions against Germany or against Persia.

The recitals of Count Caprara, preserved in the archives of Vienna, and collected by De Hammer, are pages of history which resemble the poems of the East.*

* Even for the reason of this resemblance—the "poems of the East" being no more poetry than they are history, being neither fish nor flesh—I spare the reader the several pages which our author fills up with the transcription. It is the same garish catalogue of gold and silver, of silks and sugar-works, of furs and *fanfars*, which I have given already two or three times. To this extent, such things may be presented as curious, and even as instructive, by history; but beyond this, to keep repeating them is inexpressibly nauseating.—*Translator*.

XI.

Mahomet IV. stopped at Belgrade; he received there the homages and the tributes of the envoys of Tekeli and of the allied republic of Ragusa; he delivered to the grand vizier the green banner of the Prophet, a war horse, a sabre, a fur-mantle, a heron-plume, as symbol of his supreme authority during the campaign. Tekeli himself, attended by a hundred and twenty Hungarian knights on horseback, by a hundred and fifty hussars wearing gold-embroidered vests, came to render homage of his crown to the Sultan. He was dressed with that warlike luxury which the Hungarians borrowed from the Tartars and the Asiatics. Six heyducs on foot, clad in tiger skins, went before him; the green banner of Hungary floated above his head; the flag was torn into two strips to image the severance of the country into two adverse nations. A host of mounted heyducs and huzzars, whose caps were decked with snow-white plumes, caracoled around their new king. He himself, covered with a short pelisse of sable fur, and equipped in glittering armor, bore the ensigns of the royalty conquered by his sword. Kara-Mustapha received him as a king, and leaving the Sultan at Belgrade, advanced in the steps of Tekeli, across Hungary, of which this ambitious refugee described the route. Half through patriotism, half through terror, all bent before the deluge of Ottomans. The presence of Tekeli and of the magnates of his party put to silence the outraged nationality.

The Austrian army, soon encountered by the vanguard of the Turks, was thrown back by this mass as far as Raab. This fortress to be invested and carried, irritated Kara-Mustapha, impatient to strike the empire at the heart, by marching upon Vienna. He held a council of war in view of Raab, to decide on the direction of the campaign. The old warrior Ibrahim, victor of the Poles and of the Russians, represented to him vainly the danger of advancing into a hostile and unknown country, leaving behind him forts and garrisons which might bar return in case of reverses.

"A king of Persia," said Ibrahim to him, to back his counsel by a parable, "laid a treasure contained in a purse upon a broad carpet, and calling his courtiers, he gave the treasure to him who should find means to pick up the purse without walking on the carpet. The munificence of the

king appeared illusory, when one of the attendants, folding and rolling up the carpet by its margins, attained in this way the purse with the hand without having trodden on the cloth. Follow this example, O vizier," added Ibrahim, "and fold up Austria piece by piece, before touching the capital, which will be then without the nation to defend it."

"Old dotard," said Mustapha brutally to the old man, "thou reasonest like a head enfeebled by thy eighty years. Thou wilt remain here as a man incapable of fighting, and thou wilt take charge of provisioning from a distance the troops."

"Vizier," replied with boldness the sage Houssein, governor of Syria, and whom the Arab manners had accustomed to respect the wisdom of age, "do not outrage so our father the pasha, who gives thee the best counsel."

XII.

The sole counsellors of Mustapha were his temerity and his ignorance. He left Ibrahim in reserve with a handful of Tartars to guard the convoys, crossed the Leitha, carried the fortresses, dispersed a second time the feeble army of Leopold beyond Pesth, killed some five hundred of the bravest of his cavalry, and wounded mortally prince Louis of Savoy, volunteer in the army of the Imperialists. The two best generals of Leopold, Caprara and Montecuculli, unequal in numbers to the Ottomans, sheltered themselves behind the walls of Vienna, disseminating by their recitals the popular terror of the Turks, of whom the immense columns resembled the migration of a people rather than an army. The timid Leopold himself augmented this public terror by removing precipitately from the capital, the night preceding, with his family, his treasures, his court, and repairing for security to the asylum of the Alps of Styria. The conflagration of cities and of villages, multitudes of men, of women, of children, of flocks, flying from their burning dwellings and filling all the routes with the wailings of an entire nation, preceded the Turks.

At sunrise, the 14th of July, 1683, the Tartars, forming the vanguard of Kara-Mustapha, appeared to the consternated inhabitants of the capital. The slaughter in a body, by the Tartars, of three thousand five hundred suppliants shut up in a tower, come forth on the faith of a capitulation and pre-

ceded by a beautiful young woman crowned with flowers, who presented them the keys of the tower, re-echoed to Vienna the cries of the victims and the ferocious joy of the executioners. There were seen, from the high walls, convoys of forty thousand slaves chased like cattle before the horses of the Tartars, and winding with their lugubrious files along the pathways of Styria. Count Stahremberg, governor of Vienna, resolving to bury himself with his garrison of ten thousand men beneath the ruins of the capital, responded to the first summons of Kara-Mustapha by burning himself the vast suburbs of Vienna. The Turks, astonished, comprehended that a capital which wrapt itself by its own hand in a cincture of flame and of smoke, was determined to sacrifice itself for its religion and country.

XIII.

While this smoke was veiling Vienna from the eyes of the Turks, the duke of Lorraine, generalissimo of the German troops, issued from the city at the head of thirty thousand cavalry, Austrian, Croatian, Polish; and traversing the Danube, marched to meet the reinforcements which Germany and Poland promised to send him to aid Vienna. The Danube, over which the duke of Lorraine threw bridges behind him, saved this nucleus of the army. Vienna, in default of troops, rose and armed itself to a man; laborers, students, burghers, old men, all turned soldiers. The tongue was removed from the monster bell of the tower of Saint-Stephen, the cathedral and tomb of the empire, so that the tolling of this belfry should not apprise the Turks of the movements of the city. Small bells, carried through the streets of the city by the hands of children, became the low toned tocsin of the mute city. At the tinklings of this confidential tocsin, the soldiers, the burghers, the students, were to run each to the post which had been assigned them in advance.

During these preparations of distress, the three hundred thousand Turks, Tartars, Hungarians, completing the investment of the city, and re-establishing the bridges of boats on the Danube, dressed their tents and dug their trenches in a vast circumvallation which engirded the river itself within its lines. The Greek Cantacuzene, prince of Wallachia, surnamed by the Turks themselves Scheitanoghli, son of

Satan, had formed his lines and erected his batteries upon a wooded eminence, separated from the Turks, his allies, near Houzendorf on the borders of a forest, of which he cut down the trees to build the bridges across the Danube. This implacable enemy of the Christians had erected a cross in stone of ten toises in height, upon an altar whence he had his priests to celebrate him mass in sight of the crescent of his masters; a perfidious seducer of the wife of his predecessor on the throne of Wallachia, raised to the sovereignty by his trickery, adulation, versatility—the arms of this Greek were a horror to the population of Vienna. His piety contrasting with the cause which he served and with his crimes, made of the name of Scheitanoghli, descendant of the Byzantine emperors, Cantacuzenes, the symbol of apostasy.

XIV.

The siege, as furious as that of Candia, had now been prosecuted seventy days, with the alternations of eighteen assaults made and repulsed, and the extremities of distress and of famine, without the besieged, abandoned to themselves, having received any indication of relief sent by Christendom to the last of its defenders. Europe, indifferent to the dangers of an empire of which the ambition had depopularized the cause by its pretension to universal monarchy, armed for Austria but some few volunteers. The incoherence and the distension of these ill-computed elements, of which was composed, and of which is still composed to-day the German nationality, gave to the Germanic confederation the sloth and selfishness of members without a head, more unsuited for defence than for attack. The Christian fanaticism of the crusades was as extinct as the Mussulman fanaticism of conquest; all was politics in this war, wherein were seen Hungarians Calvinists, Moldavian, Wallachian, Transylvanian Catholics, Servian and Greek Christians, celebrating their mysteries in the midst of Mahometans on the hills around Vienna.

An intrepid Pole, former interpreter of the ambassadors of his nation at Constantinople, was the first to deceive the vigilance of the Turks, to bring to the defenders of Vienna the hope that had begun to abandon them. This adventurer, named Koltshitzky, traversed the camp of Mustapha

singing, in the garb of a street musician, Turkish songs which brought the soldiers around him. Having got to the brink of the Danube in front of the ramparts, he threw himself into the river and escaped by swimming between two waters, the bullets of the Turks. He brought to Stahremberg the news of the approach of the duke of Lorraine and of the king of Poland, Sobieski, at the head of seventy thousand combatants. Rockets launched during the following night from the tower of Saint-Stephen apprised the generals of the imperial army, that Vienna was breathing still under the ruins of her bastions, and that their message had rejoiced the hearts of its patriots.

XV.

Poland was the sole nation which the Catholicism of its people, and the heroism of its king, John Sobieski, had raised up to the succor of Austria. Her long resentments for her old humiliations against the Turks and the recent glory of the victory of Choczim, which had taught her to despise her enemy, had popularized the holy war against the Ottomans in Poland. The inclination of her king had done the rest.

We have above said that heroic Poland had been at all times a faction rather than a nation. She had ended in 1832, by giving herself a constitution as anarchical as her character. Louis d'Anjou, of the royal house of France, the last of the hereditary kings of Poland, had left in dying but two daughters.

The second and most beautiful of these daughters, named Edwidge, was but fourteen years old at the death of her father. The Poles, seduced by her precocious beauty and by her virtues in expectancy, proclaimed her queen of Poland, under condition that the nation would retain over its young sovereign the paternal authority which would lead her to marry a prince of its choice. But the heart of Edwidge had chosen before the diet of Poland. One of her cousins, William of Hapsburg, duke of Austria, brought up with her in the palace of her father, was the husband and the king whom she designed herself. This young prince, by his graces, by his education, by his valor, would have attracted the eyes of any princess of his time; but an affection, so to say fatal, assured to him the heart of Ed-

widge. "It seemed to her," she used to say to the Poles, "that they had been brought up in the same cradle."

William of Hapsburg, called secretly by her to Cracow to solicit her hand from the diet, failed to bend the Polish nobility, who dreaded in a prince of the house of Austria a dominator rather than a king. Neither the anguish nor the tears of Edwidge could avail to mollify her people. An idolatrous barbarian, clothed in skins of wild beasts, of manners as ferocious as his countenance, Jagellon, duke of Lithuania, was imposed as husband on the grand-daughter of Saint Louis, and as king upon the polished Sarmatians, those Italians of the north.

The ambition of strengthening Poland against the Russians, the Tartars and the Cossacks, by the adjunction of Lithuania, determined the diet to sacrifice to this barbarian the daughter of their kings. Resigned to her lot, and fervent in the zeal of converting the Lithuanians to the Catholic faith, Edwidge commenced by converting her husband, and pursued with him in Lithuania, at one time by the persuasion of her charms and her eloquence, at another by force, the conversion of her new people to the God of her infancy. History records, both with admiration and with horror, the recital of this strange mission of Edwidge and of Jagellon in Lithuania to substitute Christianity for idolatry.

Whilst the beautiful and eloquent queen of Poland preached to the multitudes attracted by astonishment and interest upon her path, the barbarous Jagellon, attended by priests no less implacable, constrained and martyred the obstinate adherents to the old faith. To the end of sparing the time of the missionaries in the ceremonies of an individual baptism, the king shoved, under the sword of his soldiers, entire multitudes into the current of the river and had them thus baptized *en masse*, not giving often but a single saintly denomination to a whole horde.

XVI.

Since the extinction of the Jagellons, Poland, becoming more and more republican, had elected in its diet an aristocratic and military senate, kings more resembling consuls than monarchs. Its tribunitian and prætorian constitution seemed to have combined all the vices of mon-

archical, of military, of feudal, and of republican government. Its existence was but a standing candidature of its turbulent nobles for the throne, and a perpetual faction against the king which it had chosen.

The policy of the Poles abroad savored of those everlasting competitions at home; each party, alternately imperilling its country to remain faithful to its preferences or antipathies, sought its support and its allies among foreigners. In the midst of so many intestine agitations a single virtue remained to the Polish nobility, heroism. They were the first soldiers in the world. We have seen their perpetual oscillation between Hungary, Austria, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, even Tartary: a people hitherto rather Oriental than European, they had accepted for a long time the vassalage of the Ottomans; but their nobility rendered them as incapable of servitude as of liberty. Excess in all things was their nature; they had glorious days upon the field of battle, but no security in their country.

XVII.

Such was Poland at the moment when it gave birth to one of those men who save and immortalize their nations, when nations can be saved. This man was Sobieski, predestined one day to be the shield of Europe.

John Sobieski, according to his late historian, M. de Salvandy, author of a justly valued publication on this hero, was born in 1624 in the Carpathian mountains, in the castle of Olesko, during a memorable storm, wherein the thunderbolt, in menacing his cradle, seemed to announce to Poland a man of brilliancy and report coming into the world. He was of the blood of those Sarmatian heroes called the nobles of the *buckler*, whose names were lost in the fabulous origins of the country. He has related himself, in an historical notice, the exploits of his father, James Sobieski, the vanquisher of the Turks in the battle of Choczim.

"The remembrance of James Sobieski, son of Mark," says he, "remains profoundly engraven in my heart: he was my father. He commenced his military career under the great Zolkiewski, in that former war of Muscovy which delivered to young Wladislas the throne of the czars. In the following expedition, he was of the number of the chiefs charged, on the refusal of Zolkiewski, to command the army

and to present the prince to the people who had chosen him for master. Wounded in the arm at the storming of Moscow, my father attended however all the subsequent campaigns of those stormy times, always followed by his hussars of ordinance whom he kept up at his own expense, and whom from their conspicuous valor, as well as their rich uniform, occasioned to be named the *golden troupe*. It was he who in the glorious campaign of Choczim, member of a commission invested with full powers from the diet to conduct the hostilities, succeeded in concluding peace with the emperor Othman II. Since this success, he was charged with all the negotiations of the republic with the Swedes, the Cossacks, the Tartars, the Muscovites, the Turks. Four times the nuncios placed him at their head in the diets, by electing him marshal, and he ended by attaining, from rank to rank, to the post of first secular senator of Poland, under the title of *castellan** of Cracow."

His mother, Theophile Danilowiczowna-Sobieska, was the grand-daughter of the illustrious grand hetman Zolkiewski, conqueror of Moscow. At the commencement of the same summer in which she gave birth to her glorious son, a band of Tartars had invaded her manor of Olesko, where she was at the time with her mother Danilowiczowna and her grandmother the widow of Zolkiewski. These three women, at the head of their domestic household, defended valiantly their castle, their liberty, their honor, the hero who was going to be born, and whom the din of arms had come to visit before the cradle.

John had an elder brother, of whom he says in the same manuscript note: "My elder brother, named Mark, like my grand-uncle, was to arrive at the age of manhood but to be murdered by the Tartars. All my family have thus met death by the hands of the infidels in the defence of our holy religion; I alone was reserved for other destinies by the divine will." That John Sobieski saw completely his mission would appear from this single modest and pious expression.

His father, James, vanquisher of Othman II. had given his country the peace which is brought by victory. His boyhood elapsed during the prosperous years which this peace had procured for Poland, and under the influence of the cur-

* A title of the first-class senators in the old constitution of Poland.
—Translator.

rent of civilization which was reaching at length these countries, always trodden and devastated by the savage or the soldier. His education profited by this; he spoke seven or eight languages, knew the foreign literatures, played on several musical instruments, painted with facility, as he mounted superiorly a horse, and handled all arms with an admirable dexterity. His father, of whom the eloquence had often swayed the diets, and who knew the influence of oratory in republics, exercised him also in wielding this weapon of the soul; he made him more eloquent than himself. He sent him also to travel, first to Paris, to complete his education; then in Turkey to make him measure the proportions and sound the strength of that formidable power, whom he had designated in his policy and in his faith as the enemy which must be combated and vanquished.

His mother had collected at Jolkiew, the centre of the vast possessions of the family, all the remains of her kindred fallen by the hand of the Ottomans and of the Tartars. James had even ransomed from Othman II. the head of the great Zolkiewski, for a long time attached to the gates of the seraglio after the fatal day of Kobilta, to bring it to this rendezvous of death and heroism. A monastery of Dominicans, erected by Theophile, received this deposit, and it is related that she used to conduct, almost every day, her children to those venerated relics. There she used to pray, and inflame their imagination and their heart with all the combats, with all the martyrdoms of the family. Often the catastrophe of Kobilta used to recur in those reiterated narratives between the tombs and an altar. The scene always impressed the boy with deep emotion. There the mother used to read him a letter of farewell, addressed to King Sigismund by his grandfather, the grand hetman, and dated from this last of his fields of battle, as a testimony of policy and of war.

XVIII.

While his father was commanding the Polish troops upon the Boug and illustrating himself in the diets, the young. Sobieski, received and admired in France for his martial beauty and his precocious genius, was dazzled with the nascent splendor of the court of Louis XIV., enrolled himself, to learn the profession of arms, in the musketeers

of the king's guard, and was formed, in the intimacy of the great Condé, at this school of heroism. Pursuing his travels from Paris to Constantinople, he was recalled into his country by a civil war between two armed factions, that of King Wladislas and that of Chmielnicki, this Polish Coriolanus, who led the Cossacks into his country.

The inter-reign, after the death of Wladislas, in opening the era of anarchies, united Poland to the barbarians. The nobility, assembled at Warsaw, to tear each other's eyes out in disputing for election to the throne, was on the verge of being surrounded in its capital. Zamosc, already invested by the Cossacks and by their Polish allies, was ready to give up to the barbarians the last citadel of liberty. Sobieski threw himself athwart the enemy, rallied the public courage, sustained the siege, repulsed the barbarians. The new king elected, John Casimir, obtained a precarious peace, soon followed by a fresh confederation against him. Sobieski triumphed over it in the victory at Beredesco, which left a breathing respite to the country. But dissensions were perpetually prevalent among a people who recognized their country but in camps. The Russians of Peter the Great inundated the provinces of the north; the partisans of the king of Sweden, Charles Gustavus, delivered him in his turn the throne of Poland; the final word of the partition of Poland was pronounced aloud by the Swedes and Russians.

But the hour of this European crime, unfortunately provoked by the turbulence of that aristocracy, had not yet struck. There remained to Poland a great citizen in a hero. The inspiration of supreme danger had him elected commander-in-chief. Inundated by Cossacks, by Tartars, by Russians, by Hungarians, by Transylvanians, called by the Poles into their provinces, the Sarmatians needed a soldier a stranger to all these parties and dominating all by his superior impartiality.* Sobieski accepted the command as the post of danger, the breach of the country. He took in hand the sword of Poland.

XIX.

But the extremity of the danger was not sufficient to fill up the great heart of Sobieski; the noble passion which

* Here is, in two words, the secret of the success and genius of Louis Napoleon.—*Translator.*

best allies itself to heroism in men of large natural proportions, love devoured the hero. He adored the beautiful countess Zamoyski, whom the death of her husband had rendered free at the moment of the coronation of Sobieski. The countess Zamoyski was a young French woman, taken to Poland, as maid of honor, by the last queen of the Poles, the princess de Nevers. Her name was Marie-Casimire d'Arquien; her beauty and her wit had distinguished her to the admiration of Warsaw.

Sobieski, less a king than lover, forgot for her the policy which counselled him to seek an alliance with the great families of his country; he forgot even the decency which interdicts a widow of only eight days to pass from mourning to marriage; his impatience of felicity had driven him to marry her before a week had dried the tears which she was bound to pay a first husband. Ready to enter on a campaign against numerous and virulent enemies, he was unwilling to die without having possessed a wife whom he preferred to an empire. We shall see by and by this woman, become queen, form the delight and the torture of him who had given her a throne with his heart.

XX.

A battle of twenty-seven days at Podhaïc against the Poles, the Cossacks, the Tartars and the Turks confederated, restored to him the soil of Poland; a second battle against two hundred thousand Turks of Ibrahim-Pasha gave him an European renown. Christendom rung with his name in all its temples; he received the name of *Buckler of Christ*, this early surname of his fathers. He returned to attend more closely with a handful of patriots to the turbulent diet, where the nobility, partitioned between the different powers of Europe, were rending the country and preparing it a prey for foreigners. The entire nation is at length convoked to rescue Poland from the nobles. Gratitude pronounces the name of Sobieski. Entire Poland responds by an acclamation which appoints him king. He refuses in vain; the public safety constrains him to accept the crown. All the parties are silent a moment before this name. He confirms the appointment by the victory of Choczim against the Turks, the first superiority of the Sarmatians over the Ottomans. The Turks named him the *Lion of the North*.

It has been seen that, far from abusing his success, Sobieski had sent ambassadors and presents to Constantinople to confirm peace after victory. The rashness and ignorance of Kara-Mustapha had embittered these negotiations. Sobieski, apprised of the preparations of the grand vizier, had in vain invited Europe to a defensive crusade against the Ottomans. The emperor Leopold himself, the most menaced of all the powers, had declined his offers. The Polish nobles, always of the party opposed to their kings, had refused Sobieski their consent to the war. France, allied to Turkey and hostile to Austria, fomented at Warsaw the spirit of resistance to the plans of Sobieski. But the three hundred thousand men of Kara-Mustapha crossing the Danube to inundate Germany, the persistence of Sobieski, the disinterested and religious enthusiasm of the Polish people for its faith, constrained at length the diet to ratify reluctantly the alliance of Poland and Germany.

The voice of Sobieski had roused Savoy, Italy, Spain, Portugal. Turin sent the emperor subsidies and volunteers; the king of Spain sold his gold and silver table service to pay the defenders of his house and of his faith; the convents of Spain and of Italy made up collections to defray the expenses of this universal war; the cardinals of Rome, by the example of Pope Clement XI., alienated ecclesiastical property to defend the Church endangered so near the Alps; the Catholic provinces of the south were furrowed with pilgrimages and processions to all the altars, to implore the aid of miracles in favor of Sobieski. But Sobieski was himself the true miracle.

The Turks advanced upon Pesth; the duke Charles of Lorraine, generalissimo of Leopold, but generalissimo almost without an army, called immediately the Poles to a junction, which could alone supply his weakness. Leopold, exiled from his capital, offered entire Hungary to the king of Poland in lieu of his assistance. Sobieski, more chivalrous and more christian than ambitious, did not wish for other reward than the victory; he would have blushed to fight as a mercenary for Christendom. Glory and heaven were the sole pay for his heroism. After having visited on foot and as pilgrim all the churches of Cracow, the day of the festival of the Assumption, he rushed forth, with the elite of the Polish armies, to the relief of Vienna. Germany hailed him with a cry of hope. Triumphal arches, erected at all

points upon his passage, bore for motto the Latin words, alluding to his future destiny: *Salvatorem expectamus* (we are expecting a savior).

It was in fact the safety of Vienna which approached with him. Three days later the bulwark of the empire, of Austria, of Italy, of Christendom, would have crumbled. The two armies of Charles of Lorraine and of Sobieski, in uniting within a march of Vienna, did not amount together to over sixty thousand combatants. These were all that Christendom, cooled by the inanity of its old crusades, and disaffected towards the house of Austria for its universal ambition, had been able to rally against the three hundred thousand Asiatics of Kara-Mustapha.

XXI.

The hour was pressing. Vienna, crushed beneath the mortars of the Ottoman artillery, was but a plain ploughed by the continuous explosion of bombs; the churches, the monasteries, the palace of the emperor, entire sections of the capital, were smoking in ruins; the trenches of the enemy were but thirty paces from the counterscarp; the batteries, armed with the same monstrous cannons which had opened the breaches of Constantinople, of Rhodes, of Candia, were preparing broad breaches for the last assaults. Count Stahremberg, wounded by the explosion of a bomb, was now commanding, but from a bed of pain; the soldiers and the inhabitants, in measuring each morning with the eye the personal losses of the preceding day and the rapid diminution of their battalions, began to talk of an inevitable and approaching capitulation.

Two months had passed away in the most terrible perplexity, in combats of daily recurrence. Pestilence was superadded to the bombardment. The munitions were exhausted, and a mournful despair was seizing on every soul. In September, a half-moon fell into the power of the besiegers, a part of the wall had fallen in. It was urgent to throw up trenches at the entrance of the streets: it was the last effort. Stahremberg no longer hoped to hold out beyond three days, and each night the signals of distress announced to Charles of Lorraine that the fall was becoming inevitable. In the middle of the night preceding this third and last day, a cry of joy rung of a sudden from the high

tower of Saint-Stephen. It was the sentinel who had just descried a brilliant light upon the summits of the Calenberg, and which signalized at the horizon the Polish army. The sun on rising broke upon a forest of lances and of streamers which unfolded itself over the mountain.

The Turks were then seen to divide themselves into three bodies: one to turn towards the new combatant who was presenting himself, the other to prepare for the assault; the third, a symptom of deliverance, was but a disorderly multitude who fled towards Hungary carrying off the booty. The bishop of Neustadt, Collonitz, who had fought as soldier at Candia, and who now was shut up in Vienna, where his piety, his courage, his exhortation animated the defence, where his example and his charity aided in supporting so many sufferings, called forthwith the women and children to the churches, while Stahremberg took off the men to the ramparts.

XXII.

Already for some days back Charles of Lorraine had run to join Sobieski, to learn, said he, the business of war under so finished a master. The Imperialists wept with joy in seeing the illustrious chief whose name alone was a first victory. Discord, which always attends on reverses, was paralyzing their last strength; it was extinguished at the feet of the hero of Choczim, who met in his new soldiers an obedience which he had never experienced from his own subjects.

Meanwhile Charles of Lorraine had succeeded in throwing a triple bridge across the Danube, within six leagues of Vienna, while the grand visier had done nothing to hinder him. "You see plainly, that the general who, at the head of three hundred thousand men, has let this bridge be constructed under his nose, cannot fail to be beaten," cried Sobieski, to draw across the Danube the Imperialists who were hesitating to follow him.

The following day the Danube was crossed. The Poles marched foremost; the magnificence and the beauty of their arms and of their horses astonished their allies. A single regiment of infantry formed a blot by their tattered uniform. "This," said Sobieski, "is an invincible band who have vowed never to array themselves but in the spoils of the enemy."

"If these words did not clothe them," says the abbé Coyer, one of the biographers of Sobieski, "they caressed them."

Sobieski had not been before at the head of forces so considerable. The steep chain of Calenberg, covered with forests on its sides, furrowed with narrow gorges, easy to guard, separated him still from Kara-Mustapha, who did not dream of availing himself of a barrier so difficult to cross. Nothing could alarm the confidence of the vizier. The laborious march of the allies across the mountain lasted three days; they were obliged to abandon there their heavy artillery. The foremost scouts, who from the last cliffs descried the formidable camp of the Ottomans, took forthwith to flight and spread through the ranks the terror with which they were stricken; the Imperialists especially were profoundly dismayed. Sobieski cheered their courage by his martial gaiety and his assurance. He had enrolled in his guard a troop of Janissaries whom he had formerly made prisoners. On the eve of combating the Turks, he proposed to them to return to the baggages, or even to rejoin the camp of Kara-Mustapha. All responded, with moistened eyes, that they would live and die but for him.

XXIII.

His letters to his wife, Casimire d'Arquien, reveal better than history the agitation of mind, the anguish of heart, and the refuge for his thoughts, sought in love by Sobieski, the eve of the day when he was going to fight the battle of Christianity against the three hundred thousand Ottomans already before his eyes. The heroes who write, such as Cæsar, Frederick and Sobieski, on the eve and the morrow of battles, are the confidants of posterity.

"If occasionally I fail to write you at length, my dear wife, is it not easy to explain my hurry without the aid of injurious suppositions? The combatants of two divisions of the earth are now but a few miles distant from each other: my thoughts must be every where; I must provide for the smallest detail. I implore you, my heart, for the love you bear me, not to rise so early in the morning; what health could withstand it, especially in retiring so late as you are accustomed to do. You will afflict me if you do not pay attention to my entreaty; you will deprive me of rest, you will deprive me of health, and what is worse, you will

damage your own, which is my sole comfort in this world. As to our mutual affection, let us see which will cool the more. If my age be not that of ardor, my heart and my soul are still as young as ever. Were we not agreed, my love, that it was now to be your turn, and that it was you who was to make the advances? Have you kept your word to me, my heart? Do not, therefore pretend to cast your own wrong upon another."

XXIV.

Scarce had this letter of affection to his wife been written, the night of the 12th of September, 1683, than Sobieski, coming forth at day break from his tent at the booming of the cannon of the Ottoman army, saw on the one side the columns of the Janissaries disposing themselves in masses for a last assault before the breaches of the ramparts of Vienna, and on the other the aged Ibrahim-Pasha, the octogenarian hero of the Turks, fall with the impetuosity of fatalism upon the vanguards of the Polish army on the flanks of the mountain. Ibrahim, traversing at a gallop those advanced posts, dismounted with his spahis at the foot of the intrenchments thrown up by the duke of Lorraine. Sobieski, without hastening thither, but seeking his support and his inspiration in prayer, was at that moment hearing mass in the open air, from a poor hermit, near a ruined chapel, whence the eye could survey the whole field of battle. The service over, Sobieski remounted his horse, and rushed with his Polish cavalry upon the enemy.

The Christians, marching in five columns, carried one by one, from ravine to ravine, from precipice to precipice, from defile to defile, from wood to wood, the positions from which fell back step by step the squadrons charged to arrest them. From the breach the garrison of Vienna witnessed the resistless course of their liberators; it made itself some heroic efforts against being crushed before the hour of rescue. Thus far Kara-Mustapha kept motionless between these two battles.

At eleven o'clock the allies were in the plain; it was already a victory. Their adversaries beat back, left them time to take breath. At noon the Mussulmans were rallied and swelled by powerful reinforcements; they sustained a second struggle more terrible still. But the skilful marshal-

lings of Sobieski, his impetuous and precise manœuvres prevailed, and the Christian army appeared upon the glacis of the camp. There recommenced a third and the last battle. The whole Ottoman army pressed around the standard of the vizier; Kara-Mustapha commanded in person. A deep ravine, intrenchments, a formidable artillery, covered him on all sides. It was five o'clock in the afternoon; the king surveyed the obstacle, and did not hope to end the struggle the same day. He was thinking therefore of passing the night in those new positions, when in running along the lines of his troops, he found them more exhilarated than fatigued from their victorious march, through so many combats and under the pressure of a stifling heat. The attitude of the Ottomans, on the contrary, seemed downcast and discouraged. He perceived afar, through clouds of dust, the long files of camels that thronged the routes of Hungary. The attack was decided.

Meanwhile the confidence of the grand vizier was not shaken; he felt assured that the Christians would be dashed to pieces upon his intrenchments. He was seen, shaded by a tent of crimson silk from the rays of the sun, taking coffee tranquilly between his two sons. Sobieski, furious at this foolish and disdainful security, ordered the French officer who commanded his infantry to take possession of a redoubt which commanded the quarters of Kara-Mustapha. This order is executed with vigor. The enemy is disturbed by it. At the same instant, Kara-Mustapha, who is ruffled at last, calls to his defence the infantry of the right wing; this movement uncovers his army and deranges the entire line. It was the pivot of the victory. Sobieski seized it like a master: he pushed at once the duke of Lorraine on the half-opened centre, while he hastened himself to the dense masses that covered the tent of the grand vizier. The Tartars and the spahis recognized him. His name flies along the front of the Ottoman army. His presence is at length believed. "By Allah!" cried the Khan of the Tartars in terror, "the king is with them."

The hussars of Sobieski have crossed, at full speed, the ravine where the infantry had hesitated; they rush into the enemy's ranks and cut in twain their battle array, while the prince of Waldeck is turning the camp. The day is decided; the grand vizier, fallen from the height of his arrogance, weeps like a woman. Meanwhile he tries to rally his

troops, who are running off. All is flight; he flies himself in the midst of this army in disorder, which is no longer but a terrified multitude. It was the flood of the Ottoman power that was receding for ever. Entire Europe saw a miracle in this panic terror of the Turks. This last battle had lasted but an hour; it was therefore more decisive than murderous. It does not appear that the army of the grand vizier had lost more than 8 or 10,000 men. In his terror, however, he stopped not till he reached the walls of Raab, whilst the king, dreading an offensive return, took all the cautions of an anxious, but now unnecessary prudence.

The following day Sobieski entered the delivered city, through the breach which the enemy were preparing to cross.

XXV.

Entire Vienna came forth from its walls in ruins to form a cortège to the army of its liberator. The contrast of Leopold absent, and of the king of Poland sacrificing his blood and that of his people to rescue her, might at this moment have made Sobieski the emperor of Austria and of Hungary. "There was a man who was sent from God whose name was John," said the clergy of Vienna in applying to him the words of the gospel. But Sobieski wished for his victory but the honor of having saved the West. He avenged himself of his desertion by all the powers of Europe, only by announcing with his own hand, to the most Christian king of France, the victory of the Christians won without him and against him. Such were his sole reprisals.

His letter to his wife, written the night of the battle in the tent of Kara-Mustapha, become his spoil, lets posterity into the pure and tender soul of the hero: the only trace of pride is in the date.

"In the tent of the grand vizier, the 13th September, at night.

"Sole joy of my soul, charming and beloved Mariette,

"God be for ever blessed! He has given victory to our nation; he has given it a triumph such as past ages have never seen the like. All the artillery, the whole camp of the Ottomans, countless riches, have fallen into our hands. The approaches of the city, the plains around are covered with the dead of the infidel army, the residue fled in conster-

nation. Our people are bringing in momentarily camels, mules, oxen, sheep, which the enemy had with him, and also an innumerable multitude of prisoners. Besides we receive a large number of deserters, most of them converts, well clothed and well mounted. The victory has been so sudden and so extraordinary that in the city and in our camp all were still in alarm; the enemy was thought to be seen returning every moment. He has left behind in powder and munitions to the value of a million of florins.

"I have witnessed this night a spectacle which I had desired for a long time. Our wagon drivers set fire to the powder in several places; the explosion was like that of the day of judgment, without however hurting any body. I could see on that occasion how the clouds are formed in the atmosphere; but it is a misadventure. It is over a half million of loss.

"The vizier has abandoned every thing in his flight; he has carried away only his clothes and his horse. It is I who am established his heir; for the greatest portion of his riches are fallen into my hands.

"Advancing with the first line, and driving the vizier before me, I met one of the domestics who led me into the tents of his private court; these occupy to themselves alone a space as large as the city of Warsaw or of Leopold. I took possession of all the decorations and the banners that are wont to be borne before the vizier. As to the great banner of Mahomet, which his sovereign had confided to him for this war, I have sent it to Saint-Peter by Talenti. Besides, we have rich tents, superb equipages and a thousand other toys very beautiful and very rich. I have not yet seen all; but there is no comparison with what we saw at Choczim. For instance, four or five quivers, mounted with rubies and with sapphires, are alone worth some thousands of ducats. You will not say to me then, my heart, as the Tartar women do to their husbands when they return without booty: Thou art no warrior, since thou hast brought me nothing; for it is only the man who pushes forward that can pick up something.

"I have also a horse of the vizier with the entire harness. He has himself been pursued closely, but escaped. His *kiah* or first lieutenant has been killed, as well as a number of other principal officers. Our soldiers have taken possession of a number of sabres mounted in gold. Night

put an end to the pursuit : and besides, although fleeing, the Turks defended themselves sternly. In this respect they executed a most beautiful retreat. However, the Janissaries were forgotten in the trenches, and at night they were all cut to pieces. Such were the pride and the presumption of the Turks, that while a portion of the army was giving us battle, another part was storming the city. Accordingly they had wherewith to meet these various exigencies. I estimate them, without the Tartars, at three hundred thousand ; others have reckoned three hundred thousand tents, which would imply a number of men beyond all known proportions. For my part, I reckon nearly one hundred thousand tents, for they occupied three immense camps. The Turks have left in fleeing many captives of this country, especially women, but often having massacred as many of them as they could. There is then a large number of women killed ; but also a great many are only wounded, and may still recover. I met yesterday a child of three years old, a charming little boy, whose head one of the cowards had cut hideously across the mouth. The vizier had seized, in one of the palaces of the emperor, a beautiful ostrich ; but he has also cut off its head to prevent its return into the power of the Christians. It is impossible to detail all the refinements of luxury that the vizier had united in his tents. There were baths, small gardens with jets of water, rabbit warrens, in fine a parrot which our soldiers have given chase to without catching.

"To-day I have been to see the city ; it could not have held out beyond five days. The imperial palace is riddled with bullets ; those immense bastions, creviced and half crumbled, have an awful aspect ; they look like masses of rock.

"All the troops have done well their duty ; they attribute to God and to me the victory. At the moment when the enemy had begun to swerve (and the most violent shock took place where I was, by the grand vizier), all the cavalry of the rest of the army pushed towards me on the right wing, the centre and the left wing having already little to do ; I then saw advancing M. de Baviere, the prince Waldeck and others ; the generals kissed my hands and feet ; the soldiers and the officers, foot and horse, exclaimed : Ah ! *unser brave König* ! (Ah, our brave king !) All obey me still better than my own troops.

"The commandant of the city, Stahremberg, came also

to see me to-day. All those people have embraced me, and have given me the name of savior. I have been in two churches where the people have kissed my hands, feet, clothes; others, who could not get near enough to touch me, cried, Ah! give us to kiss your victorious hands! They seemed to wish to cry *vivat*; but they were restrained by fear of the officers and the superiors. However, a mass of the people broke out into a sort of *vivat*. I remarked that the superiors regarded them with displeasure; accordingly, after having dined with the commandant, I hastened to quit the city and return to the camp. The multitude reconducted me to the gates. I see that Stahremberg is on bad terms with the magistrates of the city. In receiving me, he did not present any of the civil authorities. The emperor has made known to me that he is at a mile's distance. . . . But behold, the day begins to dawn; I must close this letter. I am no longer left the power of writing and of conversing with you in this manner.

"Our loss has been heavy in the battle; we have to regret especially two persons, of whom Dupont will tell you. Among the foreigners, the prince De Croÿ has been killed; his father is wounded, and they have further lost some other persons of distinction.

"Father Aviano has embraced me a million of times with joy; he pretends to have seen during the battle a white dove hovering over our armies.

"We put ourselves in motion to-day to pursue the enemy into Hungary. The electors have told me they would accompany me.

"It is really a grand benediction of God. Honor and glory be rendered him now and for ever!

"As soon as the vizier saw that he could keep his ground no longer, he had his sons called by him, and set to weeping like a child. He then said to the khan of the Tartars: '*Save me, if thou canst.*' The khan answered: 'We know the king of Poland well; it is impossible to resist him; let us rather bethink us of escaping.'

"I am at this moment mounting horse to march into Hungary, and I hope, as I have said in leaving you, to see you at Itryi. Let Wyszynoki repair the fireplaces and prepare the apartments.

"This letter is the best gazette, and you may use it to

that end, letting it be known that it is the letter of the king to the queen.

"The princes of Bavaria and of Saxony are determined to follow me to the ends of the earth. We must double our pace for the two first miles, on account of the insupportable infection of the corpses, as well of men as of horses and camels.

"I have written to the king of France; I have said to him that it was more especially to him, as most Christian king, that it was fitting to make my report of the battle won, and of the salvation of Christendom.

"The emperor is but a mile and a half from here. He comes down the Danube in a boat; I perceive that he has no great desire to see me, perhaps on account of etiquette. He is hastening to Vienna to get chanted the *Te Deum*. This is why I give place to him. I am well content to avoid all these ceremonies; we have been regaled only with these to this day. Our son is brave to excess."*

This domestic bulletin, which gives us to read the happiness of the lover and of the father in the heart of the hero, is the most living recital of the battle that saved Europe. Glory, usually ferocious or haughty, becomes there pathetic like love; the tone of sadness, which transpires beneath the happiness in the letter of Sobieski, was the presentiment of the indifference of Germany for so great a service, and the persecutions that awaited him from his ungrateful and factious countrymen.

XXVI.

This presentiment did not deceive him. Leopold, who knew neither how to vanquish nor even to fight, jealous of

* Assuredly, if all his majesty's epistles were of this proportion, the queen must have been quite exacting in complaining of his brevity, even as a mere manoeuvre of French coquetry. She could not, as a woman, write more lengthily herself, and as a French woman, would not certainly write so disorderly. Sobieski may, as a hero, be classed with Cesar, and with Frederick; but he had evidently nothing of either in the way of wielding the pen. It is possible, that the two former have at the same time been profane philosophers, and that the pious Pole said his prayers before and after, and during his battles. The mental state which this implies is in fact more favorable to heroism than that cool-headedness which gives the power of systematic and succinct statement. But the bulletin of Sobieski is puerile, and the tact of citing it in his applause is worse.—*Translator.*

offended at, the glory of Sobieski, not pardoning him the services which he had just received from him, astonished the world by his ingratitude: it seems to have been at all times the destiny of the imperial government.

Whilst all the peoples of Europe uttered cries of enthusiasm like that of Vienna, and felt themselves delivered by him; whilst the Protestants as well as the Catholics celebrated the victory of Sobieski, while all the pulpits were resounding with his glorious name, while Innocent XI. fell at the foot of the crucifix and burst into tears of joy, on receiving the banner of the Prophet which was sent him by the victor, Leopold, preoccupied with the prerogatives of his rank, humiliated at himself, irritated at the transports of his subjects, thrown in the shade by his liberator, troubled about the promises which he had made to determine his alliance, instead of running to meet him, returned to Vienna only to avoid him, and held council but to discuss the question of precedence regarding him.

Sobieski cut short this puerile difficulty, as he relates it himself. The interview had place on horseback. Leopold remained cold and was scarcely courteous; he had not even the hypocrisy of gratitude. The king, astonished at this sordid ingratitude, could not refrain from saying to him: "I am well pleased, sire, to have rendered you this small service." It was his whole vengeance, but that of Leopold did not stop there. Petty difficulties and intrigues surrounded Sobieski and his army. Their trophies were disputed with and filched from them. They were refused succor for their wounded, Christian sepulture for their dead. They were left exposed to die of hunger before the walls of Vienna.

"At present," wrote the king, "we are like persons with the plague whom everybody shuns; whilst before the battle, my tents, which, thank God, are sufficiently spacious, could scarce contain the crowd of arrivals." He wished to march forward, to profit by the victory, but he was met by a thousand obstacles.

Besides, this ingratitude of the emperor extended to almost all those who had contributed to save him; it was proportioned to the services. The allies, indignant, abandoned in crowds the imperial camp. Sobieski, almost alone, despite his officers and the whole army, who pressed him to withdraw at length from the outrage, remained faithful to the cause which he had embraced.

"My destiny," said he, "is to oblige everybody and to have nothing to expect but from God." He put himself then in motion; he wished to deal a second decisive blow, as he wrote the queen. He was advancing already through the plains of Hungary, still impelling the Turkish bands before him, when the Imperialists were still deliberating under the walls of Vienna.

XXVII.

The sloth of the Germans in the pursuit of the grand vizier saved the wrecks of the Ottoman army, and permitted them to rally behind Gran. The emperor Leopold, as we have said, had at last decided to elude the difficulty by meeting Sobieski on horseback. This cold interview between the hero and the fugitive restored to his capital, is traced naïvely in the letter of Sobieski to his wife.

"The emperor," says he, "had in his train some fifty courtiers and ministers. Trumpeters preceded him: bodyguards and a dozen valets walked behind him. I will not describe the emperor, his portrait is known to you. He was mounted on a bay horse of Spanish race; he wore a tight coat richly embroidered, a hat of French fashion, with an agraife and white and red plumes, a belt mounted with sapphires and diamonds, the sword the same. We saluted each other sufficiently politely; I made him my compliments in Latin and in few words; he responded in the same tongue, and in choice terms. Being thus face to face with one another, I presented him my son, who approached and saluted him. The emperor did not even put a hand to his hat; I was quite shocked at it. He treated in the same manner the senators and the hetmans, and even his ally, the prince palatine of Belz. To avoid scandal and the comments of the public, I again addressed some words to the emperor, after which I turned my horse: we made a mutual salute, and I returned to my camp. The palatine of Russia has showed our army to the emperor, as he desired; but our people have been quite provoked, and complained loudly that the emperor had not deigned to thank them, were it only by touching his hat, for all their pains and privations. After this separation, all was suddenly changed; it is as if we were no more known.

"We no longer get either provisions or forage; it is re-

fused us to bury our dead in the cemeteries of the city. I myself have had the greatest trouble to obtain hospitality in a convent to repose my head. After so great a battle, wherein we have lost so many men and so many sons of the most illustrious of our families, we are besides losing our horses and our baggage, and we are exposed to the pity and laughter of those whom we have delivered. Oh, my God! it is enough to make one die ten times a day to see escaping, through their sloth, so many beautiful occasions of annihilating the Turks, and so many glorious victories. I put myself in march to-day to get away from the city of Vienna, where fire-arms have been discharged at my soldiers." *

XXVIII.

During these tergiversations and these delays of the troops of the Emperor, who seemed to fear to give a second victory to Sobieski, Kara-Mustapha, under shelter behind Raab, was casting upon his lieutenants the blame of his disaster. Reproaching the aged and brave Ibrahim-Pasha, governor of Ofen, for his three hundred cannons left in the batteries before Vienna, his tents and his treasures become the spoils of the enemy: "Thou old vizier," said he to him in full divan, "thou whose hairs are grown gray in the service of the Porte, thou hast let thyself be vanquished, thou hast turned to flight to gratify thy jealousy towards me, but thou art going to bear the penalty of thy defeat."

He ordered the chief of the tschalouschs to cut off the old man's head before his tent. The head of the bravest of the Ottomans fell to expiate the route of an incapable vizier. The execution raised murmurs in the army, but, retempered

* What this letter, like the preceding, seems to me most strikingly to reveal, is the moral and mental weakness of Sobieski. Would any soldier of real energy or organizing faculty, permit a city he had just saved and which was absolutely in his power—nay the mere governors of the city, for the people were all favorable—to maltreat himself and army in this manner? The treatment was provoked no doubt by the fear of the coward Emperor, that Sobieski might very naturally take advantage of this situation; and it must have been encouraged by a special knowledge of the Poles. This people have never been able to conduct any thing with system; and to this is due the methodless and madcap fervor of their intrepidity, which has dissembled, to the superficial, the general weakness of the national character.—*Translator.*

by terror, the discipline of the troops rallied around Mustapha.

Sobieski, become impatient of waiting the German auxiliaries, followed too rashly the two hundred thousand Ottomans, picking up along the way the stragglers of the grand vizier. His humanity spared the vanquished.

"My dear wife," writes he, "I had left Vienna, and was marching in the vanguard; I perceived in a valley a large castle in ruins. I asked what it might be; upon the answer that it was the place where lions were kept, I approached it and heard some shots. I sent to ascertain what that meant, and learned that it was some fifty Janissaries, escaped by night from the trenches of Vienna, who had shut themselves up in the tower, hoping that the vizier would rally and return to the charge. They refused all capitulation with the Germans. In fact, they had killed a number of their assailants, and they could scarce be dislodged but by the explosion of a mine. I sent to say to them that I was there in person; they then surrendered, and were conducted safe and sound into my camp. I also found in the tower a lioness almost famished, which I ordered to be fed; but what was better, we have found biscuit enough to load some fifty thousand wagons: for this was the provision store of the army of the vizier.

"Hungary, which I am traversing," wrote he to his dear Mary, "is a clump of earth which, if squeezed in the hand, would give out but human blood. The emperor has set out from Vienna for Linz. I have sent him some beautiful saddle horses, which he seemed to desire, equipped with harness, covered with diamonds, rubies and emeralds; I have sent also to the prince of Anhalt, my friend, a beautiful horse caparisoned. As to myself, I will be reduced, perhaps, to return to Poland with buffaloes and camels. The tent of the grand vizier was full of perfumes, balms and jewels, which one wearies not of admiring; he has left us very fine things; especially all that pertained to his body were of the rarest and most marvellous."

XXIX.

A malady like the plague decimated his troops and attacked himself upon the marshy banks of the Danube, near Presburg. Even this scourge did not succeed in severing

him from pursuit of the Turks. His wife, more ambitious than he, did not cease to reproach him bitterly, for not appropriating, as the meed of his victory, the kingdom of Hungary. His loyalty shrunk from despoiling the emperor whom he had come to assist. The queen, an object of his constant tenderness, joined his enemies at Warsaw in scolding him severely for not making peace with the Ottomans, at the price of Hungary wrested from Austria and abandoned by them to Poland.*

XXX.

Meanwhile the internal factions of Poland, with whom his wife herself associated against the heroic policy of her husband, resounding along to his camp, sowed insubordination in the army, and left him abandoned alternately by the nobles of the opposite parties, volunteers almost independent, whose defection took off their vassals; he remained alone with a handful of men before the recomposed army of the grand vizier. Rejoined at last, on the banks of the Danube, near Comorn, by the duke of Lorraine, he had it resolved, in a council of war, to pass the river with the combined army.

Whilst he was following the bank almost in front of the Ottoman army, seeking a site favorable for this purpose, the Turks, strengthened by Tekeli, debouching to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand men by the bridge of Parkan, enveloped him between the Danube and their army. All fled before this deluge of Tartars, of Ottomans, of Hungarians, resolved to avenge the shame of Vienna. Sobieski persists alone to fight with a knot of six thousand Polish hussars; overrun upon the flanks, cut off from his infantry, imprisoned in a whirlwind of steel and fire, cannonaded by the artillery of the grand vizier, assailed by the repeated charges of Tekeli and his uhlans, a Turkish trooper raised his battle-axe upon his head. One of his staff, giving his life for his master's, turns off the weapon of the spahis

* Here we see the weakness I have suggested in Sobieski, and which could not have escaped the French good sense of his wife. Lamartine, in trying to gloss it with the name of loyalty and heroism, is much less true to this good sense, than to poetic partialities. He must always have his hero of a piece, in good or evil.—*Translator.*

and receives the deadly blow ; his squadrons piled with their horses and their bodies the marshy plain, through which they sought their sole refuge from the Turks. The vigor of the horse of Sobieski seemed to redouble by the knowledge of the danger of his master ; he saved the king almost unknown to him. Sobieski, scarce recovered from the illness which had exhausted his vigor, enervated by long combats, covered with blood, crushed with pain, had no longer the strength to guide his horse ; upheld on his saddle by two pages, who supported him under the arms, his breast drooped forward, his head tottering under the helmet, like a drunken man, he knew not whither the gallop of his feeble escort was taking him, and was aroused from his lethargy only to demand with terror where was his dear child, separated from him in the conflict.

Reaching the foot of an eminence whence his artillery kept off the spahis, he was laid inanimate upon a bundle of reeds ; his son, saved by a French gentleman who had sheltered him in a ruined chapel, aloof from the field of carnage, fell into his arms ; the father and the child commingled their tears. The duke of Lorraine arrived at last with the body of the army, and generously relieved Sobieski from his dejection. The hero did not seek to palliate his defeat. "I have been well beaten to-day," said he to the duke of Lorraine, "let us think about vanquishing to-morrow."

Three days after he bore off the last of his victories on the same field that witnessed his disaster, and forced the Turks to repass the river upon the bridge of Gran, broken down and submerged by his artillery. The Danube engulfed thirty thousand Ottomans, Tartars and Hungarians, who precipitated themselves into the waves to escape the sabre of Sobieski's cavalry. He himself directing the assault of his infantry against the fortress of Gran, of which the battlements and palisades were crowned with heads cut off his soldiers recently slain at the foot of the walls, five pashas and thousands of Turks were there slaughtered by the Poles and the French volunteers of the army of the king. A young page of the queen, her relative, named La Mouilly, covered himself with glory and with blood in barring almost alone by himself the drawbridge of the fortress by which the Turks meant to precipitate themselves from out the place.

Tekeli, on horseback, with his wife, the beautiful Helen de Serin, who used to follow him almost into the conflict

made his appearance with his army too late to partake in the battle. The Turks accused him, not without grounds, of having missed the way designedly in order to leave victory to Sobieski. His importance in Hungary depended on the balance which was maintained between the Turks and the Poles; he meant to thrive by the ruin of both one and the other. In this view, he sent to compliment Sobieski on his heroism, and offered himself as *a mediator of peace* between the Turks and the Poles

XXXI.

The letter of Sobieski to the queen, dated from the battlefield of Gran, respires gratitude to God and to his soldiers.

"When it was yesterday announced to my infantry that I had fallen in the flight, they cried: 'Why do we now want to live, since we have lost our father? lead us to the enemy and let us die with him!'

"At present, that I am recovered, I will avow to you, my heart, that I have been so trodden upon and bruised by the fugitives, that in many parts my body was as black as coal. The poor palatine of Pomerania was found headless; almost all our pages have perished in the action; our little negro Joseph fell into the hands of the Turks, who cut off his head. I had also a young Hungarian, speaking several languages, who has perished. But learn, my friend, the fate of our little Calmuck: you know his ability in hare hunting; well, all his address on horseback was not able to save him; I know not by what lucky chance the Turks, who had captured, spared him. Yesterday, after the rout of the infidels, he was found under one of their tents: our people at once recognized him, as well as his horse tied to a post of the tent, when a German ran and struck him a blow of his sabre on the face: despite the promises of the surgeons, it is doubtful if he will recover.

"It is a strange thing," adds the hero, superstitious like all men who play for great stakes against destiny, "it is queer that, on Thursday, when we were marching to the enemy, a black dog, without ears, was constantly before us without the possibility of driving him away; and that a black eagle hovered, for some time, almost upon a level with our heads, and then flew away behind us. Yesterday, on the

contrary, a white pigeon alighted several times before our squadrons; a very beautiful eagle, also white, descended in front of our lines, and skimming along the earth, seemed to conduct us to the enemy.* . . . Kara-Mustapha has fled as far as Belgrade to anticipate the wrath and assuage the justice of his master. As he proposed an escort to the Jew who carried his diamonds for fear he should be robbed by his own soldiers on the route: "No," replied the treasurer, "I will put on a German cap, and your whole army will fly before me." "Alas! alas!" cried the vizier, "it is but too true, and the Ottoman proverb is entirely right in saying: *Those whom God has put to flight would be afraid of even a Hebrew.*"

"Fanfan, our young son, was well inured to fire on yesterday, for the artillery of the fortress on the other side of the Danube cannonaded us incessantly. It cannot be denied that the blood of the Polish nobility has flowed profusely for the cause of Germany and of Christendom."

"Sole joy of my heart, charming and well-beloved Mariette," wrote he to her some days after, "I have forced five thousand Turks and the Pasha of Aleppo to capitulate, in the fortress of Strigonia, possessed for one hundred and fifty years back by the Ottomans. To what changes of fortune is not this world subject! God and glory are our only recompense!"

XXXII.

In the midst of these triumphs, he was galled at the cruel abandonment of his country, and the jealous opposition of his nobility and of his own blood.

"If Poland," wrote he to Mariette, an accomplice of this conspiracy against the continuation of his glory, "if Poland was an island in the midst of the ocean, it would be to me at present like those of which historians tell us, that they were seen floating above the billows, sometimes visible, and anon submerged. For five weeks back I do not know if there be a Poland in the world; it is not so much from this silence upon things political that I suffer, as the privation of news

* Another trait which gives us the mental measure of the Polish hero, which suggests also the natural origin of divination in ancient warfare, and which illustrates the compatability of mere military genius with an infancy of intellect in either the age or the individual.—*Translator.*

about your health, on which depend my happiness and my life.*

Before returning to the Ottomans, it is a pleasure to pursue this hero on the field of victory along to the tomb. Retained forcibly in Poland by the constraint of his nobles, of his diet and of his wife, leagued against his glory, he entered Warsaw in triumph the day whereon Kara-Mustapha, returned to Belgrade, received from his master the order to die.

Mahomet IV. did not believe him culpable, but the nation thought him unlucky; his execution was a sacrifice to fatality. The aga of the Janissaries, sent from Adrianople to bring back his head, left him through favor the privilege of having himself strangled by his own servants. Before dying, Kara-Mustapha, who foresaw his doom, had made a secret journey to Constantinople to secure to his heirs his immense wealth. The Albanian workmen, whom he had employed in secreting his treasure in a repository known to him alone and to his children, had been killed by his order, upon the ground.

Returned to Belgrade, one day as he was exploring with the eye the country from the height of his palace, he perceived a group of cavalry descending the hill; he turned pale, foreseeing the sword or the bowstring brought from Adrianople. He sent one of his pages to meet them, introduced them with distinction, made them sit, and drawing himself the seal of the empire from his breast, he kissed it in sign of gratitude to the master from whom he had received it, said prayer and made ablutions; then kneeling, he received the cord from the hands of his servants, knotted it himself around his neck and expired in blessing, not the justice, but the will of the master who made him expiate the reverses of Islamism.

XXXIII.

The punishment of Sobieski was more tedious and perhaps more cruel. The jealousy of the great, the popularity of the demagogues, the turbulence of the diets, the dissensions of the republic, the ingratitude of the nation which he

* Evidently Sobieski was no hero to his pretty consort, but on the contrary was fallen into her contempt. But no one is so, says the proverb, to his valet, and still less his wife.—*Translator*.

had elevated to the summit of glory and of power, without being able to maintain it there, the refusal of subsidies by the Poles, the intrigues of his wife, old age, in fine, which rusts all things, even genius, the anticipative competition for the throne which he still occupied, and the impatient plots against his life in his own court impoisoned his long life. Never did nation less appreciate the great man whom Providence had pointed out as the regenerator of its liberty.

This Mariette, whom he had so much loved, did but aggravate the chagrins which were going to afflict and shorten the remainder of this great life.

"Marie Casimire," says her historian, M. de Salvandy, "was the pest of the hero who had crowned her. Shall we exhibit her filling the palace, as well as the republic, with her plots and her intrigues; putting a hand in all public or family affairs, and doing so to carry every where disorder and corruption; disturbing by her restlessness of mind the household of the king, when it was not by her ambition and her avarice; more abandoned in her caprices without number, according as age, which seemed to respect her, made her dread an approaching decline; jealous of the confidence of her husband, as another might be of his affection; exiling from the court her own sister and all persons agreeable to the king, and giving up the power which she in this way retained, to two chambermaids who reigned over her, as she did over the king. A single trait will show the slavery wherein the love of domestic peace, that first of blessings, in the eyes of John, plunged the unfortunate monarch. He had promised the seals to Zaluski. On a vacancy, he presented them to him. "But, my friend," said he to him, "if you accept them I am undone. I will be obliged to fly my house. I do not see where I could go to die in peace."*

The royal family was, like the palace, a prey to hatreds and to anarchy. There, as in the state, Sobieski labored vainly to restore concord, disturbed every where by the wild passions of the queen. Still alive, his family, Poland and Europe were disputing his heritage. Himself, his eye fixed upon the void which he was leaving in his unfortunate country, was occupied but with replenishing it. From the

* This I think completes the proof of what I have suggested of Sobieski, and which M. de Salvandy also glosses over without poetic rant. It needed not a maid of honor, and especially a French one, to take advantage of such moral imbecility and old age.—*Translator*.

midst of his domestic troubles, his mind wandered over the future of Poland; and of all the solitudes that beset his soul, as he has said a thousand times, these were after all the most bitter.

The public lamentation which he gave vent to in reproaches to the senate of Poland, a little time before his end, is a most eloquent and most pathetic accusation by the patriotism of this hero against the turbulence of his countrymen.

"Alas!" said Sobieski to the senators unceasingly revolting against him and the country, "he best knew the pangs of the soul, who has said that slight griefs love to complain, but that the deep ones are mute. The universe itself will remain mute, in contemplating us and our councils. It seems as if nature should be seized with astonishment: this beneficent mother has endowed every thing that has life with the instinct of self-conservation, and given to the meanest creatures arms for their defence; we alone in the world turn ours against ourselves. This instinct has been extinguished in us, not by some superior force, an inevitable destiny, but by a voluntary delirium, by our passions, by the yearning to injure ourselves. Oh! what will be one day the sad surprise of posterity, to see that, from the pinnacle of so much glory, when the name of Poland filled the universe, we have let our country fall into ruin, fall into it, alas! for ever! For, as for me, I have been able to gain here and there some battles; but I acknowledge myself destitute of all means of safety. There remains to me but to resign myself, not to destiny, for I am a Christian, but to the great and powerful God, as to the future of my cherished country.

"It is true that, addressing me, it has been said that I had a remedy for the ills of the republic; it would be that the king should not divorce himself from liberty and that he should restore it. . . . Has it then been suppressed, senators, that sacred liberty in which I have been born, in which I have grown up, which reposed on the faith of my oath? and I am not a perjurer. I have devoted to it my life from my early youth: the blood of all my kindred has taught me to found my glory upon this devotedness. Let him who doubts it go visit the tombs of my ancestors; let him follow the route which has been opened me by them towards immortality. He will recognize, by the trace of their blood, the way to the country of the Tartars and to

the deserts of Wallachia. He will hear to issue, from the womb of the earth and from underneath the icy marble, voices crying: *Learn from me that it is fair and pleasant to die for one's country.* I might invoke the reminiscences of my father, the glory which he enjoyed of being called four times to preside over the assemblies in this sanctuary of our laws, and the name of *buckler of liberty*, which he merited. . . . Trust me, all this tribunitian eloquence were better employed against those who, by their disorders, call upon our country the cry of the prophet, which I fancy, alas! hearing already ring above our heads: Forty days more, and Nineveh will be destroyed.

"Your mightinesses, illustrious senators, know that I do not believe in auguries; I do not seek for oracles, I put no faith in dreams. It is not at all oracles, but faith that informs me that the decrees of Providence cannot fail to be accomplished. The power and the justice of him who rules the universe, regulate the destiny of states; and there where there is impunity in daring all, with the prince still living, in elevating altar against altar, in seeking foreign gods under the eye of the true one, there booms already the coming vengeance of the Most High.

"Senators, in the presence of God, of the world, and of the whole Republic, I protest my respect for liberty; I promise to maintain it such as I have received it. Nothing will ever detach me from this sacred deposit, not even ingratitude, that monster of nature. I will continue to devote my life to the interests of religion and of the republic, hoping that God will not refuse his mercies to him who never refused to give up his life for his people."

The irretrievable loss of Poland was to be the penalty of its anarchy and its ingratitude. Sobieski, who did not believe in augurs, was himself, unknown to him, in those magnificent reproaches, the living oracle of the ruin of his country.

XXXIV.

As the climax of reverses, his two sons, fired with a fratricidal ambition, were menacing each other, arms in hand, under his eyes, and rent in advance the nation into two opposite factions. Whilst the faction of the prince Sapiaha ensanguined the diet and overshadowed the very throne in

its capital, Sobieski saw rising in Russia, under the hand of Peter the Great, the power which was one day to devour his loved Poland. Sickness was devouring himself, aggravated by domestic chagrin in the country solitude where he fled vainly the sight of the anarchy of the diet: the queen tortured him on his deathbed by the means of her priests to wrest from him a designation to the throne of one of her sons.

"This great man," says the bishop who carried to him the insinuations of the queen, "described to me with sobs the sufferings of his body and of his soul; then, like a man overcome by grief: 'Will there be no one then,' cried he, 'willing to avenge my death! You see the overflow of vices, the contagion of madness in this nation; and can I, who am not listened to alive, believe that such a people would execute my posthumous wishes?'

In fine, resuscitated a moment from a swoon which had suspended his pains with his consciousness: "Alas," said he, "I was so well in this annihilation of myself! Wherefore revive to suffering and to life?" A second swoon was mortal; he expired as he was born, in the midst of a storm, the image of the everlasting storm of his country, bowed, like its hero, to the convulsions of anarchy.

His widow leagued with the faction of the nobles to oppose the election to the throne of his sons, offering her hand to the more ambitious of them against her own children. The throne escaped at the same time the widow and the sons; four thousand electors on horseback, in the plain of Vola, put in nomination, sabre in hand, two kings at the same time, one the protégé of Austria, the other the candidate of France, neither of the two a patriot.

The number of the squadrons at last decided the election in favor of a foreigner, prince Augustus of Saxony, candidate of Austria and of the Pope. During these tumults, the body of Sobieski awaited thirty-six years for a tomb.

Let us return to Adrianople.

XXXV.

The Sultan, returned to the seraglio of Adrianople, appointed, after the execution of Kara-Mustapha, Ibrahim-Pasha grand vizier. The post of caïmakam, which he occupied since the commencement of the war, had prepared him

for this position. He was a man of integrity and fidelity, without other ambition than the service of the state, and matured in administration and in war. The traditions of the two Kiuperlis revived in him without their genius. Jealousy towards the enemies of his who were favorites of the Sultan and of Kara-Mustapha, was his sole vice. He removed all by either exile or execution. Mahomet IV., who dreaded above all things the return of anarchy, that scourge of his early years, left complete power to his grand viziers, even over his affections. Unity of power was his maxim; the responsibility for this power was execution. All the creatures of Kara-Mustapha fell with him.

XXXVI.

Meanwhile Hungary, left to itself, succumbed, city after city, to the cannon of the duke of Lorraine and of the Poles; Pesth, its capital, capitulated without siege; Ofen (Bude) sustained numerous assaults under the command of the intrepid governor, Kara-Mohammed; his hand mutilated by a bullet, at the head of his artillerymen, he did not cease to command the defenders of Ofen. Reclined upon a hand-cart at the gate of his seraglio, he was directing the defence, when a bomb bursting near him, tore away his bowels. He convoked around his dying bed all the generals, and bequeathed in their presence with a firm voice, before expiring, the command to the most worthy, Ibrahim-Pasha.

"Ibrahim," according to the historian Raschid, "animated with such fanaticism his ten thousand warriors, that they decapitated thousands of Christians, suspended their gleaming sabres to the stars of heaven, and that the angels who sustain the throne of the Eternal applauded from the height of the firmament the exploits of the garrison of Ofen."

This fortress proved the shoal of the Imperialists. They raised the siege of Ofen, while Sobieski himself was constrained, after sixty days' enthrallment, to raise the siege of Kamienieck before the army of Souleiman-Pasha, vanquisher of the Poles at Babataghi.

XXXVII.

The Venetians, immovable hitherto during the undecided campaign of Vienna, availed themselves at last of the vic-

tories of Sobieski to declare war against Turkey. It was Turkey that had attacked the republic. The hour of reprisal appeared propitious to the senate of Venice. Their squadrons took possession of the seven islands of the Adriatic, effected debarkations on the continent of Albania, and menaced the Archipelago.

A favorite of the Sultan, Mustapha, become captain-pasha, confined himself to keeping the sea before the Venetian fleet between Rhodes and Chio, and carrying off two of its galleys. Eighty thousand men were collected at the same time at Belgrade to succor the cities of Hungary, which Tekeli was still defending against the Germans. Three Ottoman armies were thus formed at once under the energetic impulse of the new vizier, one destined to drive back the Venetians in Dalmatia, another to reconquer Hungary from the duke of Lorraine, the third to meet the Poles, should the negotiations opened for peace at Warsaw not result in disarming the king of Poland.

XXXVIII.

Peter Valiero, general of the troops of the republic, had easily insurrected against the Turks the descendants of the ancient Spartans, the heroic populations of Maina and of the mountains of Chimera: those Christian communities of the Morea, of Albania and of Dalmatia, were always condemned to change of masters. The almost civil wars of those mountains, between divided populations, were confined to sieges of castles and surprises of places, wherein no one could attribute to himself the victory.

In Hungary the Imperialists, tardily embodied to the number of seventy-five thousand combatants, under the duke of Lorraine, under count de Leslie and under marshal Schuelz, enveloped, by deploying, the whole Hungarian territory, as if to sweep away in a single campaign the last remnants of the Turkish armies.

"I see that there is no more luck to be expected against the Christians," cried in consoling himself with death the ferocious Hassan, begler-beg and governor of Newhoesel. This city was laid siege to by the duke of Lorraine while Ibrahim-Pasha was besieging with eighty thousand men the city of Gran, the pivot of the Ottomans in Hungary, conquered the year preceding by Sobieski. Attacked in his

camp, before Gran, by the troops of the duke of Lorraine, Ibrahim abandoned the siege and retired, leaving behind a thousand six-ox wagons laden with provisions and munitions.

The duke of Lorraine, returning after this triumph to Neuhoesel, carried the place by storm the 19th August, 1685. Without perceiving the white flag hoisted by the Turks upon the towers in token of surrender, the Germans slaughtered them to the number of four thousand, and planted the head of the pasha on the gate of Vienna. The Mahometan women and children were sold as slaves to the officers of the Christian army. Count Leslie subdued, burned and massacred in like manner Croatia.

These disasters, attributed by the grand vizier to the infidelity and remissness of Tekeli, tributary king of upper Hungary, determined him to punish in this adventurer the blunders of the Ottoman generals. Tekeli, invited to a conference by the pasha of Wardein, was abducted in the interview from the seven thousand cavalry with which he took care to have himself accompanied, and led in chains to Constantinople. The rest of his life was but an alternation of hopes and of deceptions, of liberty and of servitude. He ended his days in a farm of the environs of Nicomedia, where the Turks his allies gave him bread instead of a kingdom.

XXXIX.

The change of vizier made no change of fortune. Bude, the queen of the Danube, returned for ever, in 1686, under the dominion of Austria; Siklos was carried by storm, Essek burned with its bridge of five miles on the Drave, which had so often poured Asia upon Europe. Szegedin was the last city of Hungary recovered by the Germans. A triple alliance of the Germanic empire, of Poland and of Russia, raised against the Turks, on the north and on the west, a barrier which was soon after to be narrowed upon them. The Russian prince, Basil Galitzin, invaded the Crimea while Sobieski was ravaging Moldavia. Perecop alone, defended valiantly by the Tartars, saved this time the Crimea from the invasion of the Russians.

The murmurs of the empire, which felt itself dying, pursued Mahomet IV. to the depths of the forests of Adrian-

ople and of Macedon, where his growing passion for the chase made him forget Hungary and the Crimea. Religion protested no less than national honor against reverses ascribed by the oulemas to the remissness of the head of the faithful. A patriotic revolution was rumbling in the barracks, in the cafés, and above all in the mosques of Constantinople. The mufti, questioned by the oulemas, rendered of himself a fetwa, wherein the religious liberty of reproach but ill concealed the seditious spirit.

Mahomet, attentive to those first symptoms of returning revolt, hastened at last back to Constantinople, deposed the mufti, and charged him with reason of having been the first mover of the campaign of Vienna, which he now condemned to gratify the multitude. He appointed caïmakam the son of the last of the Kiuperlis, a man worthy of the name by both his talents and his virtues. The wisdom of this third Kiuperli appeased for a moment, by energetic and judicious measures, the public discontent.

The temerity of the grand vizier, Souleïman-Pasha, who had just crossed the Danube with his discouraged soldiers, and conducted them to a new defeat and to a fresh flight, destroyed in a day all the effect of the measures of Kiuperli. Hungary, renouncing for ever the Turkish alliance, had just, in the congress of Presburg, declared the kingdom hereditary in the house of Austria. This vast dismemberment of a state which the Turks regarded for two centuries back as an integral portion of their own monarchy, struck the people with consternation, the army with fury. The grand vizier, Souleïman, assailed by the Janissaries in his tents, was obliged to escape by night from the camp to avoid death. Siawousch-Pasha, hitherto subaltern, was proclaimed, the next day, grand vizier by the revolted soldiers.

XL.

Mahomet IV., incapable of opposing to them another army and a people who on the contrary called them its avengers, hastened to send Siawousch the seals of the empire, borrowing thus from sedition, the sole resource of the weak, the means of suppressing sedition. Siawousch-Pasha received the title of grand vizier at Adrianople; flattered with the title and satisfied with his fortune, he wished to check at Adrianople the movement which he favored at Belgrade.

Their insubordination submerged him, the clamors of the army compelled him to march upon the capital. The Sultan awaited him as a savior. Siawousch tried, in fact, to change his part, and to save the throne to a sovereign of whom he had sapped the authority.

The people and the oulemas did not ratify this usual pact between revolt and ambition. A spontaneous assembly of the clergy, of the heads of the army, of the oulemas, the sheiks and the most popular magistrates, convened of itself in the mosque of the Janissaries, to deliberate on the safety of the monarchy. The caïmakam Kiuperli dared to appear there, shielded by the respect which his patriotism and his popularity added to the name. He pleaded eloquently for the life and the misfortune of Mahomet IV.: "He deserved to descend from the throne for his weakness and his reverses," said he; "but you would dishonor yourselves for ever in condemning to death the sovereign whom God alone has the right to judge."

Before entering the mosque to protect the life of his master, the prudent Kiuperli, foreseeing the murder of the brothers and the sons of the Sultan by this prince, so often tempted to accomplish it, had gone to the seraglio and taken off the brothers and the sons from the eunuchs, to confide them, in his own palace, to the care of upright Mussulmans. This prudence of the caïmakam alone preserved, in fact, those princes from death. Mahomet IV. had them searched for vainly to make them hostages or victims of his safety.

Mahomet IV., on receiving the sentence of his deposition from the lips of the delegates of the people, bowed without a murmur to fatality. "May my head alone," said he, "bear the burthen of the divine wrath so justly excited by the infidelities of the Mussulmans. Go, say to Souleïman, my brother, that God declares his will through the cry of the people, and that it is his to govern henceforth the empire."

After these words he buried himself for ever in the secluded apartments of the seraglio, to languish there until death, and to dream in the dark of one of those sudden returns of popular versatility of which he had been a witness in his boyhood, which plunge from the throne into the prison, and hoist from the prison to the throne.

XLI.

The envoys of the mosque presented themselves, followed by the multitude, in the retreat where Kiuperli had hid the princes from death.

"What do you want with me, and why come to trouble my repose?" said to them the brother of Mahomet IV., Souleiman, of whom the prison had for so many years turned all the thoughts to heaven; "nature has given to my brother the right to govern you, and to me she has given birth but to meditate in the shade and in silence eternal truths."

"The cry of the people is the oracle of heaven, prince," replied one of the orators; "it would be a crime against the will of God not to submit yourself to the will of the Ottomans."

Accustomed to the ascetic privations of the life of a dervish, Souleiman or Soliman III. mounted tremblingly the throne which was prepared for him. But scarcely was he seated than he instantly descended, as if he had been sullied by the contact of a thing forbidden, and threw himself on his knees to make ablutions and prayers. Reassured a little by the throng of dignitaries, of chiefs and of soldiers, all prostrated with the people at the foot of the throne whereon they forced him to resume his seat, he looked with anxiety on all sides of the hall to see if the unexpected coronation was not a snare, and if his brother was not coming to punish him for having yielded to the acclamations of the seditious.

XLII.

The army present at Constantinople commanded to give forthwith the seals of the empire to Siawousch-Pasha, the chief of the revolts. Siawousch, to conciliate the civil magistrates of the capital, tried to refuse the Janissaries and the troops the presents usual at the accession of new Sultans, and to remove successively from the capital the accomplices of the military sedition; but he who owed the supreme power to their indiscipline, had no right to refuse any thing to the avidity of the soldiers. Besieged in his palace by the Janissaries, he defended himself vainly like a lion; pursued from chamber to chamber by the frantic hordes of assassins,

sixteen Janissaries fell dead at his feet before he died himself upon this heap of corpses.

For the first time since the great emeutes of the Prætorians of Constantinople, the soldiers, violating the sacred threshold of the harem of the grand vizier, outraged the wife of their victim; they stripped her of her clothes, and exposed her naked to the sacrilegious eyes of their companions; they cut the ears off the eldest of her two daughters to get the diamond rings, and sold the younger in the slave market for six piasters. Rushing thence, with their hands covered with blood and full of plunder through the city, they sacked the houses and massacred the servants of all the functionaries of Siawousch.

Constantinople resembled for some hours a city stormed by a horde of barbarians. The oulemas alarmed rallied in body around the caïmakam Kiuperli, before the gate of the seraglio, where the new Sultan, without a vizier and without an army, was trembling at the noise of the tumult, and unfolding the standard of the Prophet, they called from the top of the minaret all good Mussulmans to the aid of the country, the throne and the laws. The Janissaries, intimidated by this reprobation of their crime, disavowed the assassins of Siawousch, and came to range themselves before the palace of their new master. Their aga, Ismael-Pasha, was elevated, for some days, to the rank of grand vizier; he made himself without transition the executioner of his accomplices, and his nocturnal executions covered with bodies, drowned by his orders, the beach of the Bosphorus.

XLIII.

The disasters of the frontiers responded like so many echoes to the convulsions of the capital; Belgrade itself capitulated after a long siege, and delivered to the duke of Bavaria this bulwark of eastern Turkey. The Venetians, under Morisini, conquered Dalmatia and besieged Negropont; the court of Vienna was calculating on the acquisition of all the dismemberments of the Turkish empire; it demanded nothing less, as the price of peace, than entire Hungary, Sclavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, Transylvania, Wallachia, Moldavia, half of Tartary, devolved by victory to the Poles, in fine Greece with its dependencies for Venice, already mistress of the Peloponnesus. This empire seemed thus to crumble as

rapidly as it was founded. France alone remained an ally to the Porte, and raised one hundred thousand men to fight in Germany the enemies of Soliman III.

XLIV.

Mourning and tears begloomed no less the harem than the empire. The sons and the favorites of Mahomet IV., dethroned, were either exiled into the depths of Egypt and of Arabia or confined in the "Birds' Cage," a sepulchral kiosk of the gardens of the seraglio. The favorite Sultana, Rebia Gulmish, the absolute mistress of the heart and the senses of Mahomet, was for ever separated from him, and shut up in the old seraglio, the abode of disgraces and of tears. This Greek girl of the island of Crete had preserved all the beauty, all the energy, and all the attractions which had made her, from her childhood, the arbiter of the reign. The delicacy of her lineaments, the brilliancy of her complexion, the ocean azure of her eyes, the golden auburn of her hair, the caressing tone of her voice and the witchery of her wit, made her be dreaded still as the prison companion of a fallen monarch, of whom she might arouse the languor and re-establish the intrigues from the depth of his captivity.

The new Sultan, Soliman III., brother of Mahomet IV., of whom she had contributed to save the life during the preceding reign, had no injury to avenge upon her or her sons. Pious in spirit, humble of heart, clement by character, he himself lamented the political rigors which the Janissaries imposed upon him. Come to the age of forty-five without having seen the world otherwise than through the bars of a kiosk, his severe and meditative exterior, his tawny complexion, his ascetic meagreness, his simple and chaste manners, his habits of meditation and prayer, his devotion to the faith, announced in him an austere and reformatory sovereign, who would retemper in religion the corrupted patriotism of the empire, and who needed but a great minister to reproduce a great reign.

Placed on the throne by a military revolution which he detested while enduring it, he felt secretly, like his people, that generous indignation against the tyranny of the army, which is the ordinary and fatal punishment of conquering nations: they expiate by their own enslavement to the

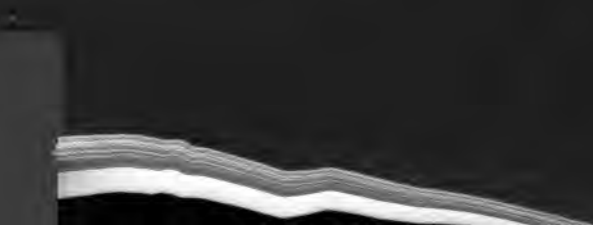
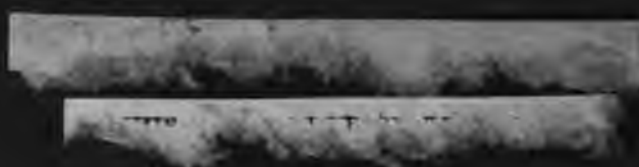
caprices of a soldiery the servitude which they imposed by means of that soldiery on the conquered nations. It is the retaliation of nations. The army, an instrument of their injustice, becomes, with justice, the instrument of their servitude; logic is the vengeance of God.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.









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